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THE MAN FROM AIDONE.

VII.

At Castrogiovanni, the harvest had been gathered, and the Madonna del Carmine had sent a fine day for the procession. Felice Mendola carried the banner, which was blue like the skies and golden like the wheat, all embroideries and fringes and tassels, and so heavy that only by miracle he did not break his back handling the standard in all sorts of ways to make a fine show before the people. Then there were hundreds of bags of grain to be carried to Caltanisetta, — because in the country they toil, and in the towns they eat, — so that Felice and his horse went up and down the road like the souls of purgatory; only that the carrier and the roan were content and worked with a good will, not discounting their sins. Instead there was a fine little heap of money in the bottom of the poplar-wood chest.

"I don't know, Riuzzu, whether I have a heart of leather, but so it is, the disappointment about mistress Marina no longer torments me," Felice told the horse.

Indeed, that love had been like a fire of straw, quickly lighted and soon spent; and who knows that, if Felice had had it to do over again, he would have wanted Marina? "She was not made for me," he said to the roan. "She was like a lady, with certain qualities — I don't know what — that I never could succeed in understanding."

Sometimes, in the evening, Riuzzu was allowed to graze by the roadside, and he would run away to the inn, where Rosaria was always glad to see him.

Rosaria became more beautiful; she was like a woman, and also like a child. But toward the brigadier and others who came to the tavern she was reserved; so much so that, if they paid her compliments, she would have her mother carry the dishes to the table. With those whom she knew well she was always the same little Rosaria.

It happened, one evening, when Felice came to take the horse after he had made the usual visit to the girl, that all at once Rosaria said: —

"I'm always thinking about a thing that I do not know how to disentangle: whether horses think and talk like Christians, but in their own way. Here's Riuzzu who never fails to whinny at sight of me, — sometimes on one tone, sometimes on another; so that he must mean different things. I should like to know what the good horse wanted to say to me this evening; he spoke plainly, if only I had the faculty of comprehending him."

Now one of those rare moments of wit came to Felice Mendola and made him a fine surprise.

"I can tell you what Riuzzu says, if you like, comare Rosaria."

"I ought to have thought of that, because you, who stayed so long with the horses of master Turi, must, better than others, understand their speech."

"This time," Felice congratulated

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himself, "my thick head does n't lack ideas, as a pumpkin does n't lack seeds." And he said aloud, "Listen, little comare: Riuzzu says, 'Mistress Rosaria, if you will marry my master, here present, you will do us a fine honor.'"

"Did he say that?"

"Surely he said it. He speaks for himself and for me, that horse. He has great judgment, and knows how to make the choice for me."

"But — I have no intention to marry, compare Felice. I have always said so."

"That makes no difference. I and Riuzzu beg you to change your mind."

"And you were to marry my sister."

"And 't is true that I would have married her, but she would not have me, and preferred master Morreale. No harm she did me, Rosaria; the love which I felt for her I feel no longer. It was like the plough that in autumn breaks up the ground, so that later, with the blessing of Maria del Carmine, there may sprout the beautiful grain. And that grain is like the love which now I bear to you, who are grown into a fine little woman. If you will, Rosaria, we shall bind that wheat before the altar of the Queen of Castrogiovanni."

"All this is said to me, compare Felice, but I do not merit so much."

"And if you will marry me, you know, you will also command Riuzzu, who will be proud to obey the dear little mistress."

"And I could feed him, and curry him, and take him out of the shafts when he returned from the journeys?"

"As it may please you. But listen, Rosaria. We know that you are fond of Riuzzu; are you a little fond also of me? It is this that I must know."

"And if I don't know, myself?"

"Shall we ask Riuzzu?"

"No, because he might say what is not true."

"And the truth?"

"Oh, why will you tease me so, compare Felice? You are good to me always, and I should like to take care of your horse, and I don't wish him to answer for me — because" —

"Tell me why, Rosaria."

"Because — he might say that I am not fond of you, compare Felice."

At this Felice gave a great laugh. He took Rosaria in his arms and placed her on the back of the horse. Riuzzu, who was cropping clover, looked around to see what might be this new load. "Now you are mistress of the horse as you will be of the master. If you wish to dismount, I 'll set you on the ground after payment of a fine kiss," said Felice.

"The fact is, here one is n't so well off without a saddle, and I wish to dismount, but I do it for myself," she said roguishly; and before Felice had taken the thing into his mind Rosaria had slipped from the back of the horse and had run into the house.

"Here dexterity is wanted," thought Felice, "just as when that pretty white filly of old Baia's would not be caught, and flung her heels in the air, and there were needed patience and more than one sieveful of grain before she would wear the bridle. But for this one Riuzzu has been the sieve of oats, eh?" And he caressed the neck of the roan as he led him along the street.

The next day, comare Nunziata Mendola went again to the tavern. Seeing her come, Rosaria ran out to the hen-coop, as if she wished to know nothing of the matter.

"Oh, mistress Nunziata, you are truly welcome," said mamma Agata Borello.

"And don't call me importunate if I come also this time for the loan of the weaving-comb!"

"Also this time, if you like, I lend you the comb of *sidici* (sixteen). And you appear to me a holy woman, after all the displeasures caused to you by the folly of my daughter Marina."

"This time it is your Rosaria whom I ask in my son's name."

"Too young, Rosaria."

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"Eh, with time she will be a serious woman like another, for she is a good little girl."

"She is only fourteen years old, and she seems to me always my baby."

"But Felice will wait until it shall please you to give her to him, comare Agata. He had the heedlessness to speak to Rosaria of his love last evening."

Now the mamma called Rosaria; and the girl came with a fresh egg in each hand, as if she had no thought outside of the hencoop. "Here I am, mamma."

"Mistress Nunziata does us the fine honor to ask for you in the name of master Felice."

"Yes, also master Felice spoke to me last evening."

"And you did n't tell your mother!"

"And what had I to tell you? He asked me if I would like to help him to take care of Riuzzu, and the idea pleased me. Compare Felice is so kind."

"You 're a silly thing. Now you see, comare Nunziata, that I must keep her with me a while yet, to make a housewife of her."

And it was settled that, although the notary and the dressmaker should come again to the tavern, — this time for the appraisal of the dowry of Rosaria, — nothing should be said about fixing a day for the marriage. Comare Nunziata went home content to tell the news to daddy Calogero and to Caterina. And they wished that evening would soon arrive, when also Felice would be at home to hear the result of the second asking for the weaving-comb.

Now Caterina knew well what lovers feel, for Lorenzo Burgio had asked her of the father, and they were betrothed, so that every Saturday, when he returned from the meadows of Aggira, he came to pay her a visit. He had told her that for a long time he had loved her, but had said nothing, because he had no trade only to help in his father's wine-shop; but now, with the place which Felice had held for him with master Turi Lucernini, and the little field for which he took rent, he could think of marriage. And Caterina told Lorenzo that from the day when he set out on the donkey, with that ailing leg, to take her brother's place with the horses, she had esteemed him very much, seeing him so loyal and courageous. Also he had appeared to her so handsome in that moment that, in short, she would not exchange him for the son of a king.

And the girls wondered what beauty or sympathy compare Lorenzo found in Caterina Mendola, who appeared like a little nun, and, moreover, had a mouth so wide that it was like that of an oven.

"That is well," said Lorenzo, when his sisters repeated to him these things. "And you other girls with the pursed-up mouths, beware that the devil does n't come to sew them with wires, for evil speaking."

The fact is, newly betrothed persons have need of the cunning of a magpie in order to reply to what is said about them. It was told, for instance, of Rosaria that her man would have to cook the minestra and mend his clothes for himself. And not altogether without reason; for when mamma Agata recommended to Rosaria that she study in order to become a good housewife, the girl answered, "But when I am Felice's wife, I shall not stay in the house all alone. That would n't please me. Instead, I intend to go in the cart with Felice and Riuzzu when they are on the road."

"Blessed souls!" cried the mother, "how am I to do in order to put judgment into this girl? With this daughter who is too stupid, and that other who was too shrewd, I 'm never out of troubles and confusion."

But Felice appeared satisfied with Rosaria just as she was; and as for her, she loved him from day to day always a little more.

"This time," said daddy Calogero to his friends in the piazza, "my son makes

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no blunder. That other girl was like a day when the four winds blow as if all the devils were at the bellows, and Heaven sends the unexpected from every quarter. But Rosaria is like a fine morning, when you know that as the day began, so will it end. This time, I tell you, Felice has made a good choice."

It was on a Friday that Antonio had the bad luck to kill don Cosimo Mascarelli, and by the morrow the news of it was spread as far as Aggira, where master Turi Lucernini heard it. So it happened that when Lorenzo Burgio returned, Saturday evening, to Castrogiovanni, he carried the tidings to his town.

"At least do not tell it until to-morrow," Caterina Mendola begged him. "Let the poor mother of Marina sleep in peace one night more." And he agreed.

Sunday, as comare Agata passed through the piazza to go to church, it appeared to her as if people looked at her with compassion, and then turned away their eyes. Padre Serafino, in the pulpit, was eloquent upon the duty of Christians to maintain peace among themselves and to forgive injuries, citing many holy examples. He blamed those who carried weapons, because, as is the saying, opportunity makes the thief; and to have the knife in the pocket there comes the temptation to use it. So much he said about it that master Neddu Longo, the sacristan, picked up a good number of clasp knives, left under the benches by persons who were persuaded that the flesh is weak when somebody gives you ugly titles, or lets his cattle get into your kitchen garden. Afterward, master Longo gained a fine heap of soldi selling all those knives. And because he was sacristan, he recommended to uncle Giosuè Costa, the dealer in second-hand goods, not to sell them to persons who might have the look of being quarrelsome. "For this way the sin of one man may be for the salvation of many who have thrown away their clasp knives," said master Longo, counting his pence.

That Sunday, nothing was talked of except how Antonio Morreale had killed don Cosimo Mascarelli. When padre Serafino learned that nobody had dared to tell mistress Agata Borello, he himself went after her to let her know it with words of consolation. The people saw him overtake her.

"Now he is about to tell her."

"No, he is speaking to Rosaria about the medal of the Daughters of Mary, for she holds it in her hand to show it to him."

"Now he will tell them."

"Mercy! not in the middle of the road!"

"O Madonna! they are gone into the house and have shut the door. Poor mother! She will have like the seven swords in her heart."

And the women repeated the rosary for sake of comare Agata, whose daughter now must follow her man into hiding-places, always fleeing in fear and shame, until that wolf should be taken in some trap and go to an ill end. There were persons who said that Marina had deserved as much for betraying compare Felice, but not even these denied pity to her. When padre Serafino came out of the house of mistress Agata, it was seen by his eyes that he had wept.

"Even saying good words, I had bitterness in the heart against my daughter," comare Agata had confessed. "Marina, I wished her, may you return to my arms."

"And let us hope so, good woman," padre Serafino had answered her gently.

The poor mother could not give herself peace. In the long sleepless nights it was as if she saw roads and fields and woods and rocky steeps, and streams with eddies where one might whirl around until the breath was out of the drowned and broken body. It seemed to her that Marina was here and there, wan-

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dering like a lost soul, and Antonio, dark and cruel, leading the girl to an evil death. And in the days, at work, mamma Agata appeared to listen always, and to look far away as if to see and hear more than was real. Now it snowed upon her roof, as is the saying, for with grief her hair became white; and to have buried Marina would have seemed to her a consolation, instead of that sorrow which renewed itself every moment in her heart.

Rosaria talked of these things with Felice, and told him how the mamma appeared as if always seeking Marina.

"And I will search for her indeed," said Felice; "I will inform myself in every way possible; and if Marina can be found, I will bring her to the mother's house."

"And if you bring Marina home, I will love you so much, and so much!" Rosaria promised, clasping his hand.

Also, Lorenzo Burgio, who went to his work by an opposite road, said that he would seek for Marina. Meanwhile, all through the province of Caltanisetta the carabineers were out in search for Antonio Morreale, with handcuffs in their pockets. The brigadier, don Carmelo Fantozzi, with his men, patrolled the country around Castrogiovanni, so that not even a rabbit, he said, could pass without "Who goes there?"

One day, however, he made a blunder, saying to Rosaria, "Do you know, my pretty little girl, that a hunted wood pigeon flies to her nest? And so will mistress Marina Morreale return to her mother's house. In that case, provided you will put me on the track of Antonio, I'll give you a coral necklace for the wedding outfit."

"And without waiting, I'll give you my ten fingers!" cried Rosaria at such perfidy. And she scratched his face with holy reason and force of hands; so much so that the brigadier went away with a handkerchief at his cheek, which was bleeding.

"A real wildcat, that girl!" muttered don Carmelo Fantozzi.

"I've written on his face my opinion of him," said Rosaria to Felice, that evening. "A Judas he is, that would have me betray Marina's husband!"

VIII.

For Antonio and Marina, in the black hut, the Sunday passed like a dream. Far away, the bells of Caltanisetta called Christians to church.

"But these holy voices are no longer for us," said the man from Aidone. "For you, Marina, I don't say it, because you have no fault only that you would follow me."

"And yours I am always," she answered him.

All day they stayed in the house. Only at nightfall, when the swallows circled around the roof, and everything was silent under the vast skies where the stars began to appear, they came out and sat on the threshold. They looked across the dark, lonely country that seemed endless, where the fireflies went flitting about like souls of dead miners with their lamps.

"Except ourselves, it appears as if there were nobody in the world," said Marina.

But when one must work in order to live, these melancholies pass like the shadows when the sun comes to drive them away. Already before the dawn of Monday, on the road from Caltanisetta was heard a noise like the rush of a river, the tramp and the voices of thousands of men who were going to the mines.

"Now I go with them," said Antonio. "I leave you the gun, in case there should ever be need of it, hung on the wall; and the revolver I have in my pocket. Farewell, my Marina."

"Your saint accompany you," she replied.

To give no suspicion that he dared not

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look people in the face, Antonio joined a company of miners. "Who of you goes to the Casa di Cifaru?"

"I," and "I."

So Antonio walked with the other men of the contractor Dauria.

Around the mouth of the mine in the northern side of the mountain the men were breakfasting in groups. The miner with whom Antonio had spoken on Saturday recognized him, and made him a sign that he should come to eat in company. Antonio took out some black bread, and shared with the new friend the companatico of raw onions grown at Aidone, which had a taste of the good earth of those fields that he should never see again.

Now that it was time to begin work came the overseers, moving about in order to know if any miner were missing. Master Vito Dauria rode Mureddu; the horse whinnied at sight of Antonio Morreale.

"Where is the new picconiere, he of Saturday?" demanded master Dauria.

They pushed Antonio forward. "Here I am, your worship."

"And have you thought about the boys? You want carusi, you know. You might take those of the miner who was killed in a fight Saturday evening. Who knows where the boys of Pietro Persico are, say?"

A little way off was a group of children, some of them so young that they had not yet taken the hump and the cough which awaited them. They sang and danced, beating their feet noisily on the rough soil; with strange cries they urged each other to make great leaps. Near by were the women and girls, who worked outside the mine, taking in baskets the sulphur as it was brought up by the boys from the galleries, and carrying it to the furnaces. Among these, but a little apart, was a woman rather young, though blighted by the life which she led there. She sat leaning her elbows on her knees, with her chin between her palms. Under the tangled hair, her great black eyes with yellow gleams were fixed upon Antonio Morreale. He appeared to her so handsome, with the ruddy bronze of his cheeks, and his tall person robust from the sun and the wind of the fields of Aidone! He resembled a king, as he stood talking with the contractor, among the hardened forms and wan yellow faces of the other miners. The woman did not take her eyes off from him. She remained as if in a dream; her full, scorched lips were apart, as if she would like to eat him with her pointed, broken teeth.

As master Dauria asked for the boys of Persico, the woman arose and came forward.

"I know them, excellency, and will call them."

She shot a glance at Antonio; then ran about like one possessed, to gather the boys by means of cries and gestures. Soon a dozen, younger and older, surrounded the new miner.

"Here we are at your service, master picconiere."

"That is well. I take you all."

Then the woman ran to the group of children, who were still playing. She seized one of them by the arm and dragged him before Antonio.

"Here is my son. For him master Persico was killed. Another miner had taken him, because he has shoulders better than a donkey's. And they came to knives, out there on the waste. For cause of my boy, I tell you, your worship!"

She stood in front of Antonio, and hindered his steps. She was horrid, with her gown ragged and filthy, and her hands and arms knotted like cane-stalks with inhuman toils.

"Take him, — take my son. He is twelve years old, although he looks so small. He has worked since he was nine; he has made his skin tough for the loads and for the blows. Take him; do me the favor, your worship!"

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"Do you swear to me that in taking him I do not rob any miner of the boy? For I don't wish to hurt any one, out there on the waste, nor to get myself laid out cold, like poor Persico, you understand."

"My son was truly Persico's caruso, and no other miner has rights over him, your excellency."

"Well, I take him. What is he called, and what is your name, good woman?"

"Me they call la Taddarita. My boy's name is Nuddu."

In fact, "Nobody" was the only name which the poor woman had the right to give to her son; and who knew whether he had been baptized or no? "The Bat" they called her; and a bat indeed she appeared, flitting around the edge of the pit, clutching the fragments of sulphur with her crooked fingers. Now she turned to her child.

"Put on your shoulder the pickaxe of the master, for you must serve him with good will."

To look at the little Nuddu caused a shudder to Antonio, although at Girgenti he had had experience of the mines. Nuddu was stunted, wan, with legs bowed and knee joints enlarged, so that he hardly appeared human. His thin lips were drawn away from the teeth, the great sad eyes were set in livid rings. This sorry figure saluted the new master.

"He can work," said the mother, "and he is not of those who, when you give them the handle of the pickaxe on the ribs or a kick, return you an ugly answer. He is used to it, that one!" For in her own way the poor Bat was proud of her child.

"And provided he does his duty, I 'm not the fellow to beat him," Antonio replied. "Come, take your lamp, for already they are going down."

Nuddu, on his shoulders like those of a worn-out donkey, loaded the pickaxe and the hempen sack. He took the oil lamp in his hand, and joined the boys of master Antonio. On the first step that led down to the galleries they crossed themselves, before the slippery descent in the air full of bad odors and sulphur fumes. Some recited the creed in voices broken by the jolts of the difficult stairway.

"I believe, I, in a devil who has brought me to this ill pass," muttered Antonio. As he reached the last step he cried, "Go each to his own place, boys!"

As they scattered through the gallery where he was to cut, he thought, "Those fellows work out the evil that they have done, here as in purgatory. But I who have committed a mortal sin, and do not repent it, because I killed him for the sake of Marina, — I from this hell must go to another, where the labor is never finished, and those at the furnaces do not make holidays. Marina, for you I 've damned myself; and true as I live, you are worth it to me!" And he stretched out his arms as if she stood before him and waited for his embrace. Then he took up the pickaxe and dealt blows that split the sulphur rock, which fell rattling about him.

The boys worked near the miner. The dull red flames on their foreheads resembled will-o'-the-wisps. They wore a single garment, either shirt or drawers; for both would be over-heavy in that heat. They loaded themselves with the sulphur cut on the Saturday before by poor Persico, helping one another to adjust the leather straps that steadied the sulphur sack, and the pad which they put under it by way of keeping a little flesh on their shoulders. As is the custom, they kissed the miner's hand before making the ascent; and he responded, "Go on lively," or, "The saints accompany you." For it was so long that Antonio was unused to the life of the mines that he pitied the boys, to hear them sob and moan in the darkness as they went away loaded, in a line, up so many steps.

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No one dared to stop, not even though he felt as if dying, and the shapes and the little flames whirled before him in a mist; though the blood went to the head, bent under the weight of the load, and the knee trembled, and the foot slipped on the slimy, broken stairway.

As Nuddu came out at the mouth of the mine, his mother, who worked for Vanni, the burner, ran to meet him. "Give here the sulphur in my basket. Has the master spoken to you?"

"He has said to me, 'Go with the saints.'"

"Tell him that for so much kindness your mother will kiss his hands. Tell him that."

"He pleases you, eh, mamma?"

"Yes, he pleases me," said la Taddarita.

Nuddu turned and went by leaps down the steps, singing in a voice like the howl of a vagrant dog, "I go to take the fourth load in good time;" while down below the lamentations of other boys answered his chant.

Because master Antonio was good to the boys, Nuddu quickly took to loving him. If the miner wished to drink, Nuddu ran nimbly to fill the jug with water. He took the loads as they were put on his back, and even said, "I could carry a little more, your worship."

Down there in the bottom of the gallery it was hot; and when Antonio scraped with a piece of wood his arms and sides, which dripped with sweat, Nuddu looked at him with pity, and wished to console him, saying, "Poor master miner! 'T is hard when one is new to it. But with time we get used to everything."

Antonio gave such strong blows with the pickaxe that they called him "master Spaccamuntagna," for indeed he appeared to wish to split the mountain down to the centre of the world. Nuddu, without knowing why, did not repeat to him the message of la Taddarita. Some persons, when he had said such things, had gone to her in order to know what she had to say to them. And afterward she had given to her son a penny to buy a cake for himself. Whatever she might be, Nuddu was fond of his mother, because, in short, she was his mother. Often he had driven people away, by throwing stones and fragments of sulphur at them, when they pointed at her, saying, "There 's la Taddarita. When the Lord created the good beasts, the devil, not to be outdone, made the bat." Or, "I should like to throw her on the fires of the furnace there, to know if it is true what is said, that a burnt bat will utter five curses." Even the small boys would run after her, shouting the verses as when they chased a real bat, "Come, bat, come, I will give you a crumb!" And they cried, "Uh! uh!" at her, flapping their hats as if to catch a bat under the crown. Some of the women — the wife of Vanni, the burner, and the sister of Pasquale, the water-carrier, and others — urged on their children, and said, "If that Bat were nailed under the eaves of a house, with her arms stretched out as upon the cross, that would be a pleasure for me." For with those yellow eyes, and the things which she whispered, the Bat had turned many honest fellows out of the right way, who, because they were broken with toil, and with the foul, hot vapors of the mine, let themselves go where the devil willed. For in those depths, if it is not hell, it is little short of it; and the darkness, and the strange pillars that uphold the galleries, and the wooden beams that cross in a confusion, and the wandering flames of the lamps that show so many arms striking, so many shapes running about, — all this sometimes overturns the judgment of a Christian, and there are no longer saints that may withhold him. An ugly word is said, and the lights turn red and dance before your eyes; and up with the pickaxe, and you 've killed your man! And there are not

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lacking holes to put him in, nor earth to cover him. Or they will carry him away into an old gallery no longer worked, and leave him there to join the other dead miners, who sometimes, when a pillar is about to fall or the earth to slide, try to warn the living by great sighs or by knockings.

So many evil things Antonio saw and heard in the mine that he came to believe murder to be a common affair. Only he was sorry that he had killed a man up there in the beautiful sunlight, where such deeds are without reason. He did not wonder at the miners when, as they worked, they cursed the day that they were born; and he said, "When my death comes, I will have them lay me on the waste land, face to the moon and the sun, without earth to cover me, for buried I have been in my life."

Some of the men blasphemed as if they were in that place where no other language is spoken. To this Antonio became accustomed; and equally to those who confessed that they had sinned, and offered to the Lord, as penance, all that they were suffering.

"But as for me, I neither curse nor pray," thought Antonio. "What I did was for sake of Marina; and I have nothing to say about it, neither to the Lord nor to the devil." And he would redouble the fury of the pickaxe.

So day by day Antonio, the mountain-splitter, toiled. He was never unkind to his men and boys: they had enough to suffer, he thought. And the sorrows that hollowed out his spirit, just as he dug in the heart of the mountain, were not such as could vent themselves in tyrannies to carusi. His work finished, he would throw down the pickaxe, to be taken in care by Nuddu. "So many reeds' length I have dug out to-day!" he would say, as he put on his clothes to go home.

Near the mouth of the pit was always awaiting him la Taddarita. "To-day, has my son done well, master Spaccamuntagna?" or, "'T is plain that you have arms of bronze and the heart of a lion, master miner!" Sometimes she said other things, broken phrases, fixing her great eyes on his face. But Antonio only answered, "He has done well enough, your son," or, "Good-day," and did not heed her.

Still far from the house, he would begin to run, in order to see Marina the sooner; and because of his great love for her he did not perceive that every day she seemed more weary and cold when he took her in his arms.

One fine day, early in October, Felice Mendola had driven the cart to Caltanisetta with a load of wine for the shop of master Memmu Dauria, who was brother to the contractor of the mine of the Casa di Cifaru. As Riuzzu stopped before the door of the shop, from an alley another horse sent him a cheerful neigh by way of greeting. Riuzzu quickly responded. Felice looked through the narrow passage between two buildings, and saw there a black horse tied by the bridle.

"Do you mean to say, Riuzzu, that we have met our friend Mureddu? If that is so, also Antonio Morreale must be in these parts. As I live, I do not know whether I should be glad to find him or not, because I foresee trouble. But certainly I should like to carry news of Marina to the poor mother who always searches in the air for her daughter."

The horses exchanged many salutations. The black tugged at the bridle, beating his hoofs on the pavement, so that his master came out of the shop to learn what was the matter with the horse. Having seen that this man was not Antonio Morreale, Felice approached him. "Your servant!"

"Good-day, master carrier. What do you want of me?"

"Excuse me, is he yours, that horse?"

"Surely he is mine. I bought him last month. Have you anything to say against it?"

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"I, nothing. But I should like to know how he came into your hands, because it was I who trained him as a colt. My horse, there with the cart, recognized him before I did. Your excellency will have heard them neigh to salute each other. They were both of the herd of master Turi Lucernini of Aggira; and with my hands I put on them for the first time the bridle and the saddle."

"You are of Aggira?"

"Nossignore, of Castrogiovanni. For several months I have been at the carrier's trade. Master Memmu Dauria will speak well of me, for I have brought many loads of wine and meal to his shop. I beg of you, tell me how the horse came into your hands."

The contractor looked with suspicion at Felice, and was silent.

"Do me the favor. Who sold him to your excellency?"

"'T is better not to mention names. The ox has a great tongue and speaks little, says the proverb. Rather, I don't know who the man is."

"I swear to you that I ask for no evil purpose. I believe that he who sold you the horse may be an acquaintance of mine, to whom I wish well."

"I tell you that I do not know his name. Last month he came to the mine of the Casa di Cifaru, which I am working, down there toward Pietraperzia. He wanted work as a miner; and my horse having lately died, I bought this horse and cart."

"And he still works at the mine?"

"Yes, he works there."

"You must know his name. Tell it to me, excellency, for it is very important to me."

"I swear to you that I don't know it. At the mine they call him 'mountain-splitter,' because of the strong blows that he gives."

"Ah! And he is, then, powerful and robust of person?"

"As a bull of Modica."

"With black curly hair and great eyes?"

"Exactly. Now tell me, you, what his name is."

"We will let alone the name."

"As you like."

"Do me the favor to tell me where he lives."

"Neither are houses pointed out. I don't say it to offend you, master carrier, but as a fellow of honor, you understand."

"Of course. But if I swear to you by my saint that I will do him no harm"—

"I believe you. Well, the house of Spaccamuntagna is beyond the town. Take the turn to the right, where the roads cross near a thicket of Indian figs, and a hundred paces will bring you there."

Felice caressed the neck of the black horse. "I thank your excellency. I shall go there. I salute your worship. Good-by, Mureddu; 't is plain that you lack neither hay nor oats." He kissed the forehead of the horse; then ran to unload his own cart, seeing that master Memmu Dauria and some porters were come to the door to receive the casks.

When they had taken off the load, "Now, Riuzzu," he said, "we will go to find mistress Marina."

Up and down along the hilly road the cart passed the miners' houses scattered over the country. As they reached the turn near the Indian figs, Felice drew the rein. "Go easy, Riuzzu," he told the horse, for here was only a rough path, with grass growing between the wheel-tracks. They came to the hut; a few dusty plants of wallflower and rosemary were in front of it.

"Marina always would have flowering plants," said Felice to himself. "Surely I have found her this time."

It did not appear to him real, that fortune of finding her, although it oppressed his heart, so kind and without bitterness, to see the ugly, miserable house that she lived in. That beauty

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who would have merited a palace! "Poor girl, it was not I who reduced you to this," he thought.

Almost he expected that at the sound of Riuzzu's hoofs Marina would appear at the window. But there was no sign of a living soul, not even a thread of smoke from the hearth. Felice dismounted and went to knock, calling Marina by name. Then the door was partly opened, and he saw her face, pale and astonished.

"Oh, compare Felice, is it you? Have you not forgotten me?"

"Never, comare Marina, as you see."

She trembled as if with cold. "If you wish me ill, I will run to get Antonio's musket from the wall, that you may kill me for having betrayed you. But I pray you with clasped hands, do not let the carabineers know that he is here! Felice, do me this one charity!" She threw herself on the ground, and clung to his knees.

"Come, mistress Marina! To Antonio I wish no harm. I am here only to bring you greetings from your mother and from Rosaria, who will be content if they hear that you are well and think of them."

She arose to her feet and looked him in the face. "Ah, I think of them always! Tell them that. But do not let them know where you have found me. And they must not wish me to return to Castrogiovanni; for I will stay with my husband."

"You do well, Marina; it is your duty. And how is master Morreale?"

"He is well. But he works enough for ten men down there at the mine."

"The Casa di Cifaru?"

"O Madonna! why do you say so?" She appeared frightened.

"It is near here." Felice judged it better to say nothing about the meeting with the black horse and master Vito Dauria.

"Yes; and you would not know him, all soiled with the clay. And he has lost the smile, and he has a heavy step, and when he comes home at Ave Maria he neither sings nor laughs. He is no more the handsome Antonio of Aidone. O Madonna!" Marina wept, standing on the threshold of that mean hut.

Felice's throat was hot and dry. At least he would change the subject. "Will you give me a swallow of water, mistress Marina?"

She dipped it from a jar. "We have no wine in the house — I am sorry," she stammered.

"And water goes better for thirst."

She filled a dish with water. "Also Riuzzu will be glad to cool his mouth," she said. "Good beast, I did not believe that I should see him again." And as she had never done before, she kissed the black muzzle of the roan.

Felice would at all costs be cheerful. "There you find a kiss from your sister," said he.

"She was always fond of Riuzzu."

"I wager! Bread and kisses she never fails to have for the horse!" And Felice could not give himself a reason why he did not tell Marina that Rosaria was betrothed to him. Perhaps for delicacy, not to speak of happiness to the unhappy.

Marina asked after every one, and received answers. Felice had even seen cousin Barbara Santorelli and aunt Lucia, when he had occasion one day to go to Calascibetta.

Finally he said, "Now, farewell, mistress Marina, for I have to go as far as Castrogiovanni. I will not speak of you to any one, only to your mother and your sister, nor tell even them where you are. I shall be loyal, I give you my word. Salute master Morreale for me, and assure him that he can count upon my silence, and that I have sworn to you: a bolt on my mouth!"

So Felice went away, saying that he would return before many days. Marina went into the house, sad, for the memories of her happy times appeared to diminish with the sound of the wheels

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that became always more distant on the road.

When Antonio came home, he was in the worst humor. "Has any one been here?" he asked his wife. So frowning was he that she dared not answer. "Inasmuch as I see the marks of wheels and hoofs at the door. And master Dauria has told me that at the shop of his brother there was a man who wished to know about the horse, and for good or evil at last was told the way to my house. Who was it, Marina?"

Now he took her by the wrists and forced her to reply. "It was compare Felice Mendola."

"And he would have me die a rat's death! He will send here the carabineers!"

"No. On the contrary, he has said that you may count upon him. And 'a bolt on the mouth,' — so he has sworn."

"Did he say that? Then I must look out for him later. Says the proverb, The Turk waited seven years to give a reply."

"Felice Mendola is not like that."

"At least we will hope."

That night Marina dreamed of the beautiful cornfields of Castrogiovanni, and wept in her sleep.

After a few days Felice came again, bringing messages and gifts from mamma Agata and Rosaria. They were content, now that they knew that Marina was safe and well. They would have come to see her, but Felice had told them that it would be at the risk of making themselves observed by the brigadier and his men, who were cunning, worse than so many foxes, and misfortune might come of it. So, too, he explained to Marina; and she was of his opinion.

As Felice went away along the cart-path, neighbor Vanni, the sulphur-burner, passed by. He looked at the stranger with the fine horse and cart. Vanni wished ill to master Spaccamuntagna, because, now that the Bat had taken a fancy to the new miner, she had turned her shoulders to Vanni, who formerly had pleased her.

"There 's Spaccamuntagna's wife standing in the doorway, looking after that cart. She, who is kept like a little madonna under a glass bell, does not appear to me different from other women." And when he met Antonio, who was coming home, — for that week Vanni had night work at the furnace, and his turn began at Ave Maria, — he grinned in saluting master Spaccamuntagna.

Having reached the mine, Vanni went to the furnace just as la Taddarita brought there the last load of her day. As she was about to go away, "Listen, la Taddarita," said Vanni to her.

"What would you say to me, compare Vanni?"

"I would ask you why you no longer speak two words to those who wish you well."

"They are few, master Vanni."

"But I 'm one of them; and since Spaccamuntagna is here, you cannot look at me because of him, who does not think of you more than of the ground where he treads. Meanwhile, I, for sake of the friendship we had, am ready to tell you a thing that you would pay something to know."

"Tell it to me, Vanni."

And he told her of the handsome carrier with the roan horse and the red cart painted with images, and master Spaccamuntagna's wife who stood at the door of the house as long as the cart could be seen upon the road. "Look, we are all unlucky, Bat. Spaccamuntagna's wife does not care for him, as he does not care for you, nor you for me. And this that I tell you can be like a weapon in your hands."

"Thanks, compare Vanni," said the Bat, and went away.

"Now something I've certainly done," thought Vanni. "'T is like setting fire to a fuse down there in the

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mine; we shall see the rocks fly! And la Taddarita will have no pity." Vanni stood there scowling, with eyes fixed on the molten sulphur which poured like oil into the troughs. The men had to speak twice before getting a reply from him whether he had all that was needed for the night.

Now that Felice Mendola had found Marina he came to see her as often as appeared to him prudent, and to bring her gifts and greetings from her mother. She did not fear to speak to her husband of those visits, and he was now persuaded that Felice wished him no ill. Rather, he would have liked to thank the carrier in person for the present of a cask of wine. Of that kind it was which was brought to the shop of master Memmu Dauria, and of good quality. The miners bought goods from master Dauria, pledging their wages, or paying with money advanced upon the work of their children bound out to labor in the Casa di Cifaru. Afterward, the accounts were balanced between the brothers Dauria. At that shop the books could show a whole system of loans and credits that was like a tangled skein of miseries, and nobody would have been able to find the clue to wind it up.

One day, la Taddarita, who had awaited her occasion, met Antonio near the mine, and said to him, "Master Spaccamuntagna, who is that fine fellow that comes to your house when you are not there?"

"That is a carrier, a friend of mine, who brings certain things which are wanted from the town."

His reply was so frank that the Bat went to Vanni, the burner, and told him, "This time, compare Vanni, you have given me a gun without a bullet. Master Spaccamuntagna is content that the carrier comes to his house. They must be sworn compari between themselves; and so much they respect San Giovanni that there are no doubts."

"But meanwhile, what you have said will set him thinking."

In the evenings, Antonio and Marina sat at the door looking across the country that spread black and wide, with a few lights in houses, as the skies were wide and black, dotted with stars. Antonio no longer found fine things to say to Marina. At Aidone, the odors of the fields and the hedges in bloom, the little sounds from the beasts in the stall or from the birds in the nests, had awakened in him so many words to tell her of his love. So that when they talked together, even about ordinary things, it was as when two lovers alternate the verses of a song, and the guitar beats like their hearts. Now Antonio's bones ached from the pickaxe and from the length of the road; his head was heavy, and even his love for Marina was dulled with weariness. She was submissive and kind, but offered no caresses; and when he spoke to her, it appeared as if her mind were set elsewhere.

One evening he asked her, "What is the news from Castrogiovanni?"

"They are ploughing the land. Lorenzo Burgio has bought the fenced field of daddy Calogero, the one that was planted with lupines, and he will soon marry Caterina Mendola. It is plain that Lorenzo pleases daddy Calogero, for 't is much that even to a son-in-law he sold the land at a low price."

So at Castrogiovanni, now that it was late autumn, they were preparing for the harvests of the next year, in the fields blessed by Maria del Carmine. But in the waste lands of the mines summer and winter were the same; nothing would be reborn there, neither grain nor hope. It was a desolation. Marina felt it, but she would stay with Antonio, for that was her duty; also Felice had said so.

"If one day the carabineers should take me, you must return to your town, Marina," said Antonio. "You would be like a widow, the widow of a living

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man; but with the mother you would be well off."

"I shall follow you," she said, as always.

One day, as Marina was spreading out the wash to dry, there came a neighbor, the wife of Vanni, to have a chat. "Bless you, comare Marina!" said she.

"Oh, be blessed and quite well yourself, comare Concetta!"

"You have linen so fine that it appears woven of the Madonna's threads. Happy you, mistress Marina, provided the woes don't come to you later, as to the rest of us."

"How, woes?"

"Eh, I don't know. We all have to bear the cross in this world. Look at the wife of poor Persico, who is in the middle of the road with so many children; so that she has pledged her oldest boy to the miner Mocaro for twenty lire. And the sister of Pasquale, the water-carrier! He no longer gives her any part of his wages because of la Taddarita, who has bewitched him. Rather, I warn you, comare Marina, that your man stays talking with la Taddarita. And to listen once to her is like giving a hair to the devil, who soon takes you, soul and body."

"Of la Taddarita I have not even heard speak."

"And indeed, to tell the truth of her would not be for your ears, comare Marina; for 't is plain that you were brought up delicately, as a daughter. But this I will say: that she was born to do evil, and there is nobody who can give her a good word." And warming up, comare Concetta said so many things about the misdeeds of the Bat that it appeared like a dance of the mortal sins in a mystery play. "And now you can judge if I have reason to warn you that you tell your man not to give heed to la Taddarita! Moreover, she practices charms, paying an odd number of coins to a witch, that she should burn the black candles, and pray to the moon and to the holy devil. I have seen her with my eyes, in full moonlight, in the thicket behind the house of zia Marù, the witch. And that is why I say, look out for yourself. Have you understood me, comare Marina?"

Now Marina was weeping. "I shall tell Antonio not even to look at la Taddarita."

"And you will do well. I don't say that your man is not better than others; but so, you will not let his soul be lost, nor the peace of your house. I salute you, comare Marina, and take leave."

When Antonio came home, weary and hungry, Marina, with red eyes, began to accuse la Taddarita before dishing the minestra. "I don't say that harm is already done, Antonio. But with that bad woman I won't have you even speak. Such are a shame to Christians who look at them. I don't know how she has the boldness to pretend that an honest man should say good-day to such a black beetle as she is."

"And you bring the dish to table."

"You must swear to me that if the Bat speaks to you, you will turn your shoulders to her."

"What is the Bat to me? By the bread that I 'm eating, I swear that I don't wish to talk to her; nor yet to another woman that says foolish things, of whatever sort." And he was in such ill humor that he lost respect for that good gift of the Lord, the loaf, turning it upside down as he cut it.

"He means that he does not wish to speak to me," said Marina within herself; and therefore she was silent.

"She must have heard some chatter of the women. But meanwhile, who knows what they say about the handsome carrier who comes so often to my house? Evil tongues have a two-edged blade," thought Antonio.

Marina, looking at him askance, felt as it were a dull rage against the rough, dark man who kept her in that ugly place like a prison. He did not appear

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to her the same as when he had pleased her at the fair of Castrogiovanni. "If girls only knew how well off they are with their mothers! But they vie with one another who shall be married first. Also to marry in one's own town, 't is not bad. But to live among strangers, and my man at work all the day, does not suit me," Marina decided.

The next day, when Felice came, he wore a fine carnation in the buttonhole of his jacket. Marina looked at it eagerly.

"Will you have the carnation? My little Rosaria will not be displeased that I give to her sister the flower that she gave to me."

"How, Rosaria?"

"Surely. I almost thought that I had told you, comare Marina, that I am betrothed to Rosaria. Only your mother says that the little one is too young yet."

It appeared to Marina that many thoughts all became clear in a moment, and then fell into a confusion worse than before. She felt that she no longer loved Antonio. Since the blow given by him to don Cosimo Mascarelli her affection had diminished little by little, like blood trickling from that wound. And now she could not give herself a reason for it, but that which Felice had told her seemed to squeeze out the last drops of her love and her pride for Antonio. Even when her husband had recommended her to return to her mother, in case that justice should put hands upon him, she had believed her love to be enduring. Up there among the beautiful fields she would think only of him, and pass her life praying for the man who was lost for love of her. Now she felt that this resignation had been because she knew that at Castrogiovanni she could return to the past. Near her would be her mother, her sister, Felice Mendola, the people of her town, while poor Antonio would be, instead, the memory. Between shame and surprise, she stammered, "Felice, if you do not wish me evil, take me to my mother's house."

"You would leave master Antonio? Is he unkind to you, Marina? Does he beat you, perhaps?"

"Never. But mine was an error, and I repent it. For the harm that I did you, compare Felice, I am punished." She shredded the carnation between her fingers, without knowing what she did, so agitated she was.

"You did me no harm. We were not made for each other, and you preferred master Morreale. I did not merit all your beauty, for you are like a princess. Better for me my little Rosaria, who every day has two kisses, one for me and one for the horse. 'And this time it is Riuzżu's turn first,' she says, in order to madden me, the roguish one." For Felice did not understand Marina's caprices, and therefore wished to divert her with little stories about her sister.

"With Antonio I will stay no longer. I am tired of everything. Take me to my mother, compare Felice, or I will make an end of myself; for I cannot lead this life any more. I am as if in a prison; I dare not go out. The people frighten me only to look at them."

"And you must think of your husband. You speak wrongly, comare Marina."

"We do not care for each other now. He thinks only of the work, — so many reeds' length dug in the new vein that he has taken on contract. It is so long since he has said a good little word to me! See, Felice, to what condition he has brought me. Have you no pity for me?"

"Yes, I have. But says the proverb, Between wife and husband do not put in a finger. Neither does it appear to me that I come into the affair."

"But if I beg you to take me to my mother! Otherwise you will be my death, Felice."

He stood in thought. "Listen, Marina. I will not take you with me now,

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lest people should say that it was on my own account. But I will do what I have said that I would not do: I will bring your mother here to take you home, as an honest daughter should go. Now be content, comare Marina; for I would not have you blamed for leaving master Morreale."

"And for this nothing of a scruple you leave me in so many troubles!"

"A day more, a day less, does not count. Think rather of your credit, comare Marina."

"You are right. I know it. But to see you is like seeing again my own town. And when you go away, here I am lonelier than before."

"And if I promise you that the day after to-morrow, at four in the afternoon, I will bring mistress Agata to take you?"

"I will thank you forever, compare Felice!"

As he went away, Marina stood at the door to look after him, and with her fingers she replied to the sign which he made to her, turning himself in the cart, "Two days, four o'clock."

That evening Antonio repeated to his wife, "In case the carabineers should take me, one of these days, you must return to your mother. Rather, it would be better for you that I should go to end in the galleys. In prison, I would die the soonest possible, in order to leave you free. And then you could marry Felice Mendola." For what la Taddarita had said worked in Antonio's mind. Marina was silent; and he went on to say, "Not that I have doubts about you, Marina, for honest you are and will be. But for you it would be better if I were dead, and you returned to the beautiful fields of Castrogiovanni."

Although he spoke kindly, Antonio did not give Marina a caress or a kiss. He spoke with a great melancholy, as if, whatever happened, for him it was the same.

"He cares no more for me, as I care no more for him," said Marina to herself.

The next morning, as Antonio approached the mine, came la Taddarita to wish him good-day. "Master Spaccamuntagna, why don't you wear in the buttonhole of your jacket the red carnation that yesterday the carrier had at his coming, and, going away, wore no longer?"

For that base soul of Vanni had lain in wait among the prickly pears in order to have a story to tell to the Bat.

"I should make a fine appearance, dirty as I am, with a flower to adorn my rags," answered Antonio. But he thought within himself that Marina had neither worn it nor spoken of it.

"It has been told me," said the Bat, "that, as the carrier went away, he made a sign with the fingers to your wife that he would return in two days at four o'clock; and that she imitated the sign in order to let him know that it was agreed. Shall you be at home at that hour, master Spaccamuntagna?"

"No. In these days, now that I'm cutting on contract, I work more than usual. I have taken other boys, and must keep them all busy."

But that night the suspicions thronged in Antonio's head like miners in the Casa di Cifaru; and so they battered there that he lost sleep, and the next morning went to work with his bones sorer than from the toils of the day.

"Master Spaccamuntagna," la Taddarita said in his ear, "if to-day you go home early, at least you could get these doubts out of your mind. And then you could work doubly to make up to yourself for the time lost."

"Even the devil can, upon occasion, proffer good counsels," thought Antonio. And now that the little jealousy — to which, however, he would not give belief — spurred him, it appeared to him that he loved Marina more than ever. So that if, by chance, sufferings had cooled her love for him, and turned her affec-

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tions somewhat toward Felice Mendola, Antonio felt capable of taking her all to himself again by force of that great love, as once he had stolen her and carried her with him to Aidone.

"'T is I who know how to love Marina mine!" he said proudly, and began to hum a song as he descended the stairway. He had trust in Marina. He would not return to the house to play the spy upon her. Also Felice Mendola was a fellow of honor, an old playmate of Marina, who now wished to do her a favor, bringing her the news of her family. Yet the hints of la Taddarita remained in his mind to sting him like the thorns of a prickly pear. And meanwhile, to this torment of Antonio were added other annoyances, as when a donkey has a sore spot on his shoulder the flies settle there. Every time that little Nuddu came to have the sack filled, he made to master Spaccamuntagna a gesture which meant, "Four o'clock today!"

"Also you, little imp!" muttered Antonio; and he did not say, "The saints accompany you," but instead, "Go along, beast!"

Nuddu was callous to hard words as to everything else, and took it in holy peace. And when he returned with the empty sack, he would laugh, and make to the miner the sign, "Four o'clock today!"

Moreover, the marl was mixed with greasy clay, and the small part that there was of sulphur showed no fine crystals. "Who knows that I do not lose by it?" said Antonio.

In one place the water flowed in faster than it could be carried away in kegs, although the men made haste. "Patience!" Antonio recommended to himself.

But just at a moment when Antonio's pickaxe was stuck in a cleft of the rock, so that the iron flew off the handle, and only by fortune did not dislocate his shoulder, came leaping that possessed Nuddu to take a load, and shook his hand at the mustache of master Spaccamuntagna.

"This time you absolutely would have it!" howled the miner. He seized Nuddu by one arm, and gave him a kick that made the boy fly through the air. As Nuddu crawled toward the master, whining like a beaten dog, Antonio repented of what he had done.

"Oh, why do you give me kicks? It was mamma who told me, 'You must keep in mind to the master, Four o'clock to-day.' I don't know why, but so she said," whimpered Nuddu.

"And I have hurt you who are not in fault!" Antonio hastily dressed himself; for he had education, and would not let himself be seen without a shirt and jacket, up there in the light of day. Then he took Nuddu in his arms. "I ought not to have done so. In fact, this is no place for children. And if I did not believe that I am soon to come to an ugly end, I should take you out of it and teach you a decent trade. Now hang on to my shoulders, for this time I 'm the caruso, and you are the load. Up we go!" And he went to the stairway, carrying Nuddu on his back.

To the boy it did not seem real that one should repent of a blow given to him; the kind words of the miner were like a plaster to his bruises. As they came out of the pit, the Bat approached, running.

"Here, la Taddarita, take your son," said Antonio. "It lacked little that I did not spoil him for the holidays, by cause of the accursed things that you teach him."

The Bat snatched her child from the miner and clasped him to her breast. She turned a wicked look upon Antonio. "Now run to your house, master Spaccamuntagna, if you would have the pleasure to meet the handsome carrier who has promised to be there at four o'clock. If not, there 's your wife at home to receive visits."

"May your throat wither that you

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name my wife! I curse you from true rage of heart!" replied Antonio.

A woman stood near, filling a basket. "May the angel pass and say Amen!" she responded to Antonio's malediction.

La Taddarita spat three times in the air. "Water and salt!" said she. Then she fixed her great eyes upon Antonio. "I have no fear of you, nor of your saint!" She began to examine whether her child were hurt, shaking the joints of his arms and legs. "Since you have no broken bone, Nuddu, go back to work. If not, you will not make the twenty trips to-day."

To Antonio it appeared that those malign eyes of the Bat put new suspicions into his heart, and imposed it upon him to go to his house in order to meet Felice there. He left the mine, and walked along with hurried and uneven steps, his mind disturbed with anger and doubt. He repeated to himself, "Not that I have distrust of Marina, but it is better to get these ideas out of my head once for always." And it seemed as if the yellow eyes of the Bat went before him to lead him to ruin.

When he had passed the Indian figs, he made a turn around the house of neighbor Vanni, so as to come to his own house without letting himself be seen. The horse and cart of Felice Mendola stood before the door. Antonio, having arrived behind the house, went forward, grazing the wall.

"This time the Bat has said the truth," he thought. "They had given each other the hour. Also for me the hour is come. But this I did not expect, that Felice Mendola would have betrayed me." Then he took himself up for the disloyal thought. "No, 't is not true. Felice will have come for a good purpose, to cheer Marina with news of her family. But why then did they give each other the hour?"

The door was heard to creak on the hinges, and Felice came out of the house, turning his head as if to speak to a person within. "Make haste, Marina. Give here your bundle. We must go quickly; if not, we might meet your man on the way."

So Felice was taking Marina off!

Antonio felt like a dead man. It was as if he had got a blow on the belt; a dull pain took away his breath; the blood rose to his head; he saw everything red, and lost the light of his eyes, from the great rage that mastered him. He drew the pistol. "And you've met him!" he howled as he fired.

It appeared to him that at that moment a shadow came out of the door and fell forward with a shrill scream. Then he saw clearly: Marina lay on the ground; Felice was lifting her, while mamma Agata ran from the house and threw herself on the ground beside her daughter.

"She is dead," said Felice.

"And so you return to my arms, my poor Marina!" lamented the mother.

Mamma Agata was with those two: then there was no wrong. Antonio perceived that, but too late. Everything whirled around him. He made a few steps forward, staggering and groping. Then he felt himself thrown to the earth, and Felice Mendola's knee upon his chest.

"You have killed your wife, devil that you are!" shouted Felice.

"I swear to you that the bullet was not for her, but for you who were robbing me of her."

"Don't you see that here is her mother? Since you say that the bullet was for me, I forgive it; but that you made Marina so unhappy that her mother had to come to take her, — for that you must answer at your last hour!"

"If you have a knife, Felice, make an end of my troubles. Here is my breast for the blow."

"No, I let you live. From now I will do you neither harm nor good."

Felice went toward the women. With an effort Antonio rose to his feet, and

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stood with bent head and folded arms. "I will not touch her, not even for the last kiss, for I am not worthy of it. Marina, you know that I would not have harmed you! You know it!" he raved.

Felice lifted the body of Marina into the cart; then he helped the mother to mount, and to lay her daughter's head upon her knee. The poor Agata was wailing, with the dry eyes of the old who have spent their tears.

"Courage, poor mamma!" said Felice. "There is our Rosaria waiting for you at home, and here am I who love you like a second mother."

As he seated himself on the shafts, he dried his eyes with his sleeve and spoke to Riuzzu. The cart went away carrying home the dead and the living: the daughter to sleep in the churchyard, and the mother to darken the windows of her house and veil the fire with ashes. And much time must pass before the care of Rosaria and of Felice would be able to console her; because it is the young who hope, but the old remember, for their best days have been.

Antonio watched until he could no longer see the cart. Then he threw himself upon the earth that had the imprint of Marina's person, and lay there, face downward, kissing the ground in desperation. It appeared to him that bells were tolling inside his head. Shivers ran over him, although his flesh burned as if in a fever. He could not collect his thoughts, wandering and confused. He did not know how long he lay there. At last he drew a great sigh, and arose to his feet.

"Now I will make justice upon myself. I do not merit to die by the pistol that sent the beautiful soul of Marina to fly through the air. I will give myself up to the carabineers."

Neighbor Vanni, about to set forth for the mine, saw Antonio, who passed by, running with arms raised. "One would say that the devil was at his heels!" noted Vanni.

Antonio, out of breath and with a haggard face, reached the barracks of the carabineers at Caltanisetta. "I give myself up," he said to the sentinel.

The captain was called, and before he could ask a question Antonio said, in a hoarse voice broken by dry sobs: —

"I am the man whom they seek for the murder of don Cosimo Mascarelli of Aidone. Antonio Morreale I am. I give myself up of my own will. Not for cause of don Cosimo; otherwise I should have stayed underground, in the Casa di Cifaru, and not let myself be taken. But for the wife I have killed, whom I love more than myself, — do me the charity, signor captain, send me to prison. I want the punishment!"

When they handcuffed Antonio, he kissed the irons. "These go well for me," he said. So broken he was that they had to help him walk to the prison.

The advocate who was to make his defense came to talk with him; but Antonio insisted, "Say nothing in my favor, your worship." So that the advocate, who was used to help people get out of things smoothly before justice, did not know what to do with this fellow, and washed his hands of the affair, saying, "That is a simpleton worse than a rat which has only one hole. He does not merit that I should give myself trouble about him. But because it is my duty I shall display my eloquence in his favor." And he went away irritated.

Also to the father confessor Antonio said, "'T is useless, reverendo. For what I meant to do, and for what I did not mean to do, let justice punish me. Already I am so scorched with sorrows that the pains of hell will appear to me little more. If only I could know that Marina forgives me, up there!"

The good priest comforted Antonio as he could, and, because divine mercy has no limits, exhorted him to repentance.

"But don Cosimo spoke evil of my wife," the poor fellow answered, "and for that I killed him; so that I do not repent of it, reverendo."

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There came to visit Antonio the officers of justice, the big pieces who know all about the law. For when, in the province, there is a person accused of a grave crime, so that the judgment of Solomon is wanted to disentangle the matter, the prisoners are brought to Caltanisetta. For a petty thief of poultry or green stuff, or for a quarrel and some broken heads, any village brigadier whatever knows what to do.

Don Carmelo Fantozzi, who still bore the marks of Rosaria's nails, came from Castrogiovanni to look at Antonio Morreale. "So that wolf has let himself be caught," said the brigadier.

There came from the police office of Aidone half a dozen carabineers, fine in new uniforms. Lawyers were not lacking, who tormented Antonio with questions, while he, with his head heavy and confused, went on repeating, "It is true, your excellency, I killed them." Nor could he ever understand why an advocate was to speak in his favor, when he had said so many times that he was guilty.

He was tried at the assizes of Caltanisetta. He stood there in a cage, like a wild beast at a fair, with all the people looking at him. The movement of the fans of the ladies, who came there as to a theatre, made his head turn round. The judges were terrible, so that they appeared like the hand of the Lord. The jury had faces of stone. Many persons were called as witnesses, and there were others who wrote what was said with pens that scratched upon the paper. All the people seemed to Antonio as if they were far away.

First were called to witness the peasants who were working near the hedge when don Cosimo was killed in the olive grove; but these would not depose anything that was worth the trouble of making them open their mouths. As the proverb goes, they had bought three grains of speak-little; and they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, so that justice could not learn anything even by a wink of theirs. They were agreed that, as is the saying, testimony is good so long as it does not harm the neighbor; and the dead is dead, and we must give help to the living. So they had not recognized who was in the olive grove with don Cosimo Mascarelli, nor seen Antonio Morreale pass along the road. They knew nothing at all. To ask them questions was like trying to squeeze wine out of a turnip.

"They are imbeciles," said the government attorney, as he saw them shake their heads, persisting, "I don't know, your lordship." For silence is a fine possession that cannot be taken away from poor men.

Donn' Anniria Mascarelli was there, dressed in mourning, with a face like yellow wax, holding to her eyes a pocket handkerchief with a wide black border. Felice Mendola sat beside mamma Agata, poor old woman, who trembled so that her voice failed, and more than once the magistrate was obliged to say to her, "Speak louder, good woman;" for they wished to know how it was that Antonio Morreale had taken away Marina from her town. And when it was answered that he, although overbearing, had done nothing unworthy of an honest man, the ladies, who had scented a little scandal, were disappointed, and murmured that peasants are stupid. Master Vito Dauria deposed that Antonio was a brave young fellow who worked like ten, and was not quarrelsome, but, on the contrary, kind even to the carusi.

They threw the words back and forth like balls, until not even Antonio knew what he had or had not done. The advocate of the defense called him a martyr of love, and the ladies applauded with their hands, and then he proceeded to speak with such tenderness that Antonio thought, "I ought to have cut don Cosimo into little pieces, not only killed him once!"

Then the government attorney described the death of the proprietor, the

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honored head of the distinguished gentleman fallen upon the earth, while from that great heart the blood streamed, making a sinister pool at the roots of the ancient olive-tree, — the olive-tree, sole and incorruptible witness of the deed. Also he spoke of the despair of donn' Anniria and of the orphaned son, not mentioning any family dissatisfactions on account of the latter.

"This one is right," said Antonio to himself, "and if justice knows its trade, I shall go straightway to the galleys."

After they had finished the trial for the murder of don Cosimo, and Antonio believed that all was at an end, and he could go at once to prison without any more annoyances, they began anew for cause of Marina. And this was like a fire, which burned Antonio without consuming him. He let his head fall between his palms, pressing hard at the temples in order not to go mad. For he must make it understood that he loved Marina; he loved her truly, so that he would have died a thousand deaths rather than twist a hair of hers. And the bullet, — he had sped it in order to save her honor, as he had given the blow with the knife to don Cosimo Mascarelli.

Finally, after so many long-windednesses and delays, sentence was given: Antonio Morreale was condemned to the galleys for life. In the crowd that pressed to look at him there was no one who gave him a word of pity. Only when Antonio came out of the court house of the assizes, handcuffed, between two brigadiers, master Vito Dauria's black horse, that was tied there by the bridle, stretched out the neck toward him and whinnied.

"Good-by, Mureddu, for we shall never see each other again," said the man from Aidone.

And he went away, with bent head, to punishment.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

THOREAU AND HIS ENGLISH FRIEND THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY.

In one of his published letters to his most constant correspondent, Mr. Harrison Blake, of Worcester, Henry Thoreau said (October 1, 1854), "A young Englishman, Mr. Cholmondeley, is just now waiting for me to take a walk with him." This date and slight mention mark the beginning of perhaps the most serious of Thoreau's later friendships, which was accompanied with a long correspondence during the later years of his life, and brought to the Concord recluse tidings from the great world in which he was so resolved to have but a small share. Thomas Cholmondeley was the son of a sister of Bishop Heber, who had married into an old county family of Shropshire, England. Graduate of Oxford, friend of Arthur Hugh Clough, student of philosophy in Germany, — such was the brief account given of him by himself, in September, 1854, when he first visited Concord, bringing letters to Emerson, as so many young Englishmen did. He declared that he was unknown in England, having lived for a time in New Zealand, about which he had just printed a book called Ultima Thule. He now wished to see America for himself, and would like to take lodgings for a while in Concord. It does not appear that he had ever heard of Thoreau till he met him at dinner in Emerson's house; but when his host learned of his wish to remain in the little town, he advised Cholmondeley to apply to Mrs. John Thoreau, who sometimes took lodgers. The mother

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of Henry Thoreau received him into her family for a few weeks; and there began an intimate acquaintance between the two men. The difference in their ages was less than that between Emerson and Thoreau; each had an original character and history, and the son of the Shropshire squire did not long outlive his New England friend. Thoreau died in the spring of 1862; Cholmondeley (he had changed his name to Owen, as a condition of inheriting an estate in Shropshire) died in Florence, two years later, and is buried in the churchyard near Condover Hall, his house in the neighborhood of Shrewsbury.

I suppose that Cholmondeley, who was religiously educated, with a bias towards ritualism, went to New Zealand among the so-called Canterbury Pilgrims who founded there the colonial, High-Church province of Canterbury in 1851; as Merivale says,[1] "in a spirit of enthusiasm unequaled in modern colonial enterprise, which carries the mind back to the days of Raleigh and his contemporaries." At any rate, he had been experimenting in founding a state there, where most of the landed gentry were savages, and had been cannibals; and he came to New England, which Raleigh's contemporaries had colonized, to look into the foundations of our American polity, against which he found his admired Thoreau had been protesting by emancipation speeches, refusal to pay taxes, and other conduct which must have startled the Oxford graduate not a little. But he was that rare creature, an *ideal* Englishman, who valued the institutions of his great country more for the spirit out of which they grew than for their current form, which that spirit was even then hastening slowly to destroy. Like Thoreau, he was of the Elizabethan period in mind, though modern and liberal in culture.

He left Boston in December, 1854, to take part in the Crimean war, then going badly for England, as he thought, and this was his first letter: —

HODNET SALOP,
Tuesday, *January* 20, 1855.

MY DEAR THOREAU, — You will be glad to hear that I am safe at my brother's house in Salop, after a most disagreeable passage to England in the steamer America.

I have accepted the offer of a captaincy in the Salop militia, and it is probable that we shall be sent before very long to relieve other troops who are proceeding to the seat of the war; but if the strife continues to consume men at its present rate of one thousand a week, we shall be involved in it, I hope, before the year is out, by volunteering into the line. Meanwhile, I shall use my best diligence to learn all I can of my men, etc., and prepare myself for the active service to which I impatiently look forward. Nothing can be more awful than the position of our poor army. In the present rate of mortality, they will be finished up by the time they are next wanted; and it will be reserved for the French to take Sebastopol. We are learning a tremendous lesson: I hope we shall profit by it, and, so far from receding, I trust we shall continue hostilities with greater energy and greater wisdom than before. *I would rather see the country decimated* than an inglorious or even an accommodating peace. My passion is to see the fellow crushed, or to die in the attempt. Lord John has resigned, and the Ministry is, we all think, breaking up. It was high time, considering the mismanagement of Newcastle.

We are in the midst of a great snow (great at least for us). Colds are rife in the parish, so that "coughing drowns the parson's saw." I find the red brick houses are the most striking feature, on revisiting this country. Though a great deal smaller than your elegant villas, our cottages, on the whole, please my

[1] Colonization and Colonies, page 128.

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eyes, and look more homely and very suggestive of good cheer. There is such a quietness and excessive sleepiness about Shropshire — the only excitement being an occasional alehouse brawl — that it is hardly possible to imagine we are at war! The fact is, the common people never see a newspaper; and such is their confidence in "the Queen's army" that they believe prolonged resistance on the part of any power would be impossible and absurd. My cousin in the Crimea still survives, contrary to my expectations. We have heard a good anecdote from him. Early on Christmas morning, the remains of the regiment to which he belongs gathered painfully together, and, as day dawned, they all sung the fine English carol, Christians, Awake. It is rather touching.

I find all here quite well and hearty, and hope your people will be the same when this arrives at Concord, — a place I shall often revisit in spirit. Pray remember me to your father, mother, and sister, to Mr. Emerson and Channing, and do not forget your promise to come over some time to England, which you will find a very snug and hospitable country, though perhaps decaying, and not on such a huge scale as America. My romance, the dream of my life, without which it is not worth living for me, is *a glorious commonwealth.* I am persuaded that things must, in their way to this, be greatly worse before they can become better. Turn it how you will, our English nation *no longer stands upon the living laws of the eternal God;* we have turned ourselves to an empire, and cotton bags, and the leprosy of prodigious manufacture. Let that all go, and let us grow great men again, instead of dressing up dolls for the market. I feel we are strong enough to live a better life than this one which now festers in all our joints. So much for the confessions of a thorough English conservative, as you know me to be.

You have my direction, so pray write. Your letter will be forwarded to wherever I may be.

Dear Thoreau,
Ever affectionately yours,
THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

HENRY THOREAU, ESQRE.,
Concord, Massachusetts,
U. S. North America.

To this epistle Thoreau replied with a longer one, sufficiently curious on some accounts. The period in our history was that in which the slaveholders, who controlled the feeble administration of General Pierce, were seeking to annex Cuba and to carry slavery into Kansas. Hawthorne was in Liverpool, making observations on England; the rest of the Concord circle were still at home, except Alcott, who was making preparations to return, as he did in 1857.

CONCORD, MASS., *February* 7, 1855.

DEAR CHOLMONDELEY, — I am glad to hear that you have arrived safely in Hodnet, and that there is a solid piece of ground of that name which can support a man better than a floating plank, in that to me as yet purely historical England. But have I not seen you with my own eyes, a piece of England herself, and was not your letter come out to me thence? I have now reason to believe that Salop is as real a place as Concord; with at least as good an underpinning of granite, floating on liquid fire. I congratulate you on having arrived safely at that floating isle, after your disagreeable passage in the steamer America. So are we not all making a passage, agreeable or disagreeable, in the steamer Earth, trusting to arrive at last at some less undulating Salop and brother's house?

I cannot say that I am surprised to hear that you have joined the militia, after what I have heard from your lips; but I am glad to doubt if there will be occasion for your volunteering into the line. Perhaps I am thinking of the

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saying that it "is always darkest just before day." I believe it is only necessary that England be fully awakened to a sense of her position, in order that she may right herself, especially as the weather will soon cease to be her foe. I wish I could believe that the cause in which you are embarked is the cause of the people of England. However, I have no sympathy with the idleness that would contrast this fighting with the teachings of the pulpit; for, perchance, more true virtue is being practiced at Sebastopol than in many years of peace. It is a pity that we seem to require a war, from time to time, to assure us that there is any manhood still left in man.

I was much pleased with [J. J. G.] Wilkinson's vigorous and telling assault on Allopathy, though he substitutes another and perhaps no stronger *thy* for that. Something as good on the whole conduct of the war would be of service. Cannot Carlyle supply it? We will not require him to provide the remedy. Every man to his trade. As you know, I am not in any sense a politician. You, who live in that snug and compact isle, may dream of a glorious commonwealth, but I have some doubts whether I and the new king of the Sandwich Islands shall pull together. When I think of the gold-diggers and the Mormons, the slaves and the slaveholders and the flibustiers, I naturally dream of a glorious private life. No, I am not patriotic; I shall not meddle with the Gem of the Antilles. General Quitman[1] cannot count on my aid, alas for him! nor can General Pierce.

I still take my daily walk, or skate over Concord fields or meadows, and on the whole have more to do with Nature than with man. We have not had much snow this winter, but have had some remarkably cold weather, the mercury, February 6, not rising above 6° below zero during the day, and the next morning falling to 26°. Some ice is still 30 inches thick about us. A rise in the river has made uncommonly good skating, which I have improved to the extent of some 30 miles a day, 15 out and 15 in.

Emerson is off westward, enlightening the Hamiltonians [in Canada] and others, mingling his thunder with that of Niagara. Channing still sits warming his five wits — his sixth, you know, is always limber — over that stove, with the dog down cellar. Lowell has just been appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard University, in place of Longfellow, resigned, and will go very soon to spend another year in Europe, before taking his seat.

I am from time to time congratulating myself on my general want of success as a lecturer; apparent want of success, but is it not a real triumph? I do my work clean as I go along, and they will not be likely to want me anywhere again. So there is no danger of my repeating myself, and getting to a barrel of sermons, which you must upset, and begin again with.

My father and mother and sister all desire to be remembered to you, and trust that you will never come within range of Russian bullets. Of course, I would rather think of you as settled down there in Shropshire, in the camp of the English people, making acquaintance with your men, striking at the root of the evil, perhaps assaulting that rampart of cotton bags that you tell of. But it makes no odds where a man goes or stays, if he is only about his business.

Let me hear from you, wherever you are, and believe me yours ever in the good fight, whether before Sebastopol or under the wreken,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY, ESQ.,
Hodnet, Market Drayton,
Shropshire, England.

[1] Quitman, aided for a time by Laurence Oliphant, was aiming to capture Cuba with "filibusters" (flibustiers).

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Cholmondeley was so occupied with his drilling and making ready for the campaign that he seems to have written no more till he was about to set forth for the Black Sea. But he had gathered together, with much care and cost, a box of books relating to India and Egypt, such as he fancied Thoreau might like, and sent them to Boston in the autumn of 1855, preceded by this letter: —

October 3, 1855.

My dear Thoreau, — I have been busily collecting a nest of Indian books for you, which, accompanied by this note, Mr. Chapman will send you, and you will find them at Boston, carriage-paid (mind that, and don't let them cheat you), at Crosby & Nichols'. I hope, dear Thoreau, you will accept this trifle from one who has received so much from you, and one who is so anxious to become your friend and to induce you to visit England. I am just about to start for the Crimea, being now a complete soldier; but I fear the game is nearly played out, and all my friends tell me I am just too late for the fair. When I return to England (if ever I do return), I mean to buy a little cottage somewhere on the south coast, where I can dwell *in Emersonian leisure*, and where I have a plot to persuade you over.

Give my love to your father and mother and sister, and my respects to Mr. Emerson and Channing, and the painter who gave me Webster's head.[1] I think I never found so much kindness anywhere in all my travels as in your country of New England; and indeed, barring its youth, it is very *like our old country*, in my humble judgment.

Adieu, dear Thoreau, and immense affluence to you. Ever yours,

Thos. Cholmondeley.

P. S. Excuse my bad writing; of course it is the pen. Chapman will send a list of your books, by which you can see whether they are all right, because I hate to have anything lost or wasted, however small.

[1] Rowse, who engraved Ames's head of Daniel Webster.

These two notes from Dr. Chapman, the London publisher and bookseller, show with what pains the Crimean soldier provided for his friend's reading: —

London, 8 King William St., Strand,
October 26, 1855.

Dear Sir, — Enclosed is the list of books referred to in Mr. Thos. Cholmondeley's note. The parcel I have forwarded to Messrs. Crosby & Nichols & Co., of Boston, and have requested them to deliver it to you, free of all expense. As Mr. Cholmondeley has gone to the East, I should be glad of a note from you, acknowledging the receipt of the parcel. . . .

November 2.

The parcel of books advised by me on the 26th of October as having been sent by the Asia steamer, from Liverpool, has been shut out of that vessel on account of her cargo being complete several days previous to her sailing. Under these circumstances, I have therefore ordered the parcel to be shipped by the Canada of the 10th proximo, and trust that you will not experience any inconvenience from this unavoidable delay.

John Chapman.

The books arrived in Concord, finally, November 30, 1855, and I saw them soon after, in the attic chamber where Thoreau kept his small library, in cases made by his own hands. After receiving the first announcement of their coming, and before they came, he had fashioned for these treasures a new case, out of driftwood that he had brought home in his voyages along the Musketaquid, thus giving Oriental wisdom an Occidental shrine. Writing to Mr. Blake, December 9, he said: "I have arranged my books in a case which I made in the

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mean while, partly of river boards. I have not dipped far into the new ones yet. One is splendidly bound and illuminated. They are in English, French, Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit. I have not made out the significance of this godsend yet." None of these languages were strange to Thoreau except the Sanskrit, and in this there was only a volume or two.[1] He at once acknowledged the receipt of the books, but before Cholmondeley could receive the letter he had reached the seat of war, but only in time to see the last act of the great drama that had included Inkerman and Balaklava, and the romantic deeds of Florence Nightingale, in the earlier acts. Cholmondeley replied, a year later, from Rome.

In the mean time Thoreau had written him another and longer letter, and the reply covers both, and how much besides!

ROME, *December* 16, 1856.

MY DEAR THOREAU, — I wish that I was an accomplished young American lady, for then I could write the most elegant and "recherché" letters without any trouble or thought. But now, being an Englishman, even my pleasures are fraught with toil and pain. Why, I have written several letters to you, but always, on reading them over to myself, I was obliged to burn them, because I felt they were bad letters, and insufficient for a passage of the ocean. To begin, then, a new and a good letter, I must acquaint you that I received your former communication, which gave me *the sincerest pleasure*, since it informed me that the books which I sent came to hand, and were approved of. I had indeed studied your character closely, and knew what you would like. Besides, I had, even from our first acquaintance, a previous memory of you, like the vision of a landscape a man has seen, he cannot tell where.

As for me, my life still continues (through the friendship of an unseen hand) a fountain of never-ending delight, a romance renewed every morning, and never smaller to-day than it was yesterday, but always enhancing itself with every breath I draw. I delight myself, I love to live, and if I have been "run down" I am not aware of it.

I often say to God, "What, O Lord, will you do with me in particular? Is it politics, or philosophical leisure, or war, or hunting, or what?" He always seems to answer, "Enjoy yourself, and leave the rest to itself." Hence everything always happens at the right time and place, and rough and smooth ride together. There is an old Yorkshire gentleman — a great-grandfather of ninety — who promises to see his hundred yet, before he flits. This man was asked lately (he has had his troubles, too) "what of all things he should like best." The merry old squire laughed, and declared that "he should like of all things to begin and live his life over again, in any condition, almost, — he was not particular." Now, I am like the squire in my appreciation of life. It is so great a matter to exist pleasurably. The sensation of Being!

Thus much about myself. As for my Phenomena, I have seen and thought and done quite up to my highest mark; but I will not weary you with descriptions of the Crimea, Constantinople, or even Rome, whence I am now writing.

But one thing I will attempt to tell you. I saw the great explosion when the Windmill Magazine blew up. I was out at sea, a good ten miles from the spot. The day was fine; suddenly the heaven was rent open by a pillar of

[1] In a letter to Daniel Ricketson, of New Bedford (December 25), Thoreau says that he has had "a royal gift, in the shape of twenty-one distinct works (one in nine volumes, — forty-four volumes in all), almost exclusively relating to Hindoo literature, and scarcely one of them to be bought in America. I am familiar with many of them, and know how to prize them. I send you this information as I might of the birth of a child."

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fire, which seemed ready to tear the very firmament down. It was like the "idea" of the hottest oven. As it hung (for it lasted while you might count) on the horizon, the earth shook and the sea trembled, and we felt the ship quivering under us. It was felt far and wide like an earthquake. We held our breath and felt our beating hearts. Presently we recovered, and the first feeling in every heart was, "Better go home after that!" The *roaring noise* was, I am told, tremendous. Strange that I cannot at all recollect it! I only saw the apparition and felt the shock. . . .

The English temper keeps very warlike. They want another turn with Russia. But since Europe is now pretty well closed up, it seems to be the general impression that Asia will be the field of the next Russian war: and who knows how long it may last when once it begins? They descending from their Riphean hills, hordes of poor and hardy Tartars, — Gog and Magog and their company; we ascending, with the immense resources of India behind us, towards the central regions, the scarce-explored backbone of Asia. The ruins of long-forgotten cities half buried in sand, the shattered temples of preadamite giants, the Promethean cliffs themselves, will ring with the clang of many a battle, with the wail of great defeats and the delirious transports of victory. There is a very old English prophecy now in circulation, "that the hardest day would come when we should have to fight against men having snow on their helmets." So that superstition swells the anti-Russian tide.

I have seen something of Turks, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Italians, and they impress me thus: the Turk, brave, honest, religious; the Greek, unclean, lying, a slave, and the son of a slave; the Frenchman, light-hearted, clever, and great *in small things;* the Italian, great, deep, ingenious. I would put him first. He is greater than the Frenchman.

Having been in the Redan, the Malakoff, etc., I am truly astonished at the endurance of the Russians. The filth and misery of those horrid dens were beyond expression. Even the cleanest part of our own camp swarmed with vermin. I caught an aristocrat — a member of Parliament — one day stopped for a flea-hunt in his tent. Though too late for any regular engagement, I managed to experience the sensation of being under fire. It is only pleasurable for about a quarter of an hour; in short, it soon fatigues, like a second-rate concert. The missiles make strange and laughable sounds sometimes, — whistling and crowing and boiling. Watching them moving through the air from the north side of the harbor, they seemed to come so slow!

The Crimea is a beautiful country, — the air clear, hilly, clothed with brushwood; the pine on the hill, and the vine in the valley. It is a fine country for horseback, and many a good ride I had through it. I see that I am falling into description, whether I will or no. The Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora — indeed, all the neighborhood of Stamboul — are charming, in spite of rags, dirt, and disease. Nature has done her utmost here, and the view from the Seraskier's Tower is the finest in the world. The Turkish ladies (for I saw plenty of beauties in the bazaars) are, in figure, like our own; that is, "very fat." The Turk and the Briton seem to agree that a good breed cannot be got out of lean kine. In the face, however, they excel ours; the lines are more regular. In expression, *babies;* in gait, waddling; the teeth often rotten from too much sweetmeat.

There was an English lady at Stamboul who had traveled with a bashaw's favorite wife. They were put in one cabin on board a ship. She told us how the favorite behaved: how she was laughing and crying and praying in a breath; how she was continually falling fast asleep and snoring loudly, waking

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up again in a few minutes; she was the merest infant, and as fat as a little pig; lastly, how the bashaw was always popping into the cabin, to see what she was about, at all hours, and cared nothing for the English lady, though she was sometimes quite *en déshabillé.*

I met Abdel Kadir in the East. He is a very handsome man, with mild, engaging manners, a face deadly pale, very fine eyes, beard, and hands. Very like one of your Southerners, some of whom are not to be surpassed. He is now residing at Damascus. I noted the Circassians to be a fine race, very tall and well made, with high features; grave and fierce, and yet sweet withal. They wear high caps, and carry an armful of daggers and pistols. The feet and hands long and small. They have, too, a fine, light, high-going step, full of spring and elasticity, like the gait of a high-mettled horse. "*Incessu patuit.*" But every nation has a motion of its own. Among the boatmen on the Bosphorus I saw many faces and figures very like the same class at Hong-Kong and on the Canton River in China. Both have a Tartar look. Mongolians, I imagine.

I think I should like, as I grow older and more stay-at-home, to pay attention to the subject of "breeding." Astonishing facts come out upon inquiry. Now, *sheep, horses, dogs, and men* should be more closely watched. I see already some things. I see that Nature is always flowing. *She will not let you fix her*, and she refuses to be caught out by any process of exhaustion. There is always somewhat unknown, and that somewhat is everything. You may think that you have exhausted the chances of vice and disease by putting the best always together. Now, if you merely put the best together, you will have either no breed or a very bad one. There is something in the "black sheep" which the better one loses. There is something divine, which is pity to lose, even in the most barbarous stock. Lord Byron said that the finest man and the best boxer he ever met told him that he was the offspring of positive deformity, and that he had brothers still finer than himself. On the other hand, I know a young gentleman who is an absolute baboon, but the son of a good-looking father and a mother of a race famous for beauty. But the family crest is a baboon, and it came out after the lapse of centuries.

A student of family pictures will observe, in a good gallery, how the same face comes and goes. It will sometimes sleep for three hundred years. A certain expression of countenance is in a certain family; some change takes place, — perhaps they lose an estate or gain a peerage; it goes, and turns up again in another branch which never had it before. Is not Walker[1] the best representative of old Rolf Ganger? I think that both *gang* the same gait.

This is enchanted ground, — St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Coliseum, etc. But let me tell you what attracts me most in Rome and its neighborhood. It is the lake and woods of the ancient Alba Longa, the mother city of Rome, which you see clearly and well in the distance (about 14 miles off). The lake, which is very large, many miles round, is in the crater of an old volcano, and therefore high up. It is surrounded by woods, chiefly of holm oaks; but here are also the stone pine, the common deciduous oak, and other fine trees. These woods are pierced by numerous beautiful walks.

[Here follows a sketch of the neighborhood of the Alban lake.]

This little map will give you some inkling of these beautiful hills, of the lake of Alba and its sister Nemi. You will see that the colonists moved northwest to found Rome; you will imagine, when you stand on the bank of the lake, where is the long ridge or street whence the old city (all long ago gone) took its name, that you are at a height sufficient

[1] The Central American "filibuster."

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to see all the country round; yet you have got the Monte Calvo, with the old temple (now a convent) of Jupiter Latiaris at your back and many hundred feet above you (perhaps a thousand). What a position for a city! What an eagle's nest! Here is every variety of scenery, with the sea quite plainly seen to the west. Hence you wind up through a modern town, called Rocca di Papa, and across a section of *Hannibal's camp* (you remember when he came so near Rome), which is another mountain basin, towards the temple aforesaid, where the thirty Latin cities used to sacrifice. The holy road to the top of the mountain still remains. It is very narrow, and flagged with great uneven stones. Algidus (not so high) lies behind. To the east, across the Campagna, are the Sabine hills, with Tibur in their bosom, and the old temple of Bona Dea on a great hill near it. The Etrurian hills are to the north, behind Rome, and Soracte, a little isolated shelf of rock, stands midway between them and the Sabine. Snow on Soracte marks a very hard winter. You remember the ode, "*Vides ut alta, etc., . . . Soracte.*"

And now to come to yourself. I have your two letters by me, and read them over with deep interest. You are not living altogether as I could wish. You ought to have society. A college, a conventual life is for you. You should be the member of some society not yet formed. You want it greatly, and without this you will be liable to moulder away as you get older. *Forgive my English plainness of speech.* Your love for, and intimate acquaintance with, Nature is ancillary to some affection which you have not yet discovered.

The great Kant never dined alone. Once, when there was a danger of the empty dinner table, he sent his valet out, bidding him catch the first man he could find and bring him in! So necessary was the tonic, the effervescing cup of conversation, to his deeper labors. Laughter, chatter, politics, and even the prose of ordinary talk is better than nothing. Are there no clubs in Boston? The lonely man is a diseased man, I greatly fear. See how carefully Mr. Emerson avoids it; and yet, who dwells, in all essentials, more religiously free than he? Now, I would have you one of a well-knit society or guild, from which rays of thought and activity might emanate, and penetrate every corner of your country. By such a course you would not lose Nature. But supposing that reasons, of which I can know nothing, determine you to remain in "quasi" retirement; still, let not this retirement be too lonely. Take up every man as you take up a leaf, and look attentively at him. This would be easy for you, who have such powers of observation, and of attracting the juices of all you meet to yourself. Even I, who have no such power, somehow find acquaintances, and nobody knows what I get from those about me. They give me all they have, and never suspect it. What treasures I gleaned at Concord! And I remember at Boston, at my lodgings, the worthy people only held out a week, after which I was the friend of the family, and chattered away like a magpie, and was included in their religious services. I positively loved them before I went away. I wish I lived near you, and that you could somehow originate some such society as I have in my head.

What you are engaged in I suspect to be Meditations on the Higher Laws as they show themselves in Common Things. This, if well weaved, may become a great work; but I fear that this kind of study may become too desultory. Try a history. How if you could write the sweet, beautiful history of Massachusetts? Positively, there is an immense field open. Or take Concord, — still better, perhaps. As for myself, so enamored am I of history that it is my intention, if I live long enough, to write a history of Salop; and I will endeavor

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to strike out something entirely new, and to put county history where it ought to be. Take the spirit of Walton and a spice of White! It would be a great labor and a grand achievement, — one for which you are singularly qualified.

By being "run down" I suppose you mean a little "hipped," — a disorder which no one escapes. I have had it so badly as to have meditated suicide more than once. But it goes away with the merest trifle, and leaves you stronger than ever. Ordinary men of the world defeat the enemy with a sop, such as getting drunk or having a woman; but this is a bad plan, and only successful for a time. He is better defeated by sobriety or a change of scene, such as your trip to the Connecticut River. "*He is beginning to preach now*," you will say. Well, then, let us have a turn at politics and literature. I was certain from the first that Buchanan would be President, because I felt sure that the Middle States are not with the North. Nor is the North itself in earnest. You are fond of humanity, but you like commerce, and a great heap, and a big name better. Of course you do. Besides, your principle and bond of union appears to be most negative, — you do not like slavery. Is there any positive root of strength in the North? Where and what? Your civilization is all in embryo, and what will come out no one can predict. At present, is there not a great thinness and poverty? *Magnas inter opes inops!* You have indeed in New England the genius of liberty, and for construction and management; you have a wonderful *aplomb*, and are never off your feet. But when I think of your meagreness of invention, and your absurd whims and degraded fancies of spirit-rapping, etc., and the unseemly low ebb of your ordinary literature, I tremble.

You have one Phœnix,[1] — the greatest man since Shakespeare, I believe, — but where is the rest of the choir? Why, the men that promise best — such as Channing, some of whose poems are admirable — do not go down; and they never will as long as newspaper novels are in request. It is the same as in England, — all is fragmentary, poor, and draggletail. There is no continence. A perfectly beautiful conception, generously born and bred, such as Schiller's Cranes of Ibycus or The Diver, is simply impossible in such a state of things. And observe, I would affirm the very same thing of England as it is at this hour. There is no poetry, and very little or no literature. We are drenched with mawkish lollipops, and clothed in tawdry rags. I am sorry to see even in Mr. Emerson's Traits of England that one or two chapters are far inferior to the rest of the book. He knows it, no doubt. He has sinned against his conception herein in order to accommodate the public with a few sugarplums. Those chapters will hurt the book, which would otherwise be, like his Essays, of perfect proportion and of historical beauty. I have seen some fragments by a certain W. Whitman, who appears to be a strong man. But why write fragments? It is not modest. Completeness of conception is the very first element of that sweet wonder which I know not how to call by its right name. There is a man we both of us respect and admire, — Carlyle; but has he not damaged his own hand beyond cure? He drives a cart, and strikes against every stone he sees. He has no "perception" of the highest kind. A good preacher, but after all a creaking, bumping, tortuous, involved, and visionary author.

I wonder what Emerson will give us for his next book. The only new books in England I have seen are Froude's History, of which I cannot speak too highly, and a report on India by Lord Dalhousie, very able and businesslike. There are also the Russian accounts of the battle of Inkerman (which were printed in the Times), curious and able.

[1] Emerson is meant.

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Grey's Polynesian legend is getting old, but we have Sandwich on Kars and Russell's admirable account of the Crimean campaign, of which I need say nothing. His excellent letters from Moscow will also form a good book. I had forgot Maurice's and Kingsley's last, and Mansfield's Paraguay. (Read that.) Truly the list grows. Our poems, such as Arnold's, Sydney Dobell's, and Owen Meredith's, are the very dregs and sweepings of imitation. Alexander Smith's last I have not seen, but it is no great haul. I hear, — small potatoes! But they talk of a Catholic priest of the name of Stoddart, — that he has written well.

Burton's African and Arabian travels, Arthur Stanley's Palestine, Cotton's Public Works of India, are all good and sound. We ought to have a book from Livingstone before long. He is now on his way home, after having succeeded in traversing Africa, — a feat never accomplished before. (He is at home, and going out again.) Newman on Universities ought to be good. The other day a man asked me, "Have you ever read the Chronicles of the Emperor Baber?" I had never even heard of them before. He said they outdid Cæsar's. Was he imposing upon my ignorance?

The books above mentioned I will endeavor to get when I visit England in the spring; some indeed I have already, and will send them to you. I want you to send me a copy of Emerson's Poems, which I cannot obtain, do what I will. Also please obtain for me a catalogue (you 'll hear of it at the Boston Athenæum) of your local histories in the United States. There are hundreds of them, I believe; a list has been made which I want to examine. I suppose you are well versed in the French works written by early travelers and missioners on America. Would you tell me one or two of the best authors of Canadian or Louisianian research? I am at present working at an essay on America, which gives me great pleasure and no little pain. I have a conception of America surveyed as "one thought;" but the members are not yet forthcoming. I have not yet written above a page or two. I have also been engaged upon Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, and indeed in other ways. For my daily reading I am taking Tasso's Jerusalem, Chateaubriand's Génie, and sometimes a little Tacitus; and I also read the Bible every day.

Farewell, dear Thoreau. Give my best love to your father, mother, and sister, and to old Channing; and convey my respect to Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott; and when next you go to Boston, call at my old lodgings, and give my regards to them there. If you write to Morton, don't forget me there. He is a clever lad, is n't he? Also my respect to Mr. Theodore Parker, whose sermons are rather to be heard than read.

Ever yours, and not in haste,

THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

Posted in London February 22, 1857.

However, this astonishing epistle did not end even here. On reaching London Cholmondeley continued it thus:—

TOWN, *February* 22, 1857.

DEAR THOREAU, — You see I've *saved* this letter, which is the best I ever wrote you (for I burnt the rest), and posted it in town. For Rome being so uncertain a post, I thought, "better wait till I get to town," and send it properly.

I am just going now on an expedition to search for a little cottage somewhere in Kent or Sussex, where I may henceforth dwell and endeavor to gather a little moss. I hope to get a few acres of land with it on lease; for as to *buying*, it is almost out of the question. They ask about £500 an acre now for anything like decent land in England. (I mean within hail of town, for I don't

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want to settle finally in Wales or Yorkshire.) In fact, land is worth too much. It is a shame. I suppose I could buy a good *farm* in New England for £2000, could n't I? I should n't wonder if I were to settle in New England, after all, for the ties which hold me here are very slender. However, if I *do* succeed in getting my cottage in Kent, remember there will be a room for you there, and as much as ever you can eat and drink. I am staying in town with my brother Reginald, who is a painter, and has very agreeable rooms. He is very good to me, and trots me out to see people whom otherwise I should scarcely be able to meet.

I heard Maurice preach to-day in Lincoln's Inn. It was on Faith, Hope, and Charity. He explained that this charity is not human, but divine, and to be enjoyed in communion with God. It was a good and strictly orthodox sermon, and not extempore in any sense.

I called at John Chapman's the other day, but he was out, being, they said, engaged in one of the hospitals. He has turned doctor, it seems. The fact is, I fear that Chapman has done himself mischief by publishing books containing new views and philosophy, which the English, from the lord to the cabman, hate and sneer at. The very beggars in the streets are all conservatives, except on the subject of their sores. To speculate in thought, in this country, is *ruin*, and sure to lead — if pursued long enough — to the Queen's Bench or Bedlam. I am persuaded that the Turks and the Chinese are *nothing* to us. Perhaps we are more like the Japanese than any other people, — I mean as regards what Swedenborg would call "our interiors." The prophets prophesy as they did among the ancient Hebrews, and the smooth prophets bear away the bells.

I met Spedding the other day, and had much talk with him, but nothing real; but he is a good man, and in expression like your Alcott. He is now bringing out his Bacon, the work of his whole life. Farewell.

Ever yours,

THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

Upon the receipt of this long letter, Thoreau sent to his English friend four American books, — Emerson's Poems (the first volume only), his own Walden, a book on the Southern States by F. L. Olmsted, and the first edition of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass. Thoreau's letter accompanying the books is still undiscovered among family papers at Condover Hall, but here is the reply:

LONDON, *May* 26, 1857.

MY DEAR THOREAU, — I have received your four books, and, what is more, I have read them. Olmsted was the only entire stranger. His book, I think, might have been shortened, and if he had, indeed, written only one word instead of ten, I should have liked it better. It is a horrid vice, this wordiness. Emerson is beautiful and glorious. Of all his poems, the Rhodora is my favorite. I repeat it to myself over and over again. I am also delighted with Guy, Uriel, and Beauty. Of your own book I will say nothing, but I will ask you a question, which perhaps may be a very ignorant one. I have observed a few lines about —— [so in original]. Now there is *something here* unlike anything else in these pages. Are they absolutely your own, or whose? And afterward you shall hear what I think of them. Walt Whitman's poems have only been heard of in England to be laughed at and voted offensive. Here are Leaves, indeed, which I can no more understand than the book of Enoch or the inedited poems of Daniel! I cannot believe that such a man lives unless I actually touch him. He is further ahead of me in yonder West than Buddha is behind me in the Orient. I find reality and beauty mixed with not a little violence and coarseness, both of which are to me effeminate. I am amused at his

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views of sexual energy, which, however, are absurdly false. The man appears to me not to know how to behave himself. I find the *gentleman* altogether left out of the book! Altogether these Leaves completely puzzle me. Is there actually such a man as Whitman? Has any one seen or handled him? His is a tongue "not understanded" of the English people. It is the first book I have ever seen which I should call "a *new* book," and thus I would sum up the impression it makes upon me.

While I am writing, Prince Albert and Duke Constantine are reviewing the Guards in a corner of St. James Park. I hear the music. About two hours ago I took a turn round the park before breakfast, and saw the troops formed. The varieties of color gleamed fully out from the uniforms. They looked like an army of soldier-butterflies just dropped from the lovely green trees under which they marched. Never saw the trees look so green before as they do this spring; some of the oaks incredibly so. I stood before some the other day, in Richmond, and was obliged to pinch myself and ask, "Is this oak-tree really growing on the earth they call so bad and wicked an earth, and itself so undeniably and astonishingly fresh and fair?" It did not look like magic; it was magic.

I have had a thousand strange experiences lately, most of them delicious, and some almost awful. I seem to do so much in my life when I am doing nothing at all. I seem to be hiving up strength all the while, as a sleeping man does who sleeps and dreams and strengthens himself unconsciously; only sometimes half awakes with a sense of cool refreshment. Sometimes it is wonderful to me that I say so little, and somehow cannot speak even to my friends! Why, all the time I was at Concord, I never could tell you much of all I have seen and done! I never could, somehow, tell you anything! How ungrateful to my guardian genius to think any of it trivial or superfluous! But it always seemed already told and long ago said. What is past and what is to come seems as it were all shut up in some very simple but very dear notes of music which I never can repeat.

To-night I intend to hear Mr. Dow, the American, lecture in Exeter Hall. I *believe* it is to-night. But I go forearmed against him, being convinced in my mind that a good man is all the better for a bottle of port under his belt every day of his life. I heard Spurgeon, the preacher, the other day. He said some very good things; among others, "If I can make the bells ring in *one* heart, I shall be content." Two young men not behaving themselves, he called them as sternly to order as if they were *serving* under him. Talking of Jerusalem, he said that "every good man had a mansion of his own there, and a crown that would fit no other head save his." That I felt was true. It is the voice of Spurgeon that draws more than his matter. His organ is very fine, but I fear he is hurting it by preaching to too large and frequent congregations. I found this out because he is falling into *two voices*, the usual clerical infirmity.

The bells — church bells — are ringing somewhere; for the Queen's birthday, they tell me. I have not a court guide at hand to see if this is so. London is cram-full. Not a bed, not a corner! After all, the finest sight is to see such numbers of beautiful girls riding about, and riding well. There are certainly no women in the world like ours. The men are far, far inferior to them.

I am still searching after an abode, and really my adventures have been most amusing. One Sussex farmer had a very good little cottage, close to Battle, but he kept "a few horses and a score or two of pigs" under the very windows. I remarked that his stables were very filthy. The man stared hard at me, as an English farmer only can stare; that is, as a man stares who is

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trying to catch a thought which is always running away from him. At last he said, striking his stick on the ground, "But that is *why* I keep the pigs. I want their dung for my hop-grounds." We could not arrange it after that.

I received a very kind note to-day from Concord, informing me that there was a farm to be sold on the hill just over your river, and nearly opposite your house. But it is out of the question, buying land by deputy. I have, however, *almost* decided to settle finally in America. There are many reasons for it. I think of running over in the trial trip of the Great Eastern, which will be at the close of the year. She is either to be the greatest success, or else to sink altogether without more ado. She is to be something decided. I was all over her the other day. The immense creature, musical with the incessant tinkling of hammers, is as yet unconscious of life. By measurement she is larger than the Ark. From the promenade of her decks you see the town and trade of London, the river (the sacred river), Greenwich with its park and palace, the vast town of Southwark and the continuation of it at Deptford, the Sydenham Palace, and the Surrey hills. Altogether a noble poem.

Only think, I am losing all my teeth. All my magnificent teeth are going. I now begin to know I *have* had good teeth. This comes of too many cups of warm trash. If I had held to cold drinks, they would have lasted me out; but the effeminacy of tea, coffee, chocolate, and sugar has been my bane. Miserable wretches were they who invented these comforters of exhaustion! They could not afford wine and beer. Hence, God, to punish them for their feeble hearts, takes away the grinders from their representatives, one of whom I have been induced to become. But, Thoreau, if ever I live again, I vow never so much as to touch anything warm. It is as dangerous as to take a pill, which, I am convinced, is a most immoral custom. Give me ale for breakfast, and claret or port and ale again for dinner. I should then have a better conscience, and not fear to lose my teeth any more than my tongue.

Farewell, Thoreau. Success and the bounty of the gods attend you.

Yours ever, THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

The "very kind note" mentioned in this letter was one from me in regard to his purchase of the Nashawtuc farm of four hundred acres, which was then for sale; and I perhaps pointed out that, if a portion of it only were wanted by him, the rest could be sold for buildings. He did not quite understand my suggestion, and replied, *more Anglico*, thus: —

June 9 [1857], Oxford & Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, London.

MY DEAR SIR, — I thank you for your letter; but I must say at once that my thought of a pleasure farm in America has nothing to do with any building speculation. I confess I hate anything approaching to "business" or "investments" to bring in ever so much more than they ought. I assure you it is with the utmost difficulty I can manage what little I possess already, without a thought of increasing it. A single care would rob me of the gayety and ease of my life. If I were to settle in America, or to buy land there, it would not be with any such view. But I have sometimes thought of turning "hunter;" and in that case I should like a nook (a cabin and a flower garden, nothing more) in which to pass my vacations. As for universities and magazines, God knows I am tired of the very names.

Would you tell dear Thoreau that the lines I admire so much in his Week on the Concord River begin thus? —

"Low anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air," etc.[1]

[1] This is doubtless the passage omitted in the letter to Thoreau of May 26, 1857, — left out, I suppose, because Cholmondeley had not the book at hand to quote from.

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In my mind, the best thing he ever wrote.

I find it was the Prussian, and not the Russian duke who reviewed the Guard in the Park.

Your letter shows a very forecasting and ambitious soul! Why should you, my friend, roll the stone up the hill? Leave it to Sisyphus. You will never be happy and virtuous till you cast out the fiend; and when he is once gone, you will have no occasion to ask for anything. God will so fill your hand from morning to night that you will only say, "Hold, hold! give me less at a time." He is like the air, and we live in him from day to day. I would have you do the same, and not forecast. To forecast is a delusion of the fiend, and likely to rob you of your delicious youth. If you must have a solace prepared for your age, learn to play the fiddle; and then, even if your eyes fail, you will have a friend, supposing you keep the use of your fingers.

I have lately seen the celebrated Horse Fair of Rosa Bonheur, which one of your countrymen has bought; and upon my honor, it is magnificent. Having seen that and read Aurora Leigh, I begin to think that the day is coming when women will take the lead of our sex altogether. We are engaged with our races at present, and, as usual, "dark" horses generally win. Parliament is also going on, but nobody seems to care much about it. Pam seems Dictator for life, unless he goes mad.

Tell Thoreau that I am reading the memoirs of the Emperor Baber with great satisfaction. He was no doubt a conqueror among wits, as well as a wit among conquerors. His description of the gardens he found or made is of the best! He is translated by Erskine and Leyden. Perhaps the strangest part of the fellow is the mixture of religion and licentiousness. He was rigid in his prayers by day and night; while, on the other hand, he actually gives an account of an infamous passion he fell into as if it was the most reasonable thing in the world. English and Irish words occur in his vocabulary. *Kuragh* means a meadow; perhaps you have heard of the Curragh of Kildare. *Oti* is wild grass of a certain kind, which is indigenous in parts of Central Asia.

I find I must stop. On looking back, I see I have written exactly what I think about your letter. But nobody ought to resent simplicity.

I am, my dear sir,
Yours very truly,
THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

P. S. I should be glad if Thoreau would write to me that long letter he owes.

P. S. On looking back a second time, I feel that if your view should really be an aspiration, I am wrong in treating it as an ordinary ambition; but how can I tell?

The next that was heard from Cholmondeley was a rumor that he was to revisit America; and accordingly, Thoreau received this note, late in November, 1858: —

DONEGANA HOUSE, MONTREAL,
Friday, 26 *November*, 1858.

MY DEAR THOREAU, — I am at Montreal, and I think I shall pass south not far from you. I shall be on Tuesday evening at the Revere, at Boston. I am going to spend the winter in the West Indies. What do you say to come there, too? Yours ever,
THOS. CHOLMONDELEY.

Early in December he appeared at the Thoreaus' in Concord, and a few days later Thoreau wrote to Daniel Ricketson, at New Bedford, under date of December 6, 1858: —

FRIEND RICKETSON, — Thomas Cholmondeley, my English acquaintance, is here, on his way to the West Indies. He

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wants to see New Bedford, a whaling town. I tell him I would like to introduce him to you there, thinking more of his seeing you than New Bedford. So we propose to come your way tomorrow. Excuse this short notice, for the time is short. If, on any account, it is inconvenient to see us, you will treat us accordingly. . . .

The visit was made, to the satisfaction of all; but as Thoreau's father was then in his last illness, and Thoreau himself far from well, Cholmondeley did not remain long in New England. His last words with me were to request that I would buy for the father some grapes, as an alleviation of his invalid diet. He soon returned to England, by way of Jamaica, and this was the brief comment of Thoreau in a letter to Mr. Blake (January 1, 1859): "It may interest you to hear that Cholmondeley has been this way again, *via* Montreal and Lake Huron, going to the West Indies, or rather to Weiss-nicht-wo, whither he urges me to accompany him. He is rather more demonstrative than before, and, on the whole, what would be called 'a good fellow;' is a man of principle, and quite reliable, but very peculiar. I have been to New Bedford with him, to show him a whaling town."

He reached England before Theodore Parker — visiting Europe for health — arrived in London (June 1, 1859), and soon after called on Parker, with offers of service. In the following November, Edwin Morton, making a tour in Europe, to avoid testifying in the matter of John Brown and Gerrit Smith, was invited to Shrewsbury, where Cholmondeley then lived, and was captain of a volunteer rifle company. Morton spent some part of the Christmas holidays at Hodnet, — the house of Cholmondeley's mother, who had married for a second husband Rev. Zachary Macaulay, a cousin of Lord Macaulay, — and was indebted to his friend for many hospitalities, such as Cholmondeley would gladly have bestowed on Thoreau, could he have induced him to visit England. Morton carried to Shropshire the latest news from Concord that Cholmondeley received, until the tidings came of Thoreau's fatal illness in the summer of 1861. Three years after, in the summer of 1864, Reginald Cholmondeley wrote to say that his brother had died in Florence, mentioning some affecting circumstances of his marriage, illness, and death. Sophia Thoreau, in a letter of March, 1865, thus expressed the feelings of his Concord friends: "I cannot tell you how startled and grieved we all felt to hear of Mr. Cholmondeley's death. His brother's letter impressed me as a painful chapter from some romance. It is hard to realize that he has left us. We have always had the truest regard for him, as a person of rare integrity, great benevolence, and the sincerest friendliness; and I am sure his loss must be very great to those who knew and loved him best."

The letters here printed will throw some light on the nature and pursuits of this one English intimate friend of Thoreau. Those who knew Thomas Cholmondeley could not easily forget him; those who had only a common acquaintance with him would perhaps wonder how any one should remember him. So rare were his gifts, and so well did his ordinary manner conceal them, that few suspected him for the ideal Englishman that he was, or perceived under the humorous mask he wore the sweet simplicity, the magnanimous eccentricity, of his national and individual character.

F. B. Sanborn.

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BIRDS AT YULE-TIDE.

I.

SUNLIGHT.

At the northern end of the wren orchard there is an angle in the stone wall where the autumn winds pile dry leaves. The wall at this point is five feet high and very thick, and no breeze finds a way through it. Above and behind the wall a dozen or more ancient white pines rise high into the air, cutting off all view of the northern sky; but southward the orchard falls away in grassy terraces, and through the vistas between the old gray trunks and tangled branches far glimpses of Cambridge and the Charles River meadows greet the eye. Christmas, 1892, had come and gone, but New Year's Day was still in the future. There were snow banks in the shadows, and back of the wall, under the pines, the north wind bustled about on winter errands. Weary with a long walk, I had sunk deep into the dry leaves on the sunny side of the wall, and had found them warm and comforting. The sun's rays had brought heat, and the brown leaves had taken it and kept it safely in their dry depths.

At first, as I lay there, the world seemed lifeless, so utterly silent was it. No insect's wing gleamed in the sunlight, no squirrel ran on the wall, no bird spoke in the treetops. There are wonderfully still moments in midsummer, when the breeze dies away, the sun's rays glow like fire in the lake, and the birds sit motionless and drowsy in the thickets. In those moments, however, the watchful eye can always see the dragonfly darting back and forth over the water, the inch-worm reaching out its aimless and inquiring arm from the tip of a grass stalk, or the ant marching back and forth with endless patience under the stubble forests. Still and seemingly dead as was this winter morning, I had faith that if I listened attentively enough some voice would come to me out of the silence; and sure enough, as soon as my presence was forgotten, two or three golden-crested kinglets began lisping to each other in the nearest cedars. Soon they came into view, hovering, fluttering, clinging, among the evergreen branches; sometimes head downwards, often sideways, always busy clearing the foliage of its insect dwellers.

While I was watching these tiny workers, now and then catching a glimpse of their bright yellow crown-patches, I saw a much larger bird alight in a leafless ash-tree about fifty feet from me, near the orchard wall. The next moment the harsh cry of a jay came through the still air, and as I brought my glass to bear on the visitor I expected to recognize the gay plumage of the crow's festive cousin. The bird in focus was no jay: that was clear at first glance. It was shorter than a blue jay by two inches or more; it was not blue, and its head was not crested. Presently another bird of the same species joined the first comer, and the two sat quietly in the bare tree, doing nothing. Far away a flicker called, and then in the pines the clear *phœ-bē* of the titmouse came like a whiff of perfume. One of the strange birds dropped suddenly to the foot of the tree, and began moving over a broad snow bank which lay in the shadow cast by the wall and a bunch of privet and barberry. The snow was sprinkled with the winged seeds of the ash, and the bird picked these up one by one, neatly freed each seed from its membrane, and swallowed it.

While the bird remained in shadow she looked gray; but whenever the sun-

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light struck her, rich olive tones glowed upon her head, back, and rump, while traces of the same coloring showed upon her breast. Beautiful water-markings rippled from her neck downward over her back. Her wings were dark ashy gray marked by two white wing bars and white edgings to the stiff feathers, and under each eye a white line was noticeable. Her feet showed black against the snow, in which they moved regardless of cold or dampness. The bird in the tree was not favorably placed for me to see his colors, so, rising softly from my leaf-bed, I moved silently towards him until he came against a dark background. Slowly raising my glass, I leveled it upon him, and brought out to my admiring eyes the exquisite tints of his plumage. Where his mate had glowed with olive, he blushed with rosy carmine. Head, nape, rump, throat, and breast alike were suffused with warm, lustrous color. Here and there, white, gray, and ash struggled for a share in his dress, but the carmine outshone them. There could be no doubt as to the birds' identity, — they were a pair of pine grosbeaks.

My approach to a point not more than twenty feet from the feeding bird did not disturb her. She watched me closely, but continued to gather the ash seeds. At times she even ran towards me a foot or two. Suddenly a dark shadow crossed the snow drift, and both birds started apprehensively, as though to fly away; but they quickly regained their composure as a ragged-winged crow sailed close above the treetops and disappeared behind the hill. A nearer approach to the birds showed me how massive were their bills; the upper strongly arched mandible forming a sharp hook far overhanging the blunter under one. Their tails, too, were noticeable, being plainly and quite deeply forked.

Advancing step by step, I came at last so near these confiding birds that, had they been domestic fowls, they would have avoided me. The one on the ground flew into the ash-tree, and both moved a little higher among the branches as I walked directly beneath them. Of nervous fear they gave no sign, although both uttered short musical notes in a querulous tone. This trustfulness is characteristic of many of the migrants from the far north which suddenly, and for causes not yet fully understood, sweep over fields and forests in midwinter. Many a time I have stood beneath a slender white birch in whose branches dozens of pine siskins were resting, or red-poll linnets feeding. I have leaned over the upper rail of a fence and looked down upon red crossbills eating salt and grain from a cattle trough on the ground on the other side of the fence, while they watched me with their bright eyes, yet did not fly. Chickadees and Hudson Bay titmice have chided me while they perched upon twigs, only a foot or two from my head; and nuthatches, kinglets, purple finches, goldfinches, and snow buntings have in a less noticeable way shown far less fear of me than any summer migrant or resident bird would display.

II.

MOONLIGHT.

Sunset in late December comes long before tea time, so I lingered in the wren orchard while the orange light came and went in the west, and until the big yellow moon swung free from the eastern elms, and began her voyage across the chilly sky. I had been worrying the crows at their roost in a grove of pitch pines on the very crest of the Arlington ridge. Just as they skulked into the grove on one side, I glided in from the other. Silently they floated through the twilight, and gained a thickly branching pine. In its upper foliage they crowded together and prepared for sleep. Then they heard my footsteps on the twigs

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and snow crust below, and suddenly a great stirring, and rubbing of wings and twigs told of their flight. At first they said nothing, but when they had reached the upper air they circled over the grove cawing spitefully. A small flock of pine grosbeaks dropped into the grove, and after the brightest of the golden light had faded from behind far Wachusett I heard a small troop of kinglets come in for their night's lodging. The crows came back to their favorite tree, and when I disturbed them a second time nine of them flew away full of wrath.

Leaving the pines to darkness and its birds, I came back to the wren orchard. As I ran through a savin-dotted pasture, a lonely junco flew from beneath a juniper bush, and lighted upon the ground. I stopped and watched him. For a while he kept very still, but at last he showed his white tail feathers in flight, and vanished among the cedars. Under the cedars I found a dead bird, lying on its back upon the snow. It was a grosbeak, with almost every feather, except those on the breast, intact; yet, strange to say, its body had been eaten, — probably by mice, for no creature less tiny could have removed the flesh so completely without injuring the plumage. I fear the trustfulness of this gentle migrant caused its death. Mice can eat birds, but they cannot shoot them first.

The apple-trees in the wren orchard seemed even more grotesquely gnarled as they lifted their distorted limbs against the moonlit sky than they had in the pale winter sunshine. They are very old trees for fruit trees, and many a dark cavern in their trunks and larger limbs offers shelter to owls, squirrels, and mice. Leaning against one of their broad trunks, I imitated the attenuated squeak made by a mouse. Again and again I drew breath through my tightly closed and puckered lips, feeling sure that if Scops and his appetite were in company anywhere within an owl's ear-shot of my squeaking, I should hear from the little mouser.

Once, twice, perhaps three times, there fell upon my ear what seemed like the distant wailing of a child or the faint whinnying of a horse. All at once it came over me that the sound was not distant, and I held my breath and listened intently. It came again, — faint, tremulous, sad. My ears declined to say whether it came fifty feet or a quarter of a mile. I stole softly towards the point from which it proceeded, but before I had gone a rod I heard the same or a similar sound on my left. This time it was more distinct, and I knew it to be the quavering whinny of a screech owl. Stooping to the ground, I scanned the apple-trees with the white sky for a background. In the third tree from me I saw a dark lump on a branch. I crept towards it, and at the first sound I made, the bunch resolved itself into a broad-winged little owl, which flew across to the next tree. Rising, I walked straight towards it, until I stood close beneath the bird, who watched me without moving.

Although I could see only his silhouette, I knew well what his expression was like, having had several of his family as pets. His feathery ear-tufts were depressed, and his head was set down closely upon his shoulders. Could I have seen his face, I should have met an impish glare in his small yellow eyes, and a look about his mouth suggestive of sharp bites. The screech owl fears the barred owl as much as a robin does; so when I hooted like his big cousin, and spun my hat into the air over him, he flew down almost to the ground, made a sharp angle, and rose into a tree at a little distance. After I had followed him from tree to tree for several minutes, he finally succeeded in dodging me, and I left the orchard to the quiet of the winter's night.

In the morning, when I rolled into the pile of leaves by the sunny side of the wall, the day seemed bereft of incident and color; but as I ran down the

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frozen hillside, hurrying more to regain warmth than to gain time, the day appeared, in retrospect, to be well filled with incident and life. Not only had there been crows, jays, flickers, chickadees, kinglets, and a junco busy about their respective tasks of food-finding, but the charming pine grosbeaks had gathered the ash seeds from the snow, a few feet from where, as soon as moonlight replaced sunshine, Scops set himself to gather his nightly harvest of mice. Vegetation, as a rule, is dormant in winter; most of the insect world selects winter for its period of repose and transformation; snow, ice, and lack of food drive certain birds into migration, and cause reptiles and a few species of mammals to hibernate. Beyond these limits Nature keeps on her way untroubled; and even within these limits there is less stagnation than most men suppose. If man were not himself so much in dread of the snow, he would not credit the lower animals with undue fear of wintry elements.

Frank Bolles.

THE BLAZING HEART.

WHO are ye, spirits, that stand
In the outer gloom,
Each with a blazing heart in hand,
Which lighteth the dark beyond the tomb?

"Oh, we be souls that loved
Too well, too well!
Yet, for that love, though sore reproved,
(Oh, sore reproved!) have we 'scaped hell.

"'Scaped hell, but gained not heaven.
Woe, woe and alas!
Only, to us this grace is given,
To light the dark where the dead must pass.

"Behind us the shadows throng,
And the mists are gray;
But our blazing hearts light the soul along
From grave to yon gate that hides the day."

Who may this lady be
At my right hand?
"This is the heart which for Antony
Changed from soft flesh to a burning brand."

"This for Æneas glowed,
Is glowing still."
"This kindled for Phaon; the flame it showed
No waters of ocean could quench or kill."

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This shape, with the flowing hair?
"She loved so much
That even the Sinless heard her prayer,
Pitied her pangs, and suffered her touch."

Bid the sounds of crackling cease!
"They blaze, they burn!"
Let me flee back to my coffined peace!
"Pass on (they beckon); there's no return."

Spirits, why press ye close?
I am faint with fear!
"Already *thy* heart like an ember glows;
Pluck it forth from thy bosom; thy place is here."

Happy Francesca! thine
Is the fairer lot.
Better with him in hell to pine
Than stand in cool shadows by him forgot!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

OF THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

I.

WHAT every intelligent foreigner dwelling in Japan must sooner or later perceive is, that the more the Japanese learn of our æsthetics and of our emotional character generally, the less favorably do they seem to be impressed thereby. The European or American who tries to talk to them about Western art, or literature, or metaphysics will feel for their sympathy in vain. He will be listened to politely; but his utmost eloquence will scarcely elicit more than a few surprising comments, totally unlike what he hoped and expected to evoke. Many successive disappointments of this sort impel him to judge his Oriental auditors very much as he would judge Western auditors behaving in a similar way. Obvious indifference to what we imagine the highest expression possible of art and thought, we are led by our own Occidental experiences to take for proof of mental incapacity. So we find one class of foreign observers calling the Japanese a race of children; while another, including a majority of those who have passed many years in the country, judge the nation essentially materialistic, despite the evidences of its religions, its literature, and its matchless art. I cannot persuade myself that either of these judgments is less fatuous than Goldsmith's observation to Johnson about the Literary Club: "There can now be nothing new among us; we have traveled over one another's minds." A cultured Japanese might well answer with Johnson's famous retort: "Sir, you have not yet traveled over *my* mind, I promise you!" And all such sweeping criticisms seem to me due to a very imperfect recognition of the fact that Japanese thought and sentiment have been evolved out of ancestral habits, customs, ethics, beliefs, directly the opposite of our own in some cases, and in all cases strangely different. Acting on such psychological ma-

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terial, modern scientific education cannot but accentuate and develop race differences. Only half-education can tempt the Japanese to servile imitation of Western ways. The real mental and moral power of the race, its highest intellect, strongly resists Western influence; and those more competent than I to pronounce upon such matters assure me that this is especially observable in the case of superior men who have traveled or been educated in Europe. Indeed, the results of the new culture have served more than aught else to show the immense force of healthy conservatism in that race superficially characterized by Rein as a race of children. Even very imperfectly understood, the causes of this Japanese attitude to a certain class of Western ideas might well incite us to reconsider our own estimate of those ideas, rather than to tax the Oriental mind with incapacity. Now, of the causes in question, which are multitudinous, some can only be vaguely guessed at. But there is at least one — a very important one — which we may safely study, because a recognition of it is forced upon any one who passes a few years in the Far East.

II.

"Teacher, please tell us why there is so much about love and marrying in English novels; it seems to us very, very strange."

This question was put to me while I was trying to explain to my literature class — young men from nineteen to twenty-three years of age — why they had failed to understand certain chapters of a standard novel, though quite well able to understand the logic of Jevons and the psychology of James. Under the circumstances, it was not an easy question to answer; in fact, I could not have replied to it in any satisfactory way had I not already lived for several years in Japan. As it was, though I endeavored to be concise as well as lucid, my explanation occupied something more than two hours.

There are few of our society novels that a Japanese student can really comprehend; and the reason is, simply, that English society is something of which he is quite unable to form a correct idea. Indeed, not only English society, in a special sense, but even Western life, in a general sense, is a mystery to him. Any social system of which filial piety is not the moral cement; any social system in which children leave their parents in order to establish families of their own; any social system in which it is considered not only natural, but right, to love wife and child more than the authors of one's being; any social system in which marriage can be decided independently of the will of parents, by the mutual inclination of the young people themselves; any social system in which the mother-in-law is not entitled to the obedient service of the daughter-in-law, appears to him of necessity a state of life scarcely better than that of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, or at best a sort of moral chaos. And all this existence, as reflected in our popular fiction, presents him with provoking enigmas. Our ideas about love and our solicitude about marriage furnish some of these enigmas. To the young Japanese, marriage appears a simple, natural duty, for the due performance of which his parents will make all necessary arrangements at the proper time. That foreigners should have so much trouble about getting married is puzzling enough to him; but that distinguished authors should write novels and poems about such matters, and that those novels and poems should be vastly admired, puzzles him infinitely more, — seems to him "very, *very* strange."

My young questioner said "strange" for politeness' sake. His real thought would have been more accurately rendered by the word "indecent." But when I say that to the Japanese mind our typical novel appears indecent, highly in-

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decent, the idea thereby suggested to my English readers will probably be misleading. The Japanese are not morbidly prudish. Our society novels do not strike them as indecent because the theme is love. The Japanese have a great deal of literature about love. No; our novels seem to them indecent for somewhat the same reason that the Scripture text, "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife," appears to them one of the most immoral sentences ever written. In other words, their criticism requires a sociological explanation. To explain fully why our novels are, to their thinking, indecent, I should have to describe the whole structure, customs, and ethics of the Japanese family, totally different from anything in Western life; and to do this even in a superficial way would require a volume. I cannot attempt a complete explanation; I can only cite some facts of a suggestive character.

To begin with, then, I may broadly state that a great deal of our literature, besides its fiction, is revolting to the Japanese moral sense, not because it treats of the passion of love *per se*, but because it treats of that passion in relation to virtuous maidens, and therefore in relation to the family circle. Now, as a general rule, where passionate love is the theme in Japanese literature of the best class, it is not that sort of love which leads to the establishment of family relations. It is quite another sort of love, — a sort of love about which the Oriental is not prudish at all, — the *mayoi*, or infatuation of passion, inspired by merely physical attraction; and its heroines are not the daughters of refined families, but mostly *hetæræ*, or professional dancing-girls. Neither does this Oriental variety of literature deal with its subject after the fashion of sensuous literature in the West, — French literature, for example: it considers it from a different artistic standpoint, and describes rather a different order of emotional sensations.

A national literature is of necessity reflective; and we may presume that what it fails to portray can have little or no outward manifestation in the national life. Now, the reserve of Japanese literature regarding that love which is the great theme of our greatest novelists and poets is exactly paralleled by the reserve of Japanese society in regard to the same topic. The valiant woman often figures in Japanese romance as a heroine; as a perfect mother; as a pious daughter, willing to sacrifice all for duty; as a loyal wife, who follows her husband into battle, fights by his side, saves his life at the cost of her own; never as a sentimental maiden, dying, or making others die, for love. Neither do we find her on literary exhibition as a dangerous beauty, a charmer of men; and in the real life of Japan she has never appeared in any such rôle. Society, as a mingling of the sexes, as an existence of which the supremely refined charm is the charm of woman, has never existed in the East. Even in Japan, society, in the special sense of the word, remains masculine. Nor is it easy to believe that the adoption of European fashions and customs within some restricted circles of the capital indicates the beginning of such a social change as might eventually remodel the national life according to Western ideas of society. For such a remodeling would involve the dissolution of the family, the disintegration of the whole social fabric, the destruction of the whole ethical system, — the breaking up, in short, of the national life.

Taking the word "woman" in its most refined meaning, and postulating a society in which woman seldom appears, a society in which she is never placed "on display," a society in which wooing is utterly out of the question, and the faintest compliment to wife or daughter is an outrageous impertinence, the reader can at once reach some startling conclusions as to the impression made

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by our popular fiction upon members of that society. But, although partly correct, his conclusions must fall short of the truth in certain directions, unless he also possess some knowledge of the restraints of that society, and of the ethical notions behind the restraints. For example, a refined Japanese never speaks to you about his wife (I am stating the general rule), and very seldom indeed about his children, however proud of them he may be. Rarely will he be heard to speak about any of the members of his family, about his domestic life, about any of his private affairs. But if he should happen to talk about members of his family, the persons mentioned will almost certainly be his parents. Of them he will speak with a reverence approaching religious feeling, yet in a manner quite different from that which would be natural to an Occidental, and never so as to imply any mental comparison between the merits of his own parents and those of other men's parents. But he will not talk about his wife even to the friends who were invited as guests to his wedding. And I think I may safely say that the poorest and most ignorant Japanese, however dire his need, would never dream of trying to obtain aid or to invoke pity by the mention of his wife, — perhaps not even of his wife and children. But he would not hesitate to ask help for the sake of his parents or his grandparents. Love of wife and child, the strongest of all sentiments with the Occidental, is judged by the Oriental to be a selfish affection. He professes to be ruled by a higher sentiment, — duty: duty, first, to his Emperor; next, to his parents. And since love can be classed only as an ego-altruistic feeling, the Japanese thinker is not wrong in his refusal to consider it the loftiest of motives, however refined or spiritualized it may be.

In the existence of the poorer classes of Japan there are no secrets; but among the upper classes family life is much less open to observation than in any country of the West, not excepting Spain. It is a life of which foreigners see little, and know almost nothing, all the essays which have been written about Japanese women to the contrary notwithstanding.[1] Invited to the home of a Japanese friend, you may or may not see the family. It will depend upon circumstances. If you see any of them, it will probably be for a moment only, and in that event you will most likely see the wife. At the entrance you give your card to the servant, who retires to present it, and presently returns to usher you into the *zashiki*, or guest-room, — always the largest and finest apartment in a Japanese dwelling, — where your kneeling-cushion is ready for you, with a smoking-box before it. The servant brings you tea and cakes. In a little time the host himself enters, and after the indispensable salutations conversation begins. Should you be pressed to stay for dinner, and accept the invitation, it is probable that the wife will do you the honor, as her husband's friend, to wait upon you during an instant. You may or may not be formally introduced to her; but a glance at her dress and coiffure should be sufficient to inform you at once who she is, and you must greet her with the most profound respect. She will probably impress you (especially if your visit be to a *samurai* home) as a delicately refined and very serious person, by no means a woman of the much-smiling and much-bowing kind. She will say extremely little, but will salute you, and will serve you for a moment with a natural grace of which the mere spectacle is a revelation, and glide away again, to remain invisible until the instant of your departure, when she will reappear at the entrance to wish you good-by. During other successive visits

[1] I do not, however, refer to those extraordinary persons who make their short residence in teahouses and establishments of a much worse kind, and then go home to write illustrated books about the women of Japan.

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you may have similar charming glimpses of her; perhaps, also, some rarer glimpses of the aged father and mother; and if a much-favored visitor, the children may at last come to greet you, with wonderful politeness and sweetness. But the innermost intimate life of that family will never be revealed to you. All that you see to suggest it will be refined, courteous, exquisite; but of the relation of those souls to each other you will know nothing. Behind the beautiful screens which mask the further interior all is silent, gentle mystery. There is no reason, to the Japanese mind, why it should be otherwise. Such family life is sacred; the home is a sanctuary, of which it were impious to draw aside the veil. Nor can I think this idea of the sacredness of home and of the family relation in any wise inferior to our highest conception of the home and the family in the West.

Should there be grown-up daughters in the family, however, the visitor is less likely to see the wife. More timid, but equally silent and reserved, the young girls will make the guest welcome. In obedience to orders, they may even gratify him by a performance upon some musical instrument, by exhibiting some of their own needlework or painting, or by showing to him some precious or curious objects among the family heirlooms. But all submissive sweetness and courtesy are inseparable from the high-bred reserve belonging to the finest native culture. And the guest must not allow himself to be less reserved. Unless possessing the privilege of great age, which would entitle him to paternal freedom of speech, he must never venture upon personal compliment, or indulge in anything resembling light flattery. What would be deemed gallantry in the West may be gross rudeness in the East. On no account can the visitor compliment a young girl about her looks, her grace, her toilette, much less dare address such a compliment to the wife. But, the reader may object, there are certainly occasions upon which a compliment of some character cannot be avoided. This is true, and on such an occasion politeness requires, as a preliminary, the humblest apology for making the compliment, which will then be accepted with a phrase more graceful than our "Pray do not mention it;" that is, the rudeness of making a compliment at all.

But here we touch the vast subject of Japanese etiquette, about which I must confess myself still profoundly ignorant. I have ventured thus much only in order to suggest how lacking in refinement much of our Western society fiction must appear to the Oriental mind.

To speak of one's affection for wife or children, to bring into conversation anything closely related to domestic life, is totally incompatible with Japanese ideas of good breeding. Our open acknowledgment, or rather exhibition, of the domestic relation consequently appears to cultivated Japanese, if not absolutely barbarous, at least uxorious. And this sentiment may be found to explain not a little in Japanese life which has given foreigners a totally incorrect idea about the position of Japanese women. It is not the custom in Japan for the husband even to walk side by side with his wife in the street, much less to give her his arm, or to assist her in ascending or descending a flight of stairs. But this is not any proof upon his part of want of affection. It is only the result of a social sentiment totally different from our own; it is simply obedience to an etiquette founded upon the idea that public displays of the marital relation are improper. Why improper? Because they seem to Oriental judgment to indicate a confession of personal, and therefore selfish sentiment. For the Oriental the law of life is duty. Affection must, in every time and place, be subordinated to duty. Any public exhibition of personal affection of a certain class is equivalent to a public confession of moral weakness. Does this mean that

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to love one's wife is a moral weakness? No; it is the duty of a man to love his wife; but it is moral weakness to love her more than his parents, or to show her, in public, more attention than he shows to his parents. Nay, it would be a proof of moral weakness to show her even the *same* degree of attention. During the lifetime of the parents her position in the household is simply that of an adopted daughter, and the most affectionate of husbands must not even for a moment allow himself to forget the etiquette of the family.

Here I must touch upon one feature of Western literature never to be reconciled with Japanese ideas and customs. Let the reader reflect for a moment how large a place the subject of kisses and caresses and embraces occupies in our poetry and in our prose fiction; and then let him consider the fact that in Japanese literature these have *no existence whatever*. For kisses and embraces are simply unknown in Japan as tokens of affection, if we except the solitary fact that Japanese mothers, like mothers all over the world, lip and hug their little ones betimes. After babyhood there is no more hugging or kissing. Such actions, except in the case of infants, are held to be highly immodest. Never do girls kiss one another; never do parents kiss or embrace their children who have become able to walk. And this rule holds good of all classes of society, from the highest nobility to the humblest peasantry. Neither have we the least indication throughout Japanese literature of any time in the history of the race when affection was more demonstrative than it is to-day. Perhaps the Western reader will find it hard even to imagine a literature in the whole course of which no mention is made of kissing, of embracing, even of pressing a loved hand; for hand-clasping is an action as totally foreign to Japanese impulse as kissing. Yet on these topics even the naïve songs of the country folk, even the old ballads of the people about unhappy lovers, are quite as silent as the exquisite verses of the court poets. Suppose we take for an example the ancient popular ballad of Shuntoku-maru, which has given origin to various proverbs and household words familiar throughout western Japan. Here we have the story of two betrothed lovers, long separated by a cruel misfortune, wandering in search of each other all over the Empire, and at last suddenly meeting before Kiomidzu temple by the favor of the gods. Would not any Aryan poet describe such a meeting as a rushing of the two into each other's arms, with kisses and cries of love? But how does the old Japanese ballad describe it? In brief, the twain only sit down together *and stroke each other a little*. Now, even this reserved form of caress is an extremely rare indulgence of emotion. You may see again and again fathers and sons, husbands and wives, mothers and daughters, meeting after years of absence, yet you will probably never see the least approach to a caress between them. They will kneel down and salute each other, and smile, and perhaps cry a little for joy; but they will neither rush into each other's arms, nor utter extraordinary phrases of affection. Indeed, such terms of affection as "my dear," "my darling," "my sweet," "my love," "my life," do not exist in Japanese, nor any terms at all equivalent to our emotional idioms. Japanese affection is not uttered in words; it scarcely appears even in the tone of voice; it is chiefly shown in acts of exquisite courtesy and kindness. I might add that the opposite emotion is under equally perfect control; but to illustrate this remarkable fact would require a separate essay.

III.

He who would study impartially the life and thought of the Orient must also study those of the Occident from the Oriental point of view. And the results of such a comparative study he

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will find to be in no small degree retroactive. According to his character and his faculty of perception, he will be more or less affected by those Oriental influences to which he submits himself. The conditions of Western life will gradually begin to assume for him new, undreamed-of meanings, and to lose not a few of their old familiar aspects. Much that he once deemed right and true he may begin to find abnormal and false. He may begin to doubt whether the moral ideals of the West are really the highest. He may feel more than inclined to dispute the estimate placed by Western custom upon Western civilization. Whether his doubts be final is another matter; they will be at least rational enough and powerful enough to modify permanently some of his prior convictions, — among others his conviction of the moral value of the Western worship of Woman as the Unattainable, the Incomprehensible, the Divine, the ideal of "*la femme que tu ne connaîtras jamais*,"[1] the ideal of the Eternal Feminine. For in this ancient East the Eternal Feminine does not exist at all. And after having become quite accustomed to live without it, one may naturally conclude that it is not absolutely essential to intellectual health, and may even dare to question the necessity for its perpetual existence upon the other side of the world.

IV.

To say that the Eternal Feminine does not exist in the Far East is to state but a part of the truth. That it could be introduced thereinto, in the remotest future, is not possible to imagine. Few, if any, of our ideas regarding it can even be rendered into the language of the country: a language in which nouns have no gender, adjectives no degrees of comparison, and verbs no persons; a language in which, says Professor Chamberlain, the absence of personification is "a characteristic so deep-seated and so all-pervading as to interfere even with the use of neuter nouns in combination with transitive verbs."[2] "In fact," he adds, "most metaphors and allegories are incapable of so much as explanation to Far-Eastern minds;" and he makes a striking citation from Wordsworth in illustration of his statement. Yet even poets much more lucid than Wordsworth are to the Japanese equally obscure. I remember the difficulty I once had in explaining to an advanced class this simple line from a well-known ballad of Tennyson, —

"She is more beautiful than day."

My students could understand the use of the adjective "beautiful" to qualify "day," and the use of the same adjective, separately, to qualify the word "maid." But that there could exist in any mortal mind the least idea of analogy between the beauty of day and the beauty of a young woman was quite beyond their understanding. In order to convey to them the poet's thought, it was necessary to analyze it psychologically, — to prove a possible nervous analogy between two modes of pleasurable feeling excited by two different impressions.

Thus, the very nature of the language tells us how ancient and how deeply rooted in racial character are those tendencies by which we must endeavor to account — if there be any need of accounting at all — for the absence in this Far East of a dominant ideal corresponding to our own. They are causes incomparably older than the existing social structure, older than the idea of the family, older than ancestor worship, enormously older than that Confucian code which is the reflection rather than the explanation of many singular facts in Oriental life. But since beliefs and practices react upon character, and character again must react upon practices and

[1] A phrase from Baudelaire.

[2] See Things Japanese, second edition, pages 255, 256; article, Language.

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beliefs, it has not been altogether irrational to seek in Confucianism for causes as well as for explanations. Far more irrational have been the charges of hasty critics against Shintō and against Buddhism as religious influences opposed to the natural rights of woman. The ancient faith of Shintō has been at least as gentle to woman as the ancient faith of the Hebrews. Its female divinities are not less numerous than its masculine divinities, nor are they presented to the imagination of worshipers in a form much less attractive than the dreams of Greek mythology. Of some, like So-tohori-no-Iratsumé, it is said that the light of their beautiful bodies passes through their garments; and the source of all life and light, the eternal Sun, is a goddess, fair Ama-terasu-oho-mi-kami. Virgins serve the ancient gods, and figure in all the pageants of the faith; and in a thousand shrines throughout the land the memory of woman as wife and mother is worshiped equally with the memory of man as hero and father. Neither can the later and alien faith of Buddhism be justly accused of relegating woman to a lower place in the spiritual world than monkish Christianity accorded her in the West. The Buddha, like the Christ, was born of a virgin; the most lovable divinities of Buddhism, Jizō excepted, are feminine, both in Japanese art and in Japanese popular fancy; and in the Buddhist as in the Roman Catholic hagiography, the lives of holy women hold honored place. It is true that Buddhism, like early Christianity, used its utmost eloquence in preaching against the temptation of female loveliness; and it is true that in the teaching of its founder, as in the teaching of Paul, social and spiritual supremacy is accorded to the man. Yet, in our search for texts on this topic, we must not overlook the host of instances of favor shown by the Buddha to women of all classes, nor that remarkable legend of a later text, in which a dogma denying to woman the highest spiritual opportunities is sublimely rebuked.

In the eleventh chapter of the Sutra of the Lotos of the Good Law, it is written that mention was made before the Lord Buddha of a young girl who had in one instant arrived at supreme knowledge; who had in one moment acquired the merits of a thousand meditations, and the proofs of the essence of all laws. And the girl came and stood in the presence of the Lord.

But the Bodhissattva Pragnakuta doubted, saying, "I have seen the Lord Sakyamuni in the time when he was striving for supreme enlightenment; and I know that he performed good works innumerable through countless æons. In all the world there is not one spot so large as a grain of mustard seed where he has not surrendered his body for the sake of living creatures. Only after all this did he arrive at enlightenment. Who then may believe this girl could in one moment have arrived at supreme knowledge?"

And the venerable priest Sariputra likewise doubted, saying, "It may indeed happen, O Sister, that a woman fulfill the six perfect virtues; but as yet there is no example of her having attained to Buddhaship, because a woman cannot attain to the rank of a Bodhissattva."

But the maiden called upon the Lord Buddha to be her witness. And instantly in the sight of the assembly her sex disappeared; and she manifested herself as a Bodhissattva, filling all directions of space with the radiance of the thirty-two signs. And the world shook in six different ways. And the priest Sariputra was silent.[1]

V.

But to feel the real nature of what is surely one of the greatest obstacles to

[1] See the whole wonderful passage in Kern's translation of this magnificent Sutra, Sacred Books of the East, vol. xxi. chap. xi.

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intellectual sympathy between the West and the Far East, we must fully appreciate the immense effect upon Occidental life of this ideal which has no existence in the Orient. We must remember what that ideal has been to Western civilization, — to all its pleasures and refinements and luxuries; to its sculpture, painting, decoration, architecture, literature, drama. music; to the development of countless industries. We must think of its effect upon manners, customs, and the language of taste, upon conduct and ethics, upon endeavor, upon philosophy and religion, upon almost every phase of public and private life, — in short, upon national character. Nor should we forget that the many influences interfused in the shaping of it — Teutonic, Celtic, Scandinavian, classic or mediæval, the Greek apotheosis of human beauty, the Christian worship of the mother of God, the exaltations of chivalry, the spirit of the Renascence steeping and coloring all the preëxisting idealism in a new sensuousness — must have had their nourishment, if not their birth, in a race feeling ancient as Aryan speech, and as alien to the most eastern East.

Of all these various influences combined to form our ideal, the classic element remains perceptibly dominant. It is true that the Hellenic conception of human beauty, so surviving, has been wondrously informed with a conception of soul beauty never of the antique world nor of the Renascence. Also it is true that the new philosophy of evolution, forcing recognition of the incalculable and awful cost of the Present to the Past, creating a totally new comprehension of duty to the Future, enormously enhancing our conception of character values, has aided more than all preceding influences together toward the highest possible spiritualization of the ideal of woman. Yet, however further spiritualized it may become through future intellectual expansion, this ideal must in its very nature remain fundamentally artistic and sensuous.

We do not see Nature as the Oriental sees it, and as his art proves that he sees it. We see it less realistically, we know it less intimately, because, save through the lenses of the specialist, we contemplate it anthropomorphically. In one direction, indeed, our æsthetic sense has been cultivated to a degree incomparably finer than that of the Oriental; but that direction has been passional. We have learned something of the beauty of Nature through our ancient worship of the beauty of woman. Even from the beginning it is probable that the perception of human beauty has been the main source of all our æsthetic sensibility. Possibly we owe to it likewise our idea of proportion; [1] our exaggerated appreciation of regularity; our fondness for parallels, curves, and all geometrical symmetries; even our propensity to pair things, and our pleasure in rhyme, as distinguished from measure, in the architecture of verse. And in the long process of our æsthetic evolution, the ideal of woman has at last become for us an æsthetic abstraction. Through the illusion of that abstraction only do we perceive the charms of our world, even as forms might be perceived through some tropic atmosphere whose vapors are iridescent.

Nor is this all. Whatsoever has once been likened to woman by art or thought has been strangely informed and transformed by that momentary symbolism: wherefore, through all the centuries Western fancy has been making Nature more and more feminine. Whatsoever delights us imagination has feminized, — the infinite tenderness of the sky, the mobility of waters, the rose of dawn, the vast caress of Day, Night and the lights of heaven, even the undulations of the eternal hills. And flowers, and

[1] On the origin of the idea of bilateral symmetry, see Herbert Spencer's essay, The Sources of Architectural Types.

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the flush of fruit, and all things fragrant, fair, and gracious; the genial seasons with their voices; the laughter of streams, and whisper of leaves, and ripplings of song within the shadows; all sights, or sounds, or sensations that can touch our love of loveliness, of delicacy, of sweetness, of gentleness, make for us vague dreams of woman. Where our fancy lends masculinity to Nature, it is only in grimness and in force, — as if to enhance by rugged and mighty contrasts the witchcraft of the Eternal Feminine. Nay, even the terrible itself, if fraught with terrible beauty, — even Destruction, if only shaped with the grace of destroyers, — becomes for us feminine. And not beauty alone, of sight or sound, but well-nigh all that is mystic, sublime, or holy, now makes appeal to us through some marvelously woven intricate plexus of passional sensibility. Even the subtlest forces of our universe speak to us of woman; new sciences have taught us new names for the thrill her presence wakens in the blood, for that ghostly shock which is first love, for the eternal riddle of her fascination. Thus, out of simple human passion, through influences and transformations innumerable, we have evolved a cosmic emotion, a feminine pantheism.

VI.

And now may not one venture to ask whether all the consequences of this passional influence in the æsthetic evolution of our Occident have been in the main beneficial? Underlying all those visible results of which we boast as art triumphs, may there not be lurking invisible results, some future revelation of which will cause more than a little shock to our self-esteem? Is it not quite possible that our æsthetic faculties have been developed even abnormally in one direction by the power of a single emotional idea which has left us nearly, if not totally blind to many wonderful aspects of Nature? Or rather, must not this be the inevitable effect of the extreme predominance of one particular emotion in the evolution of our æsthetic sensibility? And finally, one may surely be permitted to ask if the predominating influence itself has been the highest possible, and whether there is not a higher, known perhaps to the Oriental soul.

I may only suggest these questions, without hoping to answer them satisfactorily. But the longer I dwell in the East, the more I feel growing upon me the belief that there are exquisite artistic faculties and perceptions, developed in the Oriental, of which we can know scarcely more than we know of those unimaginable colors, invisible to the human eye, yet proven to exist by the spectroscope. I think that such a possibility is indicated by certain phases of Japanese art.

Here it becomes as difficult as dangerous to particularize. I dare hazard only some general observations. I think this marvelous art asserts that, out of the infinitely varied aspects of Nature, those which for us hold no suggestion whatever of sex character, those which cannot be looked at anthropomorphically, those which are neither masculine nor feminine, but neuter or nameless, are those most profoundly loved and comprehended by the Japanese. Nay, he sees in Nature much that for thousands of years has remained invisible to us; and we are now learning from him aspects of life and beauties of form to which we were utterly blind before. We have finally made the startling discovery that his art — notwithstanding all the dogmatic assertions of Western prejudice to the contrary, and notwithstanding the strangely weird impression of unreality which at first it produced — is never a mere creation of fantasy, but a veritable reflection of what has been and of what is: wherefore we have recognized that it is nothing less than a higher education in art simply to look at his studies of bird life, insect life, plant life, tree life.

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Compare, for example, our very finest drawings of insects with Japanese drawings of similar subjects. Compare Giacomelli's illustrations to Michelet's L'Insecte with the commonest Japanese figures of the same creatures decorating the stamped leather of a cheap tobacco pouch or the metal work of a cheap pipe. The whole minute exquisiteness of the European engraving has accomplished only an indifferent realism, while the Japanese artist, with a few dashes of his brush, has seized and reproduced, with an incomprehensible power of interpretation, not only every peculiarity of the creature's shape, but every special characteristic of its motion. Each figure flung from the Oriental painter's brush is a lesson, a revelation, to perceptions unbeclouded by prejudice, an opening of the eyes of those who can see, though it be only a spider in a wind-shaken web, a dragonfly riding a sunbeam, a pair of crabs running through sedge, the trembling of a fish's fins in a clear current, the lilt of a flying wasp, the pitch of a flying duck, a mantis in fighting position, or a *semi* toddling up a cedar branch to sing. All this art is alive, intensely alive, and our corresponding art looks absolutely dead beside it.

Take, again, the subject of flowers. An English or German flower painting, the result of months of trained labor, and valued at several hundred pounds, would certainly not compare as a nature study, in the higher sense, with a Japanese flower painting executed in twenty brush strokes, and worth perhaps five *sen*. The former would represent at best but an ineffectual and painful effort to imitate a massing of colors. The latter would prove a perfect memory of certain flower shapes instantaneously flung upon paper, without any model to aid, and showing, not the recollection of any individual blossom, but the perfect realization of a general law of form expression, perfectly mastered, with all its moods, tenses, and inflections. The French alone, among Western art critics, seem fully to understand these features of Japanese art; and among all Western artists it is the Parisian alone who approaches the Oriental in his methods. Without lifting his brush from the paper, the French artist may sometimes, with a single wavy line, create the almost speaking figure of a particular type of man or woman. But this high development of faculty is confined chiefly to humorous sketching; it is still either masculine or feminine. To understand what I mean by the ability of the Japanese artist, my reader must imagine just such a power of almost instantaneous creation as that which characterizes certain French work applied to almost every subject except individuality, to nearly all recognized general types, to all aspects of Japanese nature, to all forms of native landscape, to clouds and flowing water and mists, to all the life of woods and fields, to all the moods of seasons and the tones of horizons and the colors of the morning and the evening. Certainly, the deeper spirit of this magical art seldom reveals itself at first sight to unaccustomed eyes, since it appeals to so little in Western æsthetic experience. But by gentle degrees it will so enter into an appreciative and unprejudiced mind as to modify profoundly therein almost every preëxisting sentiment in relation to the beautiful. All of its meaning will indeed require many years to master, but something of its reshaping power will be felt in a much shorter time when the sight of an American illustrated magazine or of any illustrated European periodical has become almost unbearable.

Psychological differences of far deeper import are suggested by other facts, capable of exposition in words, but not capable of interpretation through Western standards of æsthetics or Western feeling of any sort. For instance, I have been watching two old men planting young trees in the garden of a neigh-

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boring temple. They sometimes spend nearly an hour in planting a single sapling. Having fixed it in the ground, they retire to a distance to study the position of all its lines, and consult together about it. As a consequence, the sapling is taken up and replanted in a slightly different position. This is done no less than eight times before the little tree can be perfectly adjusted into the plan of the garden. Those two old men are composing a mysterious thought with their little trees, changing them, transferring them, removing or replacing them, even as a poet changes and shifts his words, to give to his verse the most delicate or the most forcible expression possible.

In every large Japanese cottage there are several alcoves, or *tokonoma*, one in each of the principal rooms. In these alcoves the art treasures of the family are exhibited.[1] Within each *toko* a *kakemono* is hung; and upon its slightly elevated floor (usually of polished wood) are placed flower vases and one or two artistic objects. Flowers are arranged in the toko vases according to ancient rules which Mr. Conder's beautiful book will tell you a great deal about; and the kakemono and the art objects there displayed are changed at regular intervals, according to occasion and season. Now, in a certain alcove, I have at various times seen many different things of beauty: a Chinese statuette of ivory, an incense vase of bronze, — representing a cloud-riding pair of dragons, — the wood carving of a Buddhist pilgrim resting by the wayside and mopping his bald pate, masterpieces of lacquer ware and lovely Kyōtō porcelains, and a large stone placed on a pedestal of heavy, costly wood, expressly made for it. I do not know whether you could see any beauty in that stone; it is neither hewn nor polished, nor does it possess the least imaginable intrinsic value. It is simply a gray water-worn stone from the bed of a stream. Yet it cost more than one of those Kyōtō vases which sometimes replace it, and which you would be glad to pay a very high price for.

In the garden of the little house I now occupy in Kumamoto, there are about fifteen rocks, or large stones, of as many shapes and sizes. They also have no real intrinsic value, not even as possible building material. And yet the proprietor of the garden paid for them something more than seven hundred and fifty Japanese dollars, or considerably more than the pretty house itself could possibly have cost. And it would be quite wrong to suppose the cost of the stones due to the expense of their transportation from the bed of the Shirakawa. No; they are worth seven hundred and fifty dollars only because they are considered beautiful to a certain degree, and because there is a large local demand for beautiful stones. They are not even of the best class, or they would have cost a great deal more. Now, until you can perceive that a big rough stone may have more æsthetic suggestiveness than a costly steel engraving, that it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, you cannot begin to understand how a Japanese sees Nature. "But what," you may ask, "can be beautiful in a common stone?" Many things; but I will mention only one, — irregularity.

In my little Japanese house, the *fusuma*, or sliding screens of opaque paper

[1] The *tokonoma*, or *toko*, is said to have been first introduced into Japanese architecture about four hundred and fifty years ago, by the Buddhist priest Eisai, who had studied in China. Perhaps the alcove was originally devised and used for the exhibition of sacred objects; but to-day, among the cultivated, it would be deemed in very bad taste to display either images of the gods or sacred paintings in the toko of a guest-room. The toko is still, however, a sacred place in a certain sense. No one should ever step upon it, or squat within it, or even place in it anything not pure, or anything offensive to taste. There is an elaborate code of etiquette in relation to it. The most honored among guests is always placed nearest to it; and guests take their places, according to rank, nearer to or further from it.

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between room and room, have designs at which I am never tired of looking. The designs vary in different parts of the dwelling; I will speak only of the fusuma dividing my study from a smaller apartment. The ground color is a delicate cream-yellow; and the golden pattern is very simple, — the mystic-jewel symbols of Buddhism scattered over the surface by pairs. But no two sets of pairs are placed at exactly the same distance from each other; and the symbols themselves are curiously diversified, never appearing twice in exactly the same position or relation. Sometimes one jewel is transparent, and its fellow opaque; sometimes both are opaque or both diaphanous; sometimes the transparent one is the larger of two, sometimes the opaque is the larger; sometimes both are precisely the same size; sometimes they overlap, and sometimes do not touch; sometimes the opaque is on the left, sometimes on the right; sometimes the transparent jewel is above, sometimes below. Vainly does the eye roam over the whole surface in search of a repetition, or of anything resembling regularity, either in distribution, juxtaposition, grouping, dimensions, or contrasts. And throughout the whole dwelling nothing resembling regularity in the various decorative designs can be found. The ingenuity by which it is avoided is amazing, — rises to the dignity of genius. Now, all this is a common characteristic of Japanese decorative art; and after having lived a few years under its influences, the sight of a regular pattern upon a wall, a carpet, a curtain, a ceiling, upon any decorated surface, pains like a horrible vulgarism. Surely, it is because we have so long been accustomed to look at Nature anthropomorphically that we can still endure mechanical ugliness in our own decorative art, and that we remain insensible to charms of Nature which are clearly perceived even by the eyes of the Japanese child, wondering over its mother's shoulder at the green and blue wonder of the world.

"*He,*" saith a Buddhist text, "*who discerns that nothingness is law, — such a one hath wisdom.*"

Lafcadio Hearn.

TOM O' THE BLUEB'RY PLAINS.

THE sky is a shadowless blue; the noonday sun glows fiercely; a cloud of dust rises from the burning road whenever the hot breeze stirs the air, or whenever a farm wagon creaks along, its wheels sinking into the deep sand.

In the distance, where the green of the earth joins the blue of the sky, gleams the silver line of a river.

As far as the eye can reach, the ground is covered with blueberry bushes; red leaves peeping among green ones; bloom of blue fruit hanging in full warm clusters, — spheres of velvet mellowed by summer sun, moistened with crystal dew, spiced with fragrance of woods.

In among the blueberry bushes grow huckleberries, "choky pears," and blacksnaps.

Gnarled oaks and stunted pines lift themselves out of the wilderness of shrubs. They look dwarfed and gloomy, as if Nature had been an untender mother, and denied them proper nourishment.

The road is a little-traveled one, and furrows of feathery grasses grow between the long, hot, sandy stretches of the wheel-ruts.

The first goldenrod gleams among the loose stones at the foot of the alder bushes. Whole families of pale butterflies, just out of their long sleep, perch

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on the brilliant stalks and tilter up and down in the sunshine.

Straggling processions of woolly brown caterpillars wend their way in the short grass by the wayside, where the wild parsnip and the purple bull-thistle are coming into bloom.

The song of birds is seldom heard, and the blueberry plains are given over to silence save for the buzzing of gorged flies, the humming of bees, and the chirping of crickets that stir the drowsy air when the summer begins to wane.

It is so still that the shuffle-shuffle of a footstep can be heard in the distance, the tinkle of a tin pail swinging musically to and fro, the swish of an alder switch cropping the heads of the roadside weeds. All at once a voice breaks the stillness. Is it a child's, a woman's, or a man's? Neither, yet all three.

"I 'd much d'ruth-er walk in the bloom-in' gy-ar-ding,
An' hear the whis-sle of the jol-ly swain."

Everybody knows the song, and everybody knows the cracked voice. The master of this bit of silent wilderness is coming home: it is Tom o' the blueb'ry plains.

He is more than common tall, with a sandy beard, and a mop of tangled hair straggling beneath his torn straw hat. A square of wet calico drips from under the back of the hat. His gingham shirt is open at the throat, showing his tanned neck and chest. Warm as it is, he wears portions of at least three coats on his back. His high boots, split in foot and leg, are mended and spliced and laced and tied on with bits of shingle rope. He carries a small tin pail of molasses. It has a bail of rope, and a battered cover with a knob of sticky newspaper. Over one shoulder, suspended on a crooked branch, hangs a bundle of basket stuff, — split willow withes and the like; over the other swings a decrepit bottomless three-legged chair.

I call him the master of the plains, but in faith he had no legal claim to the title. If he owned a habitation or had established a home on any spot in the universe, it was because no man envied him what he chose, and no man grudged him what he took; for Tom was one of God's fools, a foot-loose pilgrim in this world of ours, a poor addle-pated, simple-minded, harmless creature, — in village parlance, a "softy."

Mother or father, sister or brother, he had none, nor ever had, so far as any one knew; but how should people who had to work from sun-up to candlelight to get the better of the climate have leisure to discover whether or no Blueb'ry Tom had any kin?

At some period in an almost forgotten past there had been a house on Tom's particular patch of the plains. It had long since tumbled into ruins and served for firewood, and even the chimney bricks had disappeared one by one, as the monotonous seasons came and went.

Tom had settled himself in an old tool-shop, corn-house, or rude out-building of some sort that had belonged to the ruined cottage. Here he had set up his household gods; and since no one else had ever wanted a home in this dreary tangle of berry bushes, where the only shade came from stunted pines that flung shriveled arms to the sky and dropped dead cones to the sterile earth, here he remained unmolested.

In the lower part of the hut he kept his basket stuff and his collection of two-legged and three-legged chairs. In the course of evolution they never sprouted another leg, those chairs; as they were given to him, so they remained. The upper floor served for his living-room, and was reached by a ladder from the ground, for there was no stairway inside.

No one had ever been in the little upper chamber. When a passer-by chanced to bethink him that Tom's hermitage was close at hand, he sometimes turned in his team by a certain clump of white

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birches and drove nearer to the house, intending to remind Tom that there was a chair to willow-bottom the next time he came to the village. But at the noise of the wheels Tom drew in his ladder; and when the visitor alighted and came within sight, it was to find the inhospitable host standing in the opening of the second-story window, a quaint figure framed in green branches, the ladder behind him, and on his face a kind of impenetrable dignity, as he shook his head and said, "Tom ain't ter hum; Tom 's gone to Bonny Eagle."

There was something impressive about this way of repelling callers; it was as effectual as a door slammed in the face, and yet there was a sort of mendacious courtesy about it. No one ever cared to go further: and indeed there was no mystery to tempt the curious, and no spoil to attract the mischievous or malicious. Any one could see, without entering, the straw bed in the far corner, the beams piled deep with red and white oak acorns, the strings of dried apples and bunches of everlastings hanging from the rafters, and the half-finished baskets filled with blown bird's-eggs, pine cones, and pebbles.

No home in the village was better loved than Tom's retreat in the blueberry plains. Whenever he approached it, after a long day's tramp, when he caught the first sight of the white birches that marked the gateway to his estate and showed him where to turn off the public road into his own private grounds, he smiled a broader smile than usual, and broke into his well-known song: —

"I 'd much d'ruth-er walk in the bloom-in' gy-ar-ding,
An' hear the whis-sle of the jol-ly swain."

Poor Tom could never catch the last note. He had sung the song for more than forty years, but the memory of this note was so blurred, and his cherished ideal of it so high (or so low, rather), that he never managed to reach it.

Oh, if only summer were eternal! Who could wish a better supper than ripe berries and molasses? Nor was there need of sleeping under roof nor of lighting candle to grope his way to pallet of straw, when he might have the blue vault of heaven arching over him, and all God's stars for lamps, and for a bed a horse blanket stretched over an elastic couch of pine needles. There were two gaunt pines that had been dropping their polished spills for centuries, perhaps, silently adding, year by year, another layer of aromatic springiness to poor Tom's bed. Flinging his tired body on this grateful couch, burying his head in the crushed sweet fern of his pillow with one deep-drawn sigh of pleasure, — there, haunted by no past and harassed by no future, slept God's fool as sweetly as a child.

Yes, if only summer were eternal, and youth as well!

But when the blueberries had ripened summer after summer, and the gaunt pine-trees had gone on for many years weaving poor Tom's mattress, there came a change in the aspect of things. He still made his way to the village, seeking chairs to mend; but he was even more unkempt than of old, his tall figure was bent, and his fingers trembled as he wove the willow strands in and out, and over and under.

There was little work to do, moreover, for the village had altogether retired from business, and was no longer in competition with its neighbors: the dam was torn away, the sawmills were pulled down; husbands and fathers were laid in the churchyard, sons and brothers and lovers had gone West, and mothers and widows and spinsters stayed on, each in her quiet house alone. "'T ain't no hardship when you get used to it," said the Widow Buzzell. "Land sakes! a lantern 's 's good 's a man any time, if you only think so, 'n' 't ain't half so much trouble to keep it filled up!"

But Tom still sold a basket occasionally, and the children always gathered

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about him for the sake of hearing him repeat his well-worn formula, — "Tom allers puts two handles on baskets: one to take 'em up by, one to set 'em down by." This was said with a beaming smile and a wise shake of the head, as if he were announcing a great discovery to an expectant world. And then he would lay down his burden of basket stuff, and, sitting under an apple-tree in somebody's side yard, begin his task of willow-bottoming an old chair. It was a pretty sight enough, if one could keep back the tears, — the kindly, simple fellow with the circle of children about his knees. (Never a village fool without a troop of babies at his heels. They love him, too, till we teach them to mock.)

When he was younger, he would sing,

"Rock-a-by, baby, on the treetop,"

and dance the while, swinging his unfinished basket to and fro for a cradle. He was too stiff in the joints for dancing nowadays, but he still sang the "bloom-in' gy-ar-ding" whenever they asked him, particularly if some apple-cheeked little maid would say, "Please, Tom!" He always laughed then, and, patting the child's hand, said, "Pooty gal! Got eyes!" The youngsters danced with glee at this meaningless phrase, just as their mothers had danced years before when it was said to them.

Summer waned. In the moist places the gentian uncurled its blue fringes; purple asters and gay Joe Pye waved their colors by the roadside; tall primroses put their yellow bonnets on, and peeped over the brooks to see themselves; and the dusty pods of the milkweed were bursting with their silky fluffs, the spinning of the long summer. Autumn began to paint the maples red and the elms yellow, for the early days of September brought a frost. Some one remarked at the village store that old Blueb'ry Tom must not be suffered to stay on the plains another winter, now that he was getting so feeble, — not if the "*se*leckmen" had to root him out and take him to the poor-farm. He would surely starve or freeze, and his death would be laid at their door.

Tom was interviewed. Persuasion, logic, sharp words, all failed to move him one jot or tittle. He stood in his castle door, with the ladder behind him, smiling, always smiling (none but the fool smiles always, nor always weeps). and saying to all visitors, "Tom ain't ter hum; Tom 's gone to Bonny Eagle; Tom don' want to go to the poor-farm."

November came in surly.

The cheerful stir and bustle of the harvest were over, the corn was shocked, the apples and pumpkins were gathered into barns. The problem of Tom's future was finally laid before the selectmen; and since the poor fellow's mild obstinacy had defeated all attempts to conquer it, the sheriff took the matter in hand.

The blueberry plains looked bleak and bare enough now. It had rained incessantly for days, growing ever colder and colder as it rained. The sun came out at last, but it shone in a wintry sort of way, — like a duty smile, — as if light, not heat, were its object. A keen wind blew the dead leaves hither and thither in a wild dance that had no merriment in it. A blackbird flew under an old barrel by the wayside, and, ruffling himself into a ball, remarked despondently that feathers were no sort of protection in this kind of climate. A snowbird, flying by, glanced in at the barrel, and observed that anybody who minded a little breeze like that had better join the woodcocks, who were leaving for the South by the night express.

The blueberry bushes were stripped bare of green. The stunted pines and sombre hemlocks looked in tone with the landscape now; where all was dreary they did not seem amiss.

"Je-whilikins!" exclaimed the sheriff as he drew up his coat collar. "A madhouse is the place for the man who

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wants to live ou'doors in the winter time; the poor-farm is too good for him."

But Tom was used to privation, and even to suffering. "Ou'doors" was the only home he knew, and with all its rigors he loved it. He looked over the barren plains, knowing, in a dull sort of way, that they would shortly be covered with snow; but he had three coats, two of them with sleeves, and the crunch-crunch of the snow under his tread was music to his ears. Then, too, there were a few hospitable firesides where he could always warm himself; and the winter would soon be over, the birds would come again, — new birds, singing the old songs, — the sap would mount in the trees, the buds swell on the blueberry bushes, and the young ivory leaves push their ruddy tips through the softening ground. The plains were fatherland and mother-country, home and kindred, to Tom. He loved the earth that nourished him, and he saw through all the seeming death in nature the eternal miracle of the resurrection. To him winter was never cruel. He looked underneath her white mantle, saw the infant spring hidden in her warm bosom, and was content to wait. Content to wait? Content to starve, content to freeze, if only he need not be carried into captivity.

The poor-farm was not a bad place, either, if only Tom had been a reasonable being. To be sure, when Hannah Sophia Palmer asked old Mrs. Pinkham how she liked it, she answered, with a patient sigh, that "her 'n' Mr. Pinkham hed lived there goin' on nine year, workin' their fingers to the bone, 'most, 'n' yet they had n't been able to lay up a cent!" If this peculiarity of administration was its worst feature, it was certainly one that would have had no terrors for Tom o' the blueb'ry plains. Terrors of some sort, nevertheless, the poor-farm had for him; and when the sheriff's party turned in by the clump of white birches and approached the cabin, they found that fear had made the simple wise. Tom had provisioned the little upper chamber, and, in place of the piece of sacking that usually served him for a door in winter, he had woven a defense of willow. In fine, he had taken all his basket stuff, and, treating the opening through which he entered and left his home precisely as if it were a bottomless chair, he had filled it in solidly, weaving to and fro, by night as well as by day, till he felt, poor fool, as safely intrenched as if he were in the heart of a fortress.

The sheriff tied his horse to a tree, and Rube Hobson and Pitt Packard got out of the double wagon. Two men laughed when they saw the pathetic defense, but the other shut his lips together and caught his breath. (He had been born on a poor-farm, but no one knew it at Pleasant River.) They called Tom's name repeatedly, but no other sound broke the silence of the plains save the rustling of the wind among the dead leaves.

"Numb-head!" muttered the sheriff, pounding on the side of the cabin with his whipstock. "Come out and show yourself! We know you 're in there, and it 's no use hiding!"

At last, in response to a deafening blow from Rube Hobson's hard fist, there came the answering note of a weak, despairing voice.

"Tom ain't ter hum," it said; "Tom 's gone to Bonny Eagle."

"That 's all right!" guffawed the men; "but you 've got to go some more, and go a dif'rent way. It ain't no use fer you to hold back; we 've got a ladder, and by Jiminy! you go with us this time!"

The ladder was put against the side of the hut, and Pitt Packard climbed up, took his jack-knife, slit the woven door from top to bottom, and turned back the flap.

The men could see the inside of the

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chamber now. They were humorous persons, who could strain a joke to the snapping point, but they felt, at last, that there was nothing especially amusing in the situation. Tom was huddled in a heap on the straw bed in the far corner. The vacant smile had fled from his face, and he looked, for the first time in his life, quite distraught.

"Come along, Tom," said the sheriff kindly; "we 're going to take you where you can sleep in a bed, and have three meals a day."

"I 'd much d'ruth-er walk in the bloom-in' gy-ar-ding,"

sang Tom quaveringly, as he hid his head in a paroxysm of fear.

"Well, there ain't no bloomin' gardings to walk in jest now, so come along and be peaceable."

"Tom don' want to go to the poor-farm," he wailed piteously.

But there was no alternative. They dragged him off the bed and down the ladder as gently as possible; then Rube Hobson held him on the back seat of the wagon, while the sheriff unhitched the horse. As they were on the point of starting, the captive began to wail and struggle more than ever, the burden of his plaint being a wild and tremulous plea for his pail of molasses.

"Dry up, old softy, or I 'll put the buggy robe over your head!" muttered Rube Hobson, who had not had much patience when he started on the trip, and had lost it all by this time.

"By thunder! he shall hev his molasses, if he thinks he wants it!" said Pitt Packard, and he ran up the ladder and brought it down, comforting the shivering creature thus, for he lapsed into a submissive silence that lasted until the unwelcome journey was over.

Tom remained at the poorhouse precisely twelve hours. It did not enter the minds of the authorities that any one so fortunate as to be admitted into their happy haven would decline to stay there. The unwilling guest disappeared early on the morrow of his arrival, and, after some search, they followed him to the old spot. He had climbed into his beloved retreat, and, having learned nothing from experience, had mended the willow door as best he could, and laid him down in peace. They dragged him out again, and this time more impatiently; for it was exasperating to see a man (even if he were a fool) fight against a bed and three meals a day.

The second attempt was little more successful than the first. As a place of residence, the poor-farm did not seem any more desirable or attractive on near acquaintance than it did at long range. Tom remained a week, because he was kept in close confinement; but when they judged that he was weaned from his old home, they loosed his bonds, and — back to the plains he sped, like an arrow shot from the bow, or like a bit of iron leaping to the magnet.

What should be done with him?

Public opinion was divided. Some people declared that the village had done its duty, and if the dog-goned lunk-head wanted to starve and freeze, it was his funeral, not theirs. Others thought that the community had no resource but to bear the responsibility of its irresponsible children, however troublesome they might be. There was entire unanimity of view so far as the main issues were concerned. It was agreed that nobody at the poor-farm had leisure to stand guard over Tom night and day, and that the sheriff could not be expected to spend his time forcing him out of his hut on the blueberry plains.

There was but one more expedient to be tried, a very simple and ingenious but radical and comprehensive one, which, in Rube Hobson's opinion, would strike at the root of the matter.

Tom had fled from captivity for the third time.

He had stolen out at daybreak, and, by an unexpected stroke of fortune, the molasses pail was hanging on a nail by

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the shed door. The remains of a battered old bushel basket lay on the wood-pile: bottom it had none, nor handles; rotundity of side had long since disappeared, and none but its maker would have known it for a basket. Tom caught it up in his flight, and, seizing the first crooked stick that offered, he slung the dear familiar burden over his shoulder and started off on a jog-trot.

Heaven, how happy he was! It was the rosy dawn of an Indian summer day, — a warm jewel of a day, dropped into the bleak world of yesterday without a hint of beneficent intention; one of those enchanting weather surprises with which Dame Nature reconciles us to her stern New England rule.

The joy that comes of freedom, and the freedom that comes of joy, unbent the old man's stiffened joints. He renewed his youth at every mile. He ran like a lapwing. When his feet first struck the sandy soil of the plains, he broke into the old song of the "bloom-in' gy-arding" and the "jolly swain," and in the marvelous mental and spiritual exhilaration born of the supreme moment he almost grasped that impossible last note. His heart could hardly hold its burden of rapture when he caught the well-known gleam of the white birches. He turned into the familiar path, boy's blood thumping in old man's veins. The past week had been a dreadful dream. A few steps more and he would be within sight, within touch, of home, — home at last! No — what was wrong? He must have gone beyond it, in his reckless haste! Strange that he could have forgotten the beloved spot! Can lover mistake the way to sweetheart's window? Can child lose the path to mother's knee?

He turned, — ran hither and thither, like one distraught. A nameless dread flitted through his dull mind, chilling his warm blood, paralyzing the activity of the moment before. At last, with a sob like that of a frightened child who flies from some imagined evil lurking in darkness, he darted back to the white birches and started anew. This time he trusted to blind instinct; his feet knew the path, and, left to themselves, they took him through the tangle of dry bushes straight to his —

It had vanished!

Nothing but ashes remained to mark the spot, — nothing but ashes! And these, ere many days, the autumn winds would scatter, and the leafless branches on which they fell would shake them off lightly, never dreaming that they hid the soul of a home. Nothing but ashes!

Poor Tom o' the blueb'ry plains!

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

IN THE FLAT-WOODS.

In going to Jacksonville by rail, the traveler rides hour after hour through seemingly endless pine barrens, otherwise known as low pine-woods and flat-woods, till he wearies of the sight. It would be hard, he thinks, to imagine a region more unwholesome looking and uninteresting. more poverty-stricken and God-forsaken, in its entire aspect. Surely, men who would risk life in behalf of such a country deserved to win their cause. Monotonous as the flat-woods were, however, and malarious as they looked, I was impatient to get into them. They were a world the like of which I had never seen; and wherever I went in eastern Florida, I made it one of my first concerns to seek out the readiest means of access to them.

My first impression was one of dis-

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appointment, or perhaps I should rather say, of bewilderment. In fact, I returned from my first visit to the flat-woods under the delusion that I had not been into them at all. This was at St. Augustine, whither I had gone after a night only in Jacksonville. I looked about the quaint little city, of course, and went to the South Beach, on St. Anastasia Island; then I wished to see the pine lands. They were to be found, I was told, on the other side of the San Sebastian. The sun was hot (or so it seemed to a man fresh from the rigors of a New England winter), and the sand was deep; but I sauntered through New Augustine, and pushed on up the road toward Moultrie (I believe it was), till the last houses were passed and I came to the edge of the pine-woods. Here, presently, the roads began to fork in a very confusing manner. The first man I met — a kindly cracker — cautioned me against getting lost; but I had no thought of taking the slightest risk of that kind. I was not going to *explore* the woods, but only to enter them, sit down, look about me and listen. The difficulty was to get into them. As I advanced, they receded. It was still only the beginning of a wood; the trees far apart and comparatively small, the ground covered thickly with saw palmetto, interspersed here and there with patches of brown grass or sedge.

In many places the roads were under water, and as I seemed to be making little progress, I pretty soon sat down in a pleasantly shaded spot. Wagons came along at intervals, all going toward the city, most of them with loads of wood; ridiculously small loads, such as a Yankee boy would put upon a wheelbarrow. "A fine day," said I to the driver of such a cart. "Yes, sir," he answered, "it's a *pretty* day." He spoke with an emphasis which seemed to imply that he accepted my remark as well meant, but hardly adequate to the occasion. Perhaps, if the day had been a few shades brighter, he would have called it "handsome," or even "good looking." Expressions of this kind, however, are matters of local or individual taste, and as such are not to be disputed about. Thus, a man stopped me in Tallahassee to inquire what time it was. I told him, and he said, "Ah, a little sooner than I thought." And why not "sooner" as well as "earlier"? But when, on the same road, two white girls in an ox-cart hailed me with the question, "What time 't is?" I thought the interrogative idiom a little queer; almost as queer, shall we say, as "How do you do?" may have sounded to the first man who heard it, — if the reader is able to imagine such a person.

Meanwhile, let the morning be "fine" or "pretty," it was all one to the birds. The woods were vocal with the cackling of robins, the warble of bluebirds, and the trills of pine warblers. Flickers were shouting — or laughing, if one pleased to hear it so — with true flickerish prolixity, and a single downy woodpecker called sharply again and again. A mocking-bird near me (there is *always* a mocking-bird near you, in Florida) added his voice for a time, but soon relapsed into silence. The fact was characteristic; for, wherever I went, I found it true that the mocker grew less musical as the place grew wilder. By instinct he is a public performer; he demands an audience; and it is only in cities, like St. Augustine and Tallahassee, that he is heard at his freest and best. A loggerhead shrike — now close at my elbow, now farther away — was practicing his extensive vocabulary with perseverance, if not with enthusiasm. Like his relative the "great northern," though perhaps in a less degree, the loggerhead is commonly at an extreme, either loquacious or dumb; as if he could not let his moderation be known unto any man. Sometimes I fancied

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him possessed with an insane ambition to match the mocking-bird in song as well as in personal appearance. If so, it is not surprising that he should be subject to fits of discouragement and silence. Aiming at the sun, though a good and virtuous exercise, as we have all heard, is apt to prove dispiriting to sensible marksmen. Crows (fish crows, in all probability, but at the time I did not know it) uttered strange, hoarse, flat-sounding caws. Every bird of them must have been born without a palate, it seemed to me. White-eyed chewinks were at home in the dense palmetto scrub, whence they announced themselves unmistakably by sharp whistles. Now and then one of them mounted a leaf, and allowed me to see his pale yellow iris. Except for this mark, recognizable almost as far as the bird could be distinguished at all, he looked exactly like our common New England towhee. Somewhere behind me was a kingfisher's rattle, and from a savanna in the same direction came the songs of meadow larks; familiar, but with something unfamiliar about them at the same time, unless my ears deceived me.

More interesting than any of the birds yet named, because more strictly characteristic of the place, as well as more strictly new to me, were the brown-headed nuthatches. I was on the watch for them: they were one of the three novelties which I knew were to be found in the pine lands, and nowhere else, — the other two being the red-cockaded woodpecker and the pine-wood sparrow; and being thus on the lookout, I did not expect to be taken by surprise, if such a paradox (it is nothing worse) may be allowed to pass. But when I heard them twittering in the distance, as I did almost immediately, I had no suspicion of what they were. The voice had nothing of that nasal quality, that Yankee twang, as some people would call it, which I had always associated with the nuthatch family. On the contrary, it was decidedly finchlike, — so much so that some of the notes, taken by themselves, would have been ascribed without hesitation to the goldfinch or the pine finch, had I heard them in New England; and even as things were, I was more than once deceived for the moment. As for the birds themselves, they were evidently a cheerful and thrifty race, much more numerous than the red-cockaded woodpeckers, and much less easily overlooked than the pine-wood sparrows. I seldom entered the flat-woods anywhere without finding them. They seek their food largely about the leafy ends of the pine branches, resembling the Canadian nuthatches in this respect, so that it is only on rare occasions that one sees them creeping about the trunks or larger limbs. Unlike their two Northern relatives, they are eminently social, often traveling in small flocks, even in the breeding season, and keeping up an almost incessant chorus of shrill twitters as they flit hither and thither through the woods. The first one to come near me was full of inquisitiveness; he flew back and forth past my head, exactly as chickadees do in a similar mood, and once seemed almost ready to alight on my hat. "Let us have a look at this stranger," he appeared to be saying. Possibly his nest was not far off, but I made no search for it. Afterwards I found two nests, one in a low stump, and one in the trunk of a pine, fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. Both of them contained young ones (March 31 and April 2), as I knew by the continual goings-in-and-out of the fathers and mothers. In dress the brown-head is dingy, with little or nothing of the neat and attractive appearance of our New England nuthatches.

In this pine-wood on the road to Moultrie I found no sign of the new woodpecker or the new sparrow. Nor was I greatly disappointed. The place itself was a sufficient novelty, — the place and the summer weather. The

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pines murmured overhead, and the palmettos rustled all about. Now a butterfly fluttered past me, and now a dragonfly. More than one little flock of tree swallows went over the wood, and once a pair of phœbes amused me by an uncommonly pretty lover's quarrel. Truly it was a pleasant hour. In the midst of it there came along a man in a cart, with a load of wood. We exchanged the time of day, and I remarked upon the smallness of his load. Yes, he said; but it was a pretty heavy load to drag seven or eight miles over such roads. Possibly he understood me as implying that he seemed to be in rather small business, although I had no such purpose, for he went on to say: "In 1861, when this beautiful war broke out between our countries, my father owned niggers. We did n't have to do *this*. But I don't complain. If I had n't got a bullet in me, I should do pretty well."

"Then you were in the war?" I said.

"Oh, yes, yes, sir! I was in the Confederate service. Yes, sir, I 'm a Southerner to the backbone. My grandfather was a ——"(I did not catch the patronymic), "and commanded St. Augustine."

The name had a foreign sound, and his complexion was swarthy, and in all simplicity I asked if he was a Minorcan. It was as if I had touched a lighted match to powder. His eyes flashed, and he came round the tail of the cart, gesticulating with his stick.

"Minorcan!" he broke out. "Spain and the island of Minorca are two places, ain't they?"

I admitted meekly that they were.

"You are English, ain't you?" he went on. "You are English, — Yankee born, — ain't you?"

I owned it.

"Well, I 'm Spanish. That ain't Minorcan. My grandfather was a ——, and commanded St. Augustine. He could n't have done that if he had been Minorcan."

By this time he had quieted down a bit. His father remembered the Indian war. The son had heard him tell about it.

"Those were dangerous times," he remarked. "You could n't have been standing out here in the woods then."

"There is no danger here now, is there?" said I.

"No, no, not now." But as he drove along he turned to say that *he* was n't afraid of *any*thing; he was n't that kind of a man. Then, with a final turn, he added, what I could not gainsay, "A man's life is always in danger."

After he was gone, I regretted that I had offered no apology for my unintentionally offensive question; but I was so taken by surprise, and so much interested in the man as a specimen, that I quite forgot my manners till it was too late. One thing I learned: that it is not prudent, in these days, to judge a Southern man's blood, in either sense of the word, by his dress or occupation. This man had brought seven or eight miles a load of wood that might possibly be worth seventy-five cents (I questioned the owner of what looked like just such a load afterward, and found his asking price half a dollar), and for clothing had on a pair of trousers and a blue cotton shirt, the latter full of holes, through which the skin was visible; yet his father was a —— and had "owned niggers."

A still more picturesque figure in this procession of wood-carters was a boy of perhaps ten or eleven. He rode his horse, and was barefooted and barelegged; but he had a cigarette in his mouth, and to each brown heel was fastened an enormous spur. Who was it that infected the world with the foolish and disastrous notion that work and play are two different things? And was it Emerson, or some other wise man, who said that a boy was the true philosopher?

When it came time to think of re-

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turning to St. Augustine for dinner, I appreciated my cracker's friendly warning against losing my way; for though I had hardly so much as entered the woods, and had taken, as I thought, good heed to my steps, I was almost at once in a quandary as to my road. There was no occasion for worry, — the sun was out, and my general course was perfectly plain; but here was a fork in the road, and whether to bear to the left or to the right was a simple matter of guess-work. I made the best guess I could, and guessed wrong, as was apparent after a while, when I found the road under deep water for several rods. I objected to wading, and there was no ready way of going round, since the oak and palmetto scrub came close up to the roadside, and just here was all but impenetrable. What was still more conclusive, the road was the wrong one, as the inundation proved, and, for aught I could tell, might carry me far out of my course. I turned back, therefore, under the midday sun, and by good luck a second attempt brought me out of the woods very near where I had entered them.

I visited this particular piece of country but once afterward, having in the mean time discovered a better place of the same sort along the railroad, in the direction of Palatka. There, on a Sunday morning, I heard my first pine-wood sparrow. Time and tune could hardly have been in truer accord. The hour was of the quietest, the strain was of the simplest, and the bird sang as if he were dreaming. For a long time I let him go on without attempting to make certain what he was. He seemed to be rather far off: if I waited his pleasure, he would perhaps move toward me; if I disturbed him, he would probably become silent. So I sat on the end of a sleeper and listened. It was not great music. It made me think of the swamp sparrow; and the swamp sparrow is far from being a great singer. A single prolonged, drawling note (in that respect unlike the swamp sparrow, of course), followed by a succession of softer and sweeter ones, — that was all, when I came to analyze it; but that is no fair description of what I heard. The quality of the song is not there; and it was the quality, the feeling, the soul of it, if I may say what I mean, that made it, in the true sense of a much-abused word, charming.

There could be little doubt that the bird was a pine-wood sparrow; but such things are not to be taken for granted. Once or twice, indeed, the thought of some unfamiliar warbler had crossed my mind. At last, therefore, as the singer still kept out of sight, I leaped the ditch and pushed into the scrub. Happily, I had not far to go; he had been much nearer than I thought. A small bird flew up before me, and dropped almost immediately into a clump of palmetto. I edged toward the spot and waited. Then the song began again, this time directly in front of me, but still far-away-sounding and dreamy. I find that last word in my hasty note penciled at the time, and can think of no other that expresses the effect half so well. I looked and looked, and all at once there sat the bird on a palmetto leaf. Once again he sang, putting up his head. Then he dropped out of sight, and I heard nothing more. I had seen only his head and neck, — enough to show him a sparrow, and almost of necessity the pine-wood sparrow. No other strange member of the finch family was to be looked for in such a place.

On further acquaintance, let me say at once, *Pucæa æstivalis* proved to be a more versatile singer than the performances of my first bird would have led me to suppose. He varies his tune freely, but always within a pretty narrow compass; as is true, also, of the field sparrow, with whom, as I

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soon came to feel, he has not a little in common. It is in musical form only that he suggests the swamp sparrow. In tone and spirit, in the qualities of sweetness and expressiveness, he is nearly akin to *Spizella pusilla.* One does for the Southern pine barren what the other does for the Northern berry pasture. And this is high praise; for though in New England we have many singers more brilliant than the field sparrow, we have none that are sweeter, and few that in the long run give more pleasure to sensitive hearers.

I found the pine-wood sparrow afterward in New Smyrna, Port Orange, Sanford, and Tallahassee. So far as I could tell, it was always the same bird; but I shot no specimens, and speak with no authority.[1] Living always in the pine lands, and haunting the dense undergrowth, it is heard a hundred times where it is seen once,— a point greatly in favor of its effectiveness as a musician. Mr. Brewster speaks of it as singing always from an elevated perch, while the birds that I saw in the act of song, a very limited number, were invariably perched low. One that I watched in New Smyrna (one of a chorus, the others being invisible) sang for a quarter of an hour from a stake or stump which rose perhaps a foot above the dwarf palmetto. It was the same song that I had heard in St. Augustine; only the birds here were in a livelier mood, and sang *out* instead of *sotto voce.* The long introductory note sounded sometimes as if it were indrawn, and often, if not always, it had a considerable burr in it. Once in a while the strain was caught up at the end and sung over again, after the manner of the field sparrow,— one of that bird's prettiest tricks. At other times the song was delivered with full voice, and then repeated almost under the singer's breath. This was done beautifully in the Port Orange flat-woods, the bird being almost at my feet. I had seen him a moment before, and saw him again half a minute later, but at that instant he was out of sight in the scrub, and seemingly on the ground. This feature of the song, one of its chief merits and its most striking peculiarity, is well described by Mr. Brewster. "Now," he says, "it has a full bell-like ring that seems to fill the air around; next it is soft and low and inexpressibly tender; now it is clear again, but so modulated that the sound seems to come from a great distance."[2]

Not many other birds, I think (I cannot recall any), habitually vary their song in this manner. Other birds sing almost inaudibly at times, especially in the autumnal season. Even the brown thrasher, whose ordinary performance is so full-voiced, not to say boisterous, will sometimes soliloquize, or seem to soliloquize, in the faintest of undertones. The formless autumnal warble of the song sparrow is familiar to every one. And in this connection I remember, and am not likely ever to forget, a winter wren who favored me with what I thought the most bewitching bit of vocalism to which I had ever listened. He was in the bushes close at my side, in the Franconia Notch, and delivered his whole song, with all its customary length, intricacy, and speed, in a tone — a whisper, I may almost say — that ran along the very edge of silence. The unexpected proximity of a stranger may have had something to do with his conduct, as it often appears to have with the thrasher's; but, however that may be, the cases are not parallel with that of the pine-wood sparrow, inasmuch as the latter bird not merely sings under

[1] Two races of the pine-wood sparrow are recognized by ornithologists, *Pucæa æstivalis* and *P. æstivalis bachmanii*, and both of them have been found in Florida; but, if I understand the matter right, Pucæa æstivalis is the common and typical Florida bird.

[2] Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, vol. vii. p. 98.

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his breath on special occasions, whether on account of the nearness of a listener or for any other reason, but in his ordinary singing uses louder and softer tones interchangeably, almost exactly as human singers and players do; as if, in the practice of his art, he had learned to appreciate, consciously or unconsciously (and practice naturally goes before theory), the expressive value of what I believe is called musical dynamics.

I spent many half-days in the pine lands (how gladly now would I spend another!), but never got far into them. ("Into their depths," my pen was on the point of making me say; but that would have been a false note. The flat-woods have no "depths.") Whether I followed the railway, — in many respects a pretty satisfactory method, — or some roundabout, aimless carriage road, a mile or two was generally enough. The country offers no temptation to pedestrian feats, nor does the imagination find its account in going farther and farther. For the reader is not to think of the flat-woods as in the least resembling a Northern forest, which at every turn opens before the visitor and beckons him forward. Beyond and behind, and on either side, the pine-woods are ever the same. It is this monotony, by the bye, this utter absence of landmarks, that makes it so unsafe for the stranger to wander far from the beaten track. The sand is deep, the sun is hot; one place is as good as another. What use, then, to tire yourself? And so, unless the traveler is going somewhere, as I seldom was, he is continually stopping by the way. Now a shady spot entices him to put down his umbrella, — for there *is* a shady spot here and there, even in a Florida pine-wood; or blossoms are to be plucked; or a butterfly, some gorgeous and nameless creature, brightens the wood as it passes; or a bird is singing; or an eagle is soaring far overhead, and must be watched out of sight; or a buzzard, with upturned wings, floats suspiciously near the wanderer, as if with sinister intent (buzzard shadows are a regular feature of the flat-wood landscape, just as cloud shadows are in a mountainous country); or a snake lies stretched out in the sun, — a "whip snake," perhaps, that frightens the unwary stroller by the amazing swiftness with which it runs away from him; or some strange invisible insect is making uncanny noises in the underbrush. One of my recollections of the railway woods at St. Augustine is of a cricket, or locust, or something else, — I never saw it, — that amused me often with a formless rattling or drumming sound. I could think of nothing but a boy's first lesson upon the bones, the rhythm of the beats was so comically mistimed and bungled.

One fine morning, — it was the 18th of February, — I had gone down the railroad a little farther than usual, attracted by the encouraging appearance of a swampy patch of rather large deciduous trees. Some of them, I remember, were red maples, already full of handsome high-colored fruit. As I drew near, I heard indistinctly from among them what might have been the song of a black-throated green warbler, a bird that would have made a valued addition to my Florida list, especially at that early date.[1] No sooner was the song repeated, however, than I saw that I had been deceived; it was something I had never heard before. But it certainly had much of the black-throated green's quality, and without question was the note of a warbler of some kind. What a shame if the bird should give me the slip! Meanwhile, it kept on singing at brief intervals, and was not so far away but that, with my glass, I should be well able to make it out, if only I could once get my eyes on it. That was the difficulty. Some-

[1] As it was, I did not find *Dendroica vivens* in Florida. On my way home, in Atlanta, April 20, I saw one bird in a dooryard shade tree.

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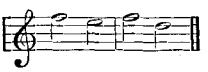
thing stirred among the branches. Yes, a yellow-throated warbler (*Dendroica dominica*), a bird of which I had seen my first specimens, all of them silent, during the last eight days. Probably he was the singer. I hoped so, at any rate. That would be an ideal case of a beautiful bird with a song to match. I kept him under my glass, and presently the strain was repeated, but not by him. Then it ceased, and I was none the wiser. Perhaps I never should be. It was indeed a shame. Such a *taking* song; so simple, and yet so pretty, and so thoroughly distinctive! I wrote it down thus: *tee-koi, tee-koo,* — two couplets, the first syllable of each a little emphasized and dwelt upon, not drawled, and a little higher in pitch than its fellow. Perhaps it might be expressed thus: —



I cannot profess to be sure of that, however, nor have I unqualified confidence in the adequacy of musical notation, no matter how skillfully employed, to convey a truthful idea of any bird song.

The affair remained a mystery till, in Daytona, nine days afterward, the same notes were heard again, this time in lower trees that did not stand in deep water. Then it transpired that my mysterious warbler was not a warbler at all, but the Carolina chickadee! That was an outcome quite unexpected, although I now remembered that chickadees were in or near the St. Augustine swamp; and what was more to the purpose, I could now discern some relationship between the *tee-koi, tee-koo* (or, as I now wrote it, *see-toi, see-too*), and the familiar so-called phœbe whistle of the black-capped titmouse. The Southern bird, I am bound to acknowledge, is much the more accomplished singer of the two. Sometimes he repeats the second dissyllable, making six notes in all. At other times he breaks out with a characteristic volley of fine chickadee notes, and runs without a break into the *see-toi, see-too,* with a highly pleasing effect. Then if, on the top of this, he doubles the *see-too,* we have a really prolonged and elaborate musical effort, quite putting into the shade our New England bird's *hear, hear me,* sweet and welcome as that always is.

The Southern chickadee, it should be said, is not to be distinguished from its Northern relative — in the bush, I mean — except by its notes. It is slightly smaller, like Southern birds in general, but is practically identical in plumage. Apart from its song, what most impressed me was its scarcity. It was found, sooner or later, wherever I went, I believe, but always in surprisingly small numbers, and I saw only one nest. That was built in a roadside china-tree in Tallahassee, and contained young ones (April 17), as was clear from the conduct of its owners.

It must not be supposed that I left St. Augustine without another search for my unknown "warbler." The very next morning found me again at the swamp, where for at least an hour I sat and listened. I heard no *tee-koi, tee-koo,* but was rewarded twice over for my walk. In the first place, before reaching the swamp, I found the third of my flat-wood novelties, the red-cockaded woodpecker. As had happened with the nuthatch and the sparrow, I heard him before seeing him: first some notes, which by themselves would hardly have suggested a woodpecker origin, and then a noise of hammering. Taken together, the two sounds left little doubt as to their author; and presently I saw him, — or rather them, for there were two birds. I learned nothing about them, either then or afterwards (I saw perhaps eight individuals during my ten weeks' visit), but it was worth something barely to see and hear them. Henceforth *Dryobates borealis* is a bird, and not merely a name. This, as I have said, was

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among the pines, before reaching the swamp. In the swamp itself, there suddenly appeared from somewhere, as if by magic (a dramatic entrance is not without its value, even out of doors), a less novel but far more impressive figure, a pileated woodpecker; a truly splendid fellow, with the scarlet cheek-patches. When I caught sight of him, he stood on one of the upper branches of a tall pine, looking wonderfully alert and wide-awake; now stretching out his scrawny neck, and now drawing it in again, his long crest all the while erect and flaming. After a little he dropped into the underbrush, out of which came at intervals a succession of raps. I would have given something to have had him under my glass just then, for I had long felt curious to see him in the act of chiseling out those big, oblong, clean-cut, sharp-angled "peck-holes" which, close to the base of the tree, make so common and notable a feature of Vermont and New Hampshire forests; but, though I did my best, I could not find him, till all at once he came up again and took to a tall pine, — the tallest in the wood, — where he pranced about for a while, striking sundry picturesque but seemingly aimless attitudes, and then made off for good. All in all, he was a wild-looking bird, if ever I saw one.

I was no sooner in St. Augustine, of course, than my eyes were open for wild flowers. Perhaps I felt a little disappointed. Certainly the land was not ablaze with color. In the grass about the old fort there was plenty of the yellow oxalis and the creeping white houstonia; and from a crevice in the wall, out of reach, leaned a stalk of goldenrod in full bloom. The reader may smile, if he will, but this last flower was a surprise and a stumbling-block. A vernal goldenrod! Dr. Chapman's Flora made no mention of such an anomaly. Sow thistles, too, looked strangely anachronistic. I had never thought of them as harbingers of springtime. The truth did not break upon me till a week or so afterward. Then, on the way to the beach at Daytona, where the pleasant peninsula road traverses a thick forest of short-leaved pines, every tree of which leans heavily inland at the same angle ("the leaning pines of Daytona," I always said to myself, as I passed), I came upon some white beggar's-ticks, — like daisies; and as I stopped to see what they were, I noticed the presence of ripe seeds. The plant had been in flower a long time. And then I laughed at my own dullness. It fairly deserved a medal. As if, even in Massachusetts, autumnal flowers — the groundsel, at least — did not sometimes persist in blossoming far into the winter! A day or two after this, I saw a mullein stalk still presenting arms, as it were (the mullein always looks the soldier to me), with one bright flower. If I had found *that* in St. Augustine, I flatter myself I should have been less easily fooled.

There were no such last-year relics in the flat-woods, so far as I remember, but spring blossoms were beginning to make their appearance there by the middle of the month, particularly along the railroad, — violets in abundance (*Viola cucullata*), dwarf orange-colored dandelions (*Krigia*), the Judas-tree, or redbud, St. Peter's-wort, blackberry, the yellow star-flower (*Hypoxis juncea*), and butterworts. I recall, too, in a swampy spot, a fine fresh tuft of the golden club, with its gorgeous yellow spadix, — a plant that I had never seen in bloom before, although I had once admired a Cape Cod "hollow" full of the rank tropical leaves. St. Peter's-wort, a low shrub, thrives everywhere in the pine barrens, and, without being especially attractive, its rather sparse yellow flowers — not unlike the St. John's-wort — do something to enliven the general waste. The butterworts are beauties, and true children of the

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spring. I picked my first ones, which by chance were of the smaller purple species (*Pinguicula pumila*), on my way down from the woods, on a moist bank. At that moment a white man came up the road. "What do you call this flower?" said I. "Valentine's flower," he answered at once. "Ah," said I, "because it is in bloom on St. Valentine's Day, I suppose?" "No, sir," he said. "Do you speak Spanish?" I had to shake my head. "Because I could explain it better in Spanish," he continued, as if by way of apology; but he went on in perfectly good English: "If you put one of them under your pillow, and think of some one you would like very much to see, — some one who has been dead a long time, — you will be likely to dream of him. It is a very pretty flower," he added. And so it is; hardly prettier, however, to my thinking, than the blossoms of the early creeping blackberry (*Rubus trivialis*). With them I fairly fell in love: true white roses, I called them, each with its central ring of dark purplish stamens; as beautiful as the cloudberry, which once, ten years before, I had found on the summit of Mount Clinton, in New Hampshire, and refused to believe a *Rubus*, though Dr. Gray's key led me to that genus again and again. There *is* something in a name, say what you will.

Some weeks later, and a little farther south, — in the flat-woods behind New Smyrna, — I saw other flowers, but never anything of that tropical exuberance at which the average Northern tourist expects to find himself staring. Boggy places were full of blue iris (the common *Iris versicolor* of New England, but of ranker growth), and here and there a pool was yellow with bladderwort. I was taken also with the larger and taller (yellow) butterwort, which I used never to see as I went through the woods in the morning, but was sure to find standing in the tall dry grass along the border of the sandy road, here one and there one, on my return at noon. In similar places grew a "yellow daisy" (*Leptopoda*), a single big head, of a deep color, at the top of a leafless stem. It seemed to be one of the most abundant of Florida spring flowers, but I could not learn that it went by any distinctive vernacular name. Beside the railway track were blue-eyed grass and pipewort, and a dainty blue lobelia (*L. Feayana*), with once in a while an extremely pretty coreopsis, having a purple centre, and scarcely to be distinguished from one that is common in gardens. No doubt the advancing season brings an increasing wealth of such beauty to the flat-woods. No doubt, too, I missed the larger half of what might have been found even at the time of my visit; for I made no pretense of doing any real botanical work, having neither the time nor the equipment. The birds kept me busy, for the most part, when the country itself did not absorb my attention.

More interesting, and a thousand times more memorable, than any flower or bird was the pine barren itself. I have given no true idea of it, I am perfectly aware: open, parklike, flooded with sunshine, level as a floor. "What heartache," Lanier breaks out, poor exile, dying of consumption, — "what heartache! Ne'er a hill!" A dreary country to ride through, hour after hour; an impossible country to live in, but most pleasant for a half-day winter stroll. Notwithstanding I never went far into it, as I have already said, I had always a profound sensation of remoteness; as if I might go on forever, and be no farther away.

Yet even here I had more than one reminder that the world is a small place. I met a burly negro in a cart, and fell into talk with him about the Florida climate, an endless topic, out of which a cynical traveler may easily

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extract almost endless amusement. How about the summers here? I inquired. Were they really as paradisaical (I did not use that word) as some reports would lead one to suppose? The man smiled, as if he had heard something like that before. He did not think the Florida summer a dream of delight, even on the east coast. "I 'm tellin' you the truth, sah; the mosquiters an' sandflies is awful." Was he born here? I asked. No; he came from B——, Alabama. Everybody in eastern Florida came from somewhere, as well as I could make out. "Oh, from B——," said I. "Did you know Mr. W——, of the —— Iron Works?" He smiled again. "Yes, sah; I used to work for him. He 's a nice man." He spoke the truth that time beyond a peradventure. He was healthier here than in the other place, he thought, and wages were higher; but he liked the other place better "for pleasure." It was an odd coincidence, was it not, that I should meet in this solitude a man who knew the only citizen of Alabama with whom I was ever acquainted!

At another time I fell in with an oldish colored man, who, like myself, had taken to the woods for a quiet Sunday stroll. *He* was from Mississippi, he told me. Oh, yes, he remembered the war; he was a slave, twenty-one years old, when it broke out. To his mind, the present generation of "niggers" were a pretty poor lot, for all their "edication." He had seen them crowding folks off the sidewalk, and puffing smoke in their faces. All of which was nothing new; I had found that story more or less common among negroes of his age. He did n't believe much in "edication;" but when I asked if he thought the blacks were better off in slavery times, he answered quickly, "I 'd rather be a free man, *I* had." He was n't married; he had plenty to do to take care of himself. We separated, he going one way and I the other; but he turned to ask, with much seriousness (the reader must remember that this was only three months after a national election), "Do you think they 'll get free trade?" "Truly," said I to myself, "'the world is too much with us.' Even in the flat-woods there is no escaping the tariff question." But I answered, in what was meant to be a reassuring tone, "Not yet awhile. Some time." "I hope not," he said, — as if liberty to buy and sell would be a dreadful blow to a man living in a shanty in a Florida pine barren! He was taking the matter rather too much to heart, perhaps; but surely it was encouraging to see such a man interested in broad economical questions, and I realized as never before the truth of what the newspapers so continually tell us, that political campaigns are educational.

Bradford Torrey.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

XII.

As the surveyor planted his Jacob's staff anew, he drew a long sigh of fatigue, and gazed out discerningly at the weather signs from over a craggy jutting precipice at one side, which in its savage bareness disclosed from the midst of the dense forest a vast expanse of the tremulous mountain landscape below. The uncertain flicker of the sunshine was now on the green of the wooded valley, which presently dulled to the colorless neutrality of the persistent

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shadow, albeit the summits of the far horizon line gleamed delicately azure, as if the tint possessed some luminous quality and glowed inherently blue. To the right hung masses of vaporous gray; and beneath, fine serried lines were drawn in myriads against the darker tints of half-seen slopes, where the rain was falling. Still beyond, a great glamourous sunburst appeared in the mist, with so rayonnant an effect of the divergent splendors from its dazzling focus that it might seem a fleeting glimpse of the actual wheel of the chariot of the sun. It rolled away speedily. A rainbow barely flaunted its chromatic glories across the sky, and faded like an illusion, and all the world was gray again; from a dead bough starkly thrust out of the wooded slopes halfway to the valley a rain crow was calling and calling.

The other men, too, were looking over the valley, so long obscured by the dense forest trees and still denser undergrowth through which they had taken their way. It seemed much nearer than when they had last seen it from the dome, even allowing for the distance they had traversed, and they noted, with that interest always excited by a familiar scene from a new standpoint, the aspect of the well-known landmarks, all changed and strange. Kenniston had drawn near the verge; he stood sharply outlined against the sky, a field-glass in his hand, which again and again he brought to bear upon the smouldering black mass on the cliffs far below that once was the new hotel, but now could be located only by the thinly curling smoke from its ruins. The instrument was familiar enough to the mountaineers, who had most of them observed its use during the war; but to a certain type of rustic an affectation of ignorance is the prettiest of jests.

"Say, mister," Rodolphus Ross adjured him, with a show of eager anxiety, "air yer contraption strong enough ter view enny insurance on that thar buildin'?"

The echo caught his laughter and blended it with the rain crow's call. He was not sensitive himself, and he could not appreciate sensitiveness in others. The fact that the building had perished in the flames, without insurance, was well known to the community; and how could it help or hinder that he should sharpen his wits by a little exercise on the theme?

Kenniston made no reply, still sweeping the landscape with his glass. As the surveyor bent to take sight, Kenniston suddenly turned.

"Stop," he said; "you will stop this farce right here. This is a conspiracy!"

The surveyor, still in his stooping posture, looked at him in amazement.

"Hey?" he exclaimed, as if he did not believe his senses.

"A conspiracy!" Kenniston reiterated.

The surveyor, in the course of his brawny career, had been offered few insults, and these he had promptly requited with stout blows. But the sight of a man who has lost reason, temper, and policy together has sometimes a steadying effect on the spectator. Besides, he was in the performance of a sworn duty, and, being a faithful and efficient officer of the county, he had a high ideal of the functions of his office. He was nettled by Kenniston's self-magnifying attitude, but it was obviously in order to give him the correct measurements, not of himself, but of his land, and although he retorted it was in good enough temper.

"Conspirin' with the meridian line?" he demanded, with a sneer, thrusting his quid of tobacco into his leather jaw with a tongue grown expert by long practice in thus clearing the way for its own utterances. "Or maybe ye think the points o' the compass have got in a mutiny against ye?"

Captain Lucy came alongside the Jacob's staff, and gave Kenniston a rallying wink, sly, malicious, sarcastic, and

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altogether unworthy of the fine eye that it eclipsed. "Conspirin' with a monimint o' boundary knowed ez Big Hollow Boulder?" he said.

Luther turned away suddenly, with an accession of hang-dog furtiveness in his manner, and Kenniston's fury was stemmed for the moment by his surprise and doubt and bewilderment. Still with choleric color mantling his face, his eyes bright and wide, his white teeth pressed on the lip which he was biting, — and it was visible despite the thick abundance of beard, — with all the fire eliminated from the angry facial expression he yet retained, he stared silently at Captain Lucy, who was scornfully laughing. The surveyor took advantage of the seeming lucidity of the interval to seek to rehabilitate pacific relations.

"I can't help *how* ye expected the line ter run out, Mr. Kenniston. I'm runnin' it 'cordin' ter the calls an' the compass. Ye an Cap'n Tems are here as owners o' the adjoinin' tracts, ter see it done fur yerselves."

"Not me!" cried Captain Lucy. "I ain't looked at yer durned bodkin" (thus he demeaned the magnetic needle) "sence I kem out. It mought waggle todes the north pole, like ye sez it do, — 'pears onstiddy enough fur ennything, — or it mought waggle todes the east pole. I ain't keerin'. It may know the poles whenst it sees 'em, — though I dunno ef that needle hev got an eye. My main dependence air in that monimint o' boundary knowed ez the Big Hollow Boulder — corner rock — corner o' the lines — oh my! — yes!"

The significance of this was hardly to be overlooked.

"See here, Captain Lucy," said Kenniston, dropping his aggressions even to the unusual point of giving the old man his accustomed title, "what do you mean by that?"

Captain Lucy gave him a broadside of big bright eyes.

"Why, don't you-uns know that monimint o' boundary knowed ez Big Hollow Boulder — corner mark — been thar so long?"

"Well, what about it?" demanded Kenniston impatiently.

"Why, it's *known* ez Big Hollow Boulder, 'cordin' ter yer own notice posted up at the mill," said Captain Lucy tantalizingly.

Kenniston still stared, and the surveyor, seeking to cut short a futile waste of time, bent once more to take sight. "The only way ter git things settled is ter run out the line 'cordin' ter the calls an' the compass, an' I'm a-doin' of it fair an' square."

"There is something radically wrong," persisted Kenniston angrily. Then turning to Captain Lucy, he continued vehemently, "I know — and *you* know — that Wild Duck River is on my land, and does n't touch yours in any of its windings; and look there! — Wild Duck Falls!"

He pointed diagonally across a ravine, where, amidst the dusky depths of green shadows, and close to a gray cloud that came surging through the valley, a narrow, gleaming, white, feathery mountain cataract, with an impetus and a motion like the flight of an arrow smartly sped from the bow, shot down into the gorge.

It transfixed Captain Lucy. He stood staring at it, motionless, amazed, it might seem aghast. For the boundary line that the surveyor was running according to the compass and calls had thrown within his tract this mountain torrent, this wayward alien, which he had known for many a year as the native of the Kenniston woods.

"It makes no difference, gentlemen, what ye hev 'lowed ye owned, an' what ye did n't," interposed the surveyor: "this boundary line I'm runnin' out will show ye the exac' extent o' yer possessions." And once more he bent to take sight.

Then he rose and stalked forward, his Jacob's staff held before him, his eyes

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intent and fixed, the links of the chain once more dully clanking as it writhed through the grass, and the chain-bearers, with their cabalistic refrain, "Stick!" "Stuck!" bowing down and rising up, as they ever and again drew it out taut to its extreme length between them.

The spectators followed on either hand, plunging into the deeper woods, which, as they interposed before the cliffs, cut off the view of the wide landscape, that seemed lifted into purer light and more transparent color by the contrast with the bosky shadows as it disappeared, and again was vaguely glimpsed between the boles and hanging branches, and once more vanished, leaving the aspect of the world the bare breadth of the herder's trail through the laurel.

Two of the men — shaggy of beard and of hair, and shabbier far of garb than the others — gazed at the proceeding with the eyes of deep wonderment and reluctant acceptance, as if it were some incredible formula of necromancy. They were denizens of a deeply secluded cove near by, lured hither by the report of the processioning, and looking for the first time upon the simple paraphernalia of land-surveying, — the chain, the Jacob's staff, and the compass; even the surveyor and the chain-bearers were only the verification of wild rumors that had reached them. They were not unintelligent; they were only uninformed. The habit and knowledge and experience of the commonplace process which the others possessed might hardly be considered an adequate set-off against such fresh and illimitable capacities of impressionability. Few people can so enjoy a day of sight-seeing as fell to the share of these denizens of "Painter Flats."

Kenniston lingered for a few minutes with the field-glass, still sweeping the rugged ravine where Wild Duck Falls gleamed white, swift, amidst the deep, dusky green shadows: disappearing beneath the approaching gray cloud as its filmy gauzes expanded and floated into the larger spaces of the ravine, then piercing its draperies with a keen, glimmering shaft of white light, and vanishing again as the cloud thickened and condensed in its passage through the narrowing limits of the gorge. He turned away at last, the glass still in his hand, following hard on the steps of the surveyor, marking all the successive stages of the proceedings with a keen, alert, inimical observation. He wore a grim, set face, and his manner expressed a sustained abeyance, watchfulness, and a dangerous readiness.

The landmarks were such as were easily common to any line. When the deed had called for four hundred and fifteen poles northwest to a white oak-tree, the chain-bearers had brought up, without a link amiss, at the gnarled foot of one of a cluster of such trees. A half-obliterated indentation upon it the surveyor accepted as the specific mark of identification, although others considered it an old "blaze" indicating an ancient trail, and Kenniston declared it merely a "cat-face." Again, the line, diverging, ran due north eight hundred poles to a stake in the middle of Panther Creek. The chain found the middle easily enough, though not the stake, which was, of course, in the nature of things, a temporary mark, and liable to be carried away in a freshet, or broken down by floating logs or other obstruction. The stream, however, kept an almost perfectly straight line — barring the slight sinuous meandering inherent to a natural channel which did not affect the general direction — for more than a mile through a grassy glade almost free of undergrowth, purling along under the shadow of the great trees and rocks. Thus, if the previous markings were correct, this of necessity depended upon them. The surveyor had a stub driven down, in place of the missing stake, in the middle of the stream, thus re-marking the line according to the law. Once

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more the chain-bearers, dripping like spaniels from their excursions into the water, began their series of genuflections and their ringing outcry, "Stick!" "Stuck!"

All had observed Kenniston curiously during the halt, and the doubt and discussion as to the missing mark, expectant of some wrathful demonstration. If he did not coincide with the surveyor's opinion, he made no sign. In one sense, his demeanor balked them of the amusement which they had ravenously looked for. He made no protest, which, reasonable or unreasonable, they would have relished. His attitude, his face, his words, were constrained to a stern neutrality and inexpressiveness. He seemed only grimly watchful, waiting. The change itself afforded food for speculation, an entertainment more subtle and of keener interest than his previous outbreaks, if less alluring to the maliciously mirthful spectator. It seemed, however, to disconcert the surveyor more than active interference and aggression. Submissiveness is so abnormal a trait in a man of Kenniston's type that its symptoms indicate a serious moral crisis. Now and again, the surveyor, pausing to mark the "out," appealed directly to him. To be sure, the remark was in relation to the weather, for the clouds were gathering overhead, a slate-tinted canopy, seeming close upon the summits of the tall trees, till a white lacelike film scudding across it in contrary currents of the wind served to show, by the force of comparison, the true distance of the higher vapors. Kenniston had only monosyllables for reply, and the man of the compass could but mop his brow, and listen anxiously to the distant rumblings of thunder, and wish this troublous piece of work well over, and take his bearings anew. When the call in the deed for a girdled and dead poplar-tree was found to have no correspondent mark on the face of the earth, being, as he observed, a mark bound to be obliterated in the course of time, since the tree was dead when the deed, which was of remote date, was written, Kenniston's silence seemed to have an unnerving effect.

"Why, look here," the surveyor broke out in self-defense at length. "I ain't got no sort o' interest in the line except to run it according ter the calls an' the compass. I 'll git my fees, whether or no. 'T ain't nuthin' ter me which gits the most lan', you or Cap'n Tems."

As Kenniston still continued silent, he looked appealingly at Captain Lucy, and, receiving no encouragement, set his teeth, addressed himself to his work, and communed thenceforward with naught more responsive than his Jacob's staff.

But what, alack, had befallen Captain Lucy? Did ever a game cock, that had never so much as felt his adversary's gaff, drop his feathers so suddenly? He was all at once old, tired, anxious, troubled. He tugged along at the rear of the party, lagging and flagging as he had never done on certain forced marches that had seemed a miracle of endurance. For Captain Lucy's frame had been upborne by his spirit in those ordeals, and now that ethereal valiance had deserted him. For what mystery was this? The moving of the monument of boundary "known as the Big Hollow Boulder" — he thought of it thus for the first time without the sneer of inscrutable offense which the rotund phrasing had occasioned — had, instead of stripping him of his possessions, resulted in throwing much land, which he doubted not belonged to his neighbor, within his own lines. That Kenniston had himself moved the corner landmark or connived at the commission of this felony, if not otherwise preposterous, was thus rendered absolutely incredible. But who, then, could have moved it? When? How? For what unimaginable reason? How strange that he should have discovered the change! And what mad freak of fate was it that it should be he,

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he himself, who should profit by it, acquiring the legal title to hundreds of acres at Kenniston's expense? Captain Lucy was an honest man, and the thought made him gasp. Had it been possible, he would at that moment have flung all the Great Smoky Mountains at Kenniston's feet. No recantation was too bitter, no renunciation was too complete, rather than be suspected, with any show of reason, as he had suspected Kenniston. Not that he cared for the groundless suspicion, but for its justification. This consideration summoned his tardy policy. He must needs have time to think. Were he bluntly to declare the corner stone to have been moved, it might seem to criminate himself; for albeit the line was running to his advantage here, who could say how its divergences might affect his possessions lower down on the mountain? "Windin' an' a-twistin' like the plumb old tarnation sarpient o' hell!" Captain Lucy vigorously described it in a mutter to his beard.

Moreover, even if the later results were also to his benefit, as it had been notoriously contrary to his wishes that the land should be processioned at all, it might seem that moving the boulder had been his scheme to thus thwart any definite establishment of the line of boundary, — and this was a felony.

Captain Lucy experienced a sudden affection of the spine which appeared to him abnormal, and, at the moment, possibly fatal, so curious, so undreamed of heretofore, were its symptoms. A cold chill trembled along its fibres; responsive cold drops bedewed his forehead. His hand had lost its normal temperature, and was cold to the touch. For the first time in all his life Captain Lucy's nerves were made acquainted with the shock of fear. He did not identify it; he could not recognize it. He was spared this acute mortification. He only felt strangely ill and undecided and tremulous, and he doubted his survival. He began to wonder if Kenniston suspected aught. He no longer questioned the genuineness of his enemy's demeanor earlier in the day, when each unexpected divergence of the line had seemed by turns to perturb and to anger him. Captain Lucy noted the cessation of the protestations, the grimly set jaw, the smouldering fire of the eye, the attitude of tense expectancy and waiting. He wondered if Kenniston were "laying for" him now as he had been "laying for" Kenniston. He thought of the intention deferred from "out" to "out" loudly to proclaim his discovery of the removal of the corner landmark, of his relish of his enemy's fancied security in outwitting him. He had only given Kenniston a little line, a little more, as it were, that he might hang himself with it, and now, forsooth, this noose was at his own service.

He felt a moderate and tempered gratulation that he had not been precipitate in the matter; as yet no one knew of his discovery; but suddenly he remembered his ill-starred confidence to Luther. For the first time he marked his son's furtive, skulking, downcast manner.

"Like a sheep-killin' dog!" said Captain Lucy to himself, in a towering rage. "What ef he do know it 's been moved: did I move it?"

He remembered, too, his reiterated allusions to the perambulatory boulder, and Kenniston's amazement, which then he had thought affectation, but which he now believed to be quite genuine. Were they the exciting cause, so to speak, of that grim air of abeyance and biding his time?

"The boulder can't be put back," said Captain Lucy to himself, suddenly on the defensive. "Nobody could make out whar it kem from fust, 'kase it never lef' a trace on the rock; an' a dozen horse could n't haul it up sech a steep slope. It mus' hev been blowed down by dam-i-nite."

It was a fine illustration of a moral descent, impossible to be retraced; but Captain Lucy did not think of that. His

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mind was full of the complications of his position, the dangers of disclosure, and the impossibility to him of accepting the boundary line, thus taking possession of another man's land, even if the owner would compose himself to sleep upon his rights. Judging from Kenniston's looks, it was easily to be argued that he would prove very wide awake in this emergency.

But for the changing weather signs the old man's altered demeanor might have encountered other notice than Kenniston's keen watchfulness. Now and again the thunder pealed among the mountain tops, and the slate-colored cloud had spread until it overhung all the visible world, when they once more drew so near to the verge of the precipice as to have glimpses of the densely wooded cove and the circling mountains. The ranges were all sombre gray or deeply purple, save far away, where some rift in the clouds admitted a skein of sunbeams suspended in fibrous effect over a distant slope that was a weird yellowish-green in this scant illumination that had fallen to its share, rendered more marked by the dull estate of its dun-tinted and purple compeers. Nearer at hand, the shadows were deepening momently in the forest. Once or twice, when the sharp blades of the lightnings cleft them, the lifeless bronze aisles of the woods sprang into a transient glare of brilliant green that was hardly less dazzling, and again the thunder pealed.

Two or three of the mountaineers left the party, evidently with no mind to be drenched. A man with a hacking cough remained, animated by that indisposition to self-denial, that avidity of enjoyment, that determination to seize all that niggard life holds out, characteristic of a type of consumptive invalids. "'T ain't goin' ter rain," he declared buoyantly. It might seem that nothing less potent than powder and lead could wean from the sight of processioning the land the two denizens of Panther Flats. They patrolled every step that the surveyor took. Whenever he paused, they came up and stared, fascinated, and at close quarters, at the Jacob's staff. They counted the chains from "out" to "out." As one of them observed to the other, he "was just beginning to get the hang of the thing." He could keep under shelter at a more convenient season.

A sudden flash that seemed to pierce the very brain, so did it outdazzle the capacity of vision, a simultaneous deafening detonation, beneath which the mountains appeared to quake and to cry out with a terrible voice, while again and again the echoes repeated the thunderous menace, and then all the air was permeated by a swift electrical illumination, visibly transient, but so instantly succeeded by a similar effect that it seemed permanent, — in this weird glare the surveyor bent once more to take sight.

"Old man sticks ter his contrac' like a sick kitten ter a hot brick!" cried Rodolphus Ross to one of the chain-bearers.

But the chain-bearers had scant sympathy for the spectators, and visited upon the company in general their displeasure because of the reflections upon the "old man's" work, for which Kenniston alone was responsible.

"Why n't ye wear yer muzzle, 'Dolphus?" the one addressed retorted gruffly.

Most of the party had now deserted the spectacle, in deference to a timely admonition as to the fate of the horses picketed on the "bald," and their peculiar susceptibility to the fear of lightning. When the progress of the surveying again brought its adherents to the verge of the mountain and an extended outlook over the valley, there remained only the two men from Panther Flats, Rodolphus Ross, Captain Lucy, the chain-bearers, the surveyor, Luther, and the owner of the tract at whose instance the processioning had been made.

As they looked out over the gray valley, distinct under the sombre sky, as

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though only color, and not light, were withdrawn, — Captain Lucy's cabin, the inclosures, the grim black crags beyond, the smouldering mass of the ruins of the burnt building, even the shanties of the workmen in the gorge at the foot of the cliffs, all perfectly distinguishable in their varied interpretation of gray and brown and blurring unnamed gradations of neutral tones, all overhung by the storm-cloud definitely and darkly purplish-black, with now and again, one knew not how, fleeting lurid green reflections, — Kenniston, brisk and dapper, lightly tapping his spurred boots with his riding-whip, smiling debonairly, but with a dangerous sarcastic gleam in his fiery eyes, stepped up to the surveyor. He carried his field-glass in one hand.

"Now, if you will come a few paces this way, — and you, colonel," in parenthesis to poor Captain Lucy, — "and use your telescope, you are obliged to see that if you run out the line seventeen hundred poles to the north, according to the deed, you will go beyond the site of the hotel. I seem to have built my house on the colonel's land. It was *your* house that was destroyed, colonel. Let me beg you to accept my condolences, — ha, ha, ha!"

A flash brighter than all that had preceded it, and his satiric laughter was lost in the roll and the reverberation of the thunder. A sudden darkening overspread the landscape, like a visible thickening of the clouds; the form of a horse darted along the verge of the precipice, so swift, so gigantic, defined against the green suffusions of that purple-black storm-cloud, that it seemed like the materialization of the hero of some equine fable. A wild cry went up that the horses had broken loose, and were stampeding through the woods. A terrible wrenching, riving sound followed another flash, and they could see a stricken tree on the slope below, in the instant before the blinding descent of the torrents. The wind rose with a wild screaming cry; the forests bent and writhed; no one of the party could discern his neighbor's face; and, despite the pluck of the surveyor, the processioning of the Kenniston tract remained unfinished.

XIII.

Captain Lucy enjoyed in his own family an immunity from interference, criticism, and filial insurgency that was truly patriarchal. His word was law; his every thought was wisdom; all his dealings embodied the fullest expression of justice. Until his unlucky disclosure to Luther of his discovery of the strange removal of the Big Hollow Boulder, and the interpretation he placed upon it, imputing to Kenniston a crime of such importance, involving consequences so grave, his son had never entertained a moment's doubt of the sufficiency of his prudence, the absolute infallibility of his judgment, the integrity of all his prejudices, notwithstanding his arbitrary temper, his high-handed methods, and his frequent precipitancy. Such remonstrance as ever was ventured upon usually emanated from Adelicia, in the interest of her pacific proclivities; or to sue uncle Lucy's clemency for some object of his most righteous displeasure; or to prevail upon him blindly to consider some untoward chance a blessing in disguise. Now and then, too, she indulged in some solicitude lest the affluence of his courage should lead him into danger. But to his own children "dad" had always seemed more than capable of coping with all the forces of nature, animate and inanimate; and as the day of the processioning of the land wore on, Julia listened, with her silent smile of sarcastic comment, to Adelicia's monologue of arguments of alternate fears and reassurance for uncle Lucy's sake. First, lest Mr. Kenniston should succeed in unjustly wresting some of his land from him. "But," she declared buoyantly,

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"the surveyor won't let him!" Then, lest a personal collision might ensue, to her bellicose relative's injury. "But uncle Lucy ain't been often tackled; ennybody kin see he 'd hev a mighty free hand in a fight." And again she was reduced to fear simply that things in general might fall out to the magnate's dissatisfaction. "But uncle Lucy 's been mighty mad a heap o' times before, an' 't ain't set him back none," she argued blithely. And so the atmosphere within cleared as the sky without darkened, and the domestic industries went forward apace.

It was during one of the deceptive withdrawals of the lowering storm-cloud, revealing great expanses of blue sky, when the sunshine was a-flicker once more over the landscape, albeit somewhat wan and tremulous, and a wind had sprung up, faint and short of breath, and disposed to lulls and sighs, but still setting mists and clouds astir, that Julia set forth upon an errand some distance up the Cove. It had chanced that a hen, with the preposterous hopefulness of the species, had gone to "setting" in the orchard upon an unremunerative assemblage of fallen apples, in default of more appropriate material; for, in ignorance of the fowl's intention, Adelicia had fried the last eggs for breakfast. Her momentary dismay was dispelled by the recollection that Mrs. Larrabee had promised her a "settin of special an percise tur-r-key aigs," and, equipping Julia with a basket, she sent her forth to claim this pledge.

But in lieu of the hospitable welcome and the eager fulfillment of the promise, the reminder of which Mrs. Larrabee would have regarded in the light of a courtesy and a favor, Julia encountered at the door of the queer little house Henrietta Timson, her snuffbrush, her small unlighted eyes, her narrow discontented face, and her little brief authority oppressively in evidence.

"Waal, I do declar'," she said, regarding Julia sourly, when the errand was made known. "I dunno what Sist' Lar'bee means," — for Mrs. Timson was unfailing in the sororal appellation of church-membership, since she enjoyed no closer relation to Mrs. Larrabee. "She done gone off a-pleasurin' an' a-jauntin', an' lef' me hyar with this whole houseful ter 'tend ter, an' ter work fur, an' ter feed, an' ter mend, an' the neighbors ter pervide with aigs, — an' tur-r-key aigs at that!"

Julia Tems's experience of life had been crude and scanty and monotonous. She had lived the successive uneventful years since her infancy at the little cabin down in the Cove in the humble domestic routine, without education of any sort, except perchance such as might be gleaned from the sermon of a stray circuit rider; without the opportunity of observation; with the simplest, most untutored, most limited association. It was to be doubted if she knew a score of people in the world. But this was her first encounter with discourtesy.

She flushed scarlet under the shade of her brown sunbonnet, not with anger, but with shame: she was ashamed for Mrs. Timson. She hardly felt the affront to herself at first; the flout at the proprieties in the abstract nullified for the moment all personal consideration. She was not conscious of a retrograde movement, for her instinct was to terminate the interview. She found herself murmuring, "It 's jes' ez well, — jes' ez well," in an apologetic cadence which would have befitted Mrs. Timson's voice, and moving backward continuously, in her eager haste to be gone. She could with philosophy have beheld every hen that had ever owned the Tems sway in the grotesque catastrophe of patiently seeking to hatch apples, rather than prolong the ordeal for a moment.

But Henrietta Timson had hardly anticipated routing the invader so promptly. Noting Julia's eagerness to be gone, she perversely thwarted it by stepping briskly down out of the door, remember-

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ing to put her hand to her side, with a suffering look and an affected limp.

"I 'lowed ez I hed *hed* tribulation, but I never seen none sech ez now. Sist' Lar'bee gone, — tuck one o' my chil'n with her!" She shook her head with a dolorous accusation that might have become her if "Sist' Lar'bee" had been a kidnapper, and the hero of the rickets had gone for aught but to insure being properly fed and provided for. "Jasper Lar'bee 's disappeared; an' ole man Haight I do b'lieve hev gone deranged, — sets an' cusses the Lost Time mine all day; an' Jerushy's husband 's drunk, — 'pears like a rat-hole, ye can't fill him up; an' — hev ye seen Jasper Lar'bee down yer ways?"

"Not fur a long time," faltered Julia, still retreating a few steps at intervals down the rocky, ledgy dooryard.

"Waal, I 'll tell him ez ye war hyar, an' 'lowed it 'peared like a long time sence ye seen him," said Mrs. Timson perversely, with the air of taking a message. "An'" — her small eyes narrowed — "ef I find enny tur-r-key aigs, I 'll let ye know."

She looked with a sour smile after the girl's light figure, for Julia was now fairly in retreat.

"I 'll let ye know, too," she muttered, "ez we ain't got none o' Mis' Lar'bee's slack-twisted ways hyar now, — givin' away a settin' of tur-r-key aigs. I say! ef I find enny tur-r-key aigs, I 'll send 'em down ter the store ter trade. I be mos' out o' snuff now."

Then she meditated swiftly upon her theory that Mrs. Larrabee had reasons of her own for all her good works; that they were subtle investments, as it were, sure of a return in better kind, and quadrupled in value. She could evolve no view in which the promised "settin' of tur-r-key aigs" could figure as assets save for a general conciliatory purpose; and then she remembered that Captain Lucy was a widower. A sneering smile stole over her face, arrested suddenly by a grave afterthought: if for this reason the family were worth conciliating for Mrs. Larrabee's sake, surely more for her own. "Lord knows, I need a house, an' home, an' land, an' horse critters, an' cows, an' sheep, an' hawgs — he hev jes' two childern, an' them growed, an' that niece gal could be turned out" (she hastily ran over the list of Captain Lucy's earthly gear, omitting only that important possession, himself) — "a sight more 'n Mis' Lar'bee do, ennyhows."

With a sudden change of heart, she ran to the road, holding her hand to the level of her eyes to shade them from the glare of the sun; but look as she might, there was not a flitting vestige to be seen of the dark brickdust red, the color of the dress which Julia wore. She called again and again without response. She thought the girl must surely have heard; then she reassured herself by the reflection that the wind was blowing a gale, and doubtless the sound of her voice went far afield.

Its shrill pipe might have been easily enough distinguishable to ears that would heed, although the surges of the wind beat loud on every rock and slope. Julia took angry note as she went swiftly on and on, her skirts flying, her bonnet blown back, her heart hot with wrath against Mrs. Timson, against herself, against Adelicia who had sent her on so ill starred an errand. Her eyes and her gesture were singularly like Captain Lucy's, as, threading the narrow path above the precipice, she paused and flung the empty basket into the wilderness below, and then walked on less swiftly, her tense nerves relaxed by this ebullition of rage. Like Captain Lucy, too, she felt the better for it, albeit she realized as he never would have done that the basket would be sorely missed at home. With the riddance she somehow discharged her mind of the thought of the Larrabee threshold, of her inhospitable reception there, of the whole ignoble episode. She looked out with a sort of enjoyment at the muster of the clouds,

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the gathering of rank after rank; ever and again her unaffrighted eyes followed the swift yellow lightnings darting through the gray masses, and, looking from the height of the precipice on the mountain side, she seemed to stand just opposite them. Lower down on the wooded slope across the narrow valley, she could see the track of wind, which never touched those silent, vaporous congregations, motionless, or coming with contrary currents from opposite directions. The trees below bent and sprang back into place, and she could hear the sibilant shouting of the leaves. It was like a myriad of shrill tiny voices, but they combined into a massive chorus. The growths hard by were adding a refrain; the wind was winning new territory as it came up the mountain. She could see far away a cloud torn into fringes, and presently the rain was falling. It was coming nearer and nearer; she would meet it long before she could reach home. She quickened her steps at the thought. Sometimes the growths intervened on both sides of the path, and shut out the observation of the coming storm. Whenever she emerged, she noted the darkening aspect. More than once the thunder shook the very mountains. Suddenly, a searching, terrible illumination, the rising of the tumultuous wind, a frightful succession of peals, brought her to a pause. She hardly dared to face a storm like this, shelterless, and the store at the Lost Time mine was close at hand. Nevertheless she hesitated for a moment. Captain Lucy's well-worn jest as to the "perfessional widower" was hardly so funny to her as to him. She stood, disconcerted, conscious, averse, in the teeth of the storm, her dress fluttering, her bonnet tossed back from her shining coiled hair, her eyes bright and wide and wistful, and the breath almost blown back from her lips. Then she noted suddenly the portal of the Lost Time mine. She did not pause to reflect; to dread the long, darkening, solitary afternoon in its dim recesses; to remember the terrors of the mine's traditions, and what ghostly presence she might meet, and what sepulchral voices she might hear, in the awful isolations of the coming storm, when all the laws that govern the outside world seemed set at naught; and if ever the supernatural should break bounds, it might be at a place like this. She ran against the wind as swiftly as she could; skirted the water on the stones in the channel at the mouth of the cave, now more deeply submerged than their wont, for the stream was rising visibly, its underground tributaries already fed by the rains falling elsewhere; felt with a shiver the chill of the place, as the high, grim, rough-hewn rocks towered above her head; climbed up on the inner ledges; and as the first floodlike outbreak of the torrents came down with a crash of thunder, and a glare of lightning, and a wild shrieking of swirling winds, she sat down, high and dry, and drew a breath of relief.

The next instant Julia's heart gave a great plunge, and then seemed to stand still. She was not alone. A man in a further recess appeared, approaching cautiously. He evidently had not seen her. Her entrance into the place had preceded his appearance only by a few seconds. He was watching the rain with intense interest. She would have said that he had been apprised of it by the rise of the water within. He bestowed an eager, careful, calculating scrutiny upon the stream below the high shadowy point where he stood; then he looked toward the portal where the descending sheets of rain cut off all glimpse of the world without. He was turning away, with the furtive, skulking, cautious air that had characterized his approach, when his eyes fell upon her. He dropped out of sight as if he had been shot.

She sat there, silent, trembling, her eyes fixed upon the spot where he had disappeared, her heart beating wildly. She heard the flow of the stream below,

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its volume and momentum continually increasing, and the foaming turmoil where the currents met the dash of the rain at the outlet of the mine; now and again she was conscious that lightning flashed through the gray and white descending torrents without, and lit up this dreary subterranean recess with its uncanny glare for a space, till distance annulled its power, and she heard the thunder roar. But she did not withdraw her eyes, and she wondered if he had known her in that short moment as she had recognized him. For it was Jack Espey.

She sat there so long, waiting for some sign, or token, or further intimation, that she might have thought the apparition a mere illusion, had she ever heard enough of the tricks of the imagination to learn to doubt her senses. She was trembling still, although her voice was calm enough as at last she called his name.

"Jack Espey!" the echoes cried out, as promptly as if it were a familiar sound and long ago conned. They fell to silence gradually. She did not call again, but, with her slow and composed manner, she waited for him to answer.

When he finally approached, apparently ascending an incline from depths below, he met her intent gaze fixed upon him; but she seemed to him as impassive and as unmoved of aspect as if this were a daily occurrence in her life.

"I war in hopes ye did n't know me, Julia," he said, dully sad, as he came up near her.

He stood leaning his elbow on one of the ledges of rock, looking up at her, mechanically shielding himself behind the jagged edges from observation without, although it might seem naught could stand in the storm that raged beyond.

His plight was forlorn. His clothes were worn and torn, and miry with clay; it adhered in flakes and smears to his long boots, incongruously spurred. His face was lined and white. His hat was pushed far back on his black hair, as of yore, and his long-lashed grayish-blue eyes had an appealing look which she had not seen before.

"What fur ye wished I would n't know ye?"

He looked hard at her. "'Kase it 's dangersome. I 'm a man hunted fur my life, I reckon. It 's dangersome fur me, an' fur ye too, ter know I be hyar."

"It 's jes' ez well I ain't one of the skeery kind, then," said Julia hardily. "I be powerful glad I seen ye hyar."

She seemed curiously unfamiliar to him in some sort. So alert had his faculties become in the suspense of jeopardy that this slight point perturbed him, until he bethought himself that he had hitherto heard her speak so seldom, and had observed her so little, that the very inflections of her voice were strange. It was of a different timbre from Adelicia's. It did not vibrate. It had a conclusive flutelike quality, without a trailing sequence of resonance.

"Waal, I 'lowed ez mos' ennybody mought be sorry ter see me in sech a fix as this," he said dolorously.

The deliberate, impassive Julia appeared almost in haste to avert this apparent misconstruction. "Oh, I war glad ter view ye, 'kase a heap o' folks 'lowed ye could n't hev got away 'thout yer horse, him bein' kilt, an' ez ye war a-lyin' in the laurel somewhar, dead, yit."

She turned her head, and looked steadily at him. Her deep, dark, translucent eyes were full of shoaling lights of variant blue, like the heart of some great sapphire. The long curling lashes flung a fibrous shadow on her cheek; its texture, as the light fell upon it, was so fine, so soft, its tint so fair, its curve so delicate. Her lips, chiseled like some triumph of ideal beauty, but that no sculpture could express their mobile sweetness, parted suddenly in her rare and brilliant smile.

Many a man, under its glamours, might have taken heart of grace to be glad that he was alive; but Espey's face hardened.

"'T would be jes' ez well, jes' ez

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well, lying dead in the laur'l," he said bitterly. Then, with an afterthought, "Let them folks stay 'feared. They won't spile thar health quakin' an' shudderin' 'bout me," he added cynically. As he marked her expression change, her smile vanish, he realized the necessity to please, to propitiate. He knew her so slightly, his temper must not be too savage and surly with so complete a stranger, and perhaps earn her antagonism, especially since he and his refuge were at her mercy.

"Course," he went on, with a clumsy effort at amends, "I don't mean Ad'licia. Ye knowed we-uns war keepin' comp'ny?"

She nodded gravely.

"I know Ad'licia hev quaked an' shuddered 'bout me a heap mo' 'n I be wuth," he continued.

Was the day darker outside, or how was quenched that subtle brightness of aspect that had made the girl's face radiant? It was beautiful still, that statuesque outline, but as chill and unresponsive as if indeed its every line had been wrought with a chisel. The smooth hair, with its sheen of silken fineness, caught the light on its coiled and plaited chestnut-tinted strands. One hand rested on her brown sunbonnet, laid on the ledge of the gray rock, and she leaned her weight upon it. Her head and her fair complexion — so fair that it transmitted to the surface an outline of the blue veins in her temple and throat, and even her eyelids — and the roseate fluctuations in her cheek were very distinct against the yellow clay of the bank of earth behind her. Her little rough low-quarter shoes and the brown stockings showed a trifle beneath the skirt of the brickdust-colored homespun dress she wore, as they were placed on a boulder that stood out of the tawny rushing stream below.

He noted the change. He could not account for it other than as a vicarious resentment.

"I ain't faultin' Ad'licia," he said, more emphatically. "She war tormented powerful 'bout me, war n't she?"

"A-fust," said Julia veraciously. Her voice was as inexpressive as her eyes. "But Ad'licia is one ez always hopes fur the best."

He drew back with a sudden recoil. "Waal, now, by the Lord!" he cried furiously, "she 's welcome ter her hope! Settin' thar in the house, warm, an' dry, an' fed, an' clean," — he looked down with a sort of repulsion upon his miry garments, — "a-hopin' fur the bes', an' makin' herself mighty comfort'ble an' contented, an' *me* hyar, freezin' in this cold hole, an' mighty nigh starvin', in rags an' mis'ry, an' sick an' sorry, an' lonesome enough ter die, an' shet out o' the light! My God, ef I war n't 'feared o' my life, I 'd let the off'cer take me! The State hain't got no sech term o' imprisonment ez this!"

Julia was leaning forward, each line of her impassive face replete with meaning, reflecting his every sentiment, but with the complement of sympathy and acquiescence and responsive anger in his anger.

He turned suddenly, lifting his arm with a scornful gesture toward the low vault with its dank, earthy odor, the ledges of barren, inhospitable rock, the cold stream rushing forth from the darkness within, seen in an appalling blackness adown the tunnel, against which his white-lined face looked whiter, his form taller in his closely belted garb and with his long boots drawn up to the knees. He waved his arm as if to include it all. "An' Ad'licia, — she hopes for the bes'."

He broke out into a harsh laugh, which the echoes repeated so promptly, and with apparently so malignant an intent, that he checked it hastily, and the sound died on his colorless lips; but far down the black tunnel something uncanny seemed to fall to laughing suddenly, and as suddenly to break off; and

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again a further voice still was lifted in weird mirth, and the laughter failed midway.

He waited for silence, and then he leaned against a higher ledge near which she was sitting, and, resting his elbow on it, looked at her once more, wondering how he might best revert to his object of propitiation. He was remembering that Adelicia had told him how prone was Julia to notice slights, and how quick to take offense. He felt hardly equal to the effort of repairing the damage of his outbreak against her relative, so spent was his scanty strength by the violence of his anger and his agitation. He could only look at her silently, more forlorn, more pallid, more appealing, than before.

"I ought n't ter think hard o' Ad'licia," he said at last. "Nobody else would, I know. Would they?" he added.

For, with Julia's silent habit, conversation was somewhat difficult without a direct appeal. It was a direct appeal. She liked to remember that afterward.

"Waal," she said, slowly and judicially, as if weighing matters submitted for arbitrament, "I 'low Ad'licia treated ye right mean, fust an' las'."

"Why?" he rejoined, in genuine interest, his face resuming its normal expression before flight and hardship and darkness and loneliness and fear and privation had so marked it.

"'Kase," she went on in that soft, unfamiliar voice that the echoes seemed hardly to follow, so complete, so indivisible, was every flutelike tone, "she oughter married ye whenst ye axed her — ef she liked ye."

A faint surprise was dawning in his eyes.

"Cap'n Lucy would n't gin his cornsent," he said succinctly.

"I reckon he 'lowed 't war his jewty ter say no. But ef Ad'licia hed married ye ennyhows, do ye reckon dad would hev let that leetle fice o' the law, 'Dolphus Ross, jail *his* nephew-in-law 'kase a man he fought in Tanglefoot Cove *mought* die ef he did n't hev the industry ter git well? Naw, sir; ye 'd hev hed dad an' Luther fur backers, an' they air toler'ble stiff backers fur enny man. Dad would hev fixed a way out'n it fur ye, fur sure, 'count o' Ad'licia. She war a turr'ble fool not ter marry ye, an' I tole her so."

The surprise, the doubt, and at last the conviction successively expressed in Espey's face might have been easily discriminated by one skilled in reading the human physiognomy. But Julia possessed no such craft, and when he spoke she appreciated no change in his manner, albeit it was not guarded; for he did not conceive it necessary to screen the discovery of a secret of which he perceived that Julia was herself unconscious.

"Julia," he said appealingly, "ye see how I be hunted an' harried, an' nobody keers fur me. Jes' let the folks shudder an' quake fur a while longer 'thout knowin' what 's kem o' me. Don't tell nobody ez ye hev seen me hyar."

She was gazing out at the steely lines of the rain curtain, so dense as to be like a veritable fabric, as it swayed in the wind at the rugged mouth of the mine, and its foaming white fringes that seemed to trail upon the brown water where the continuous downfall splashed into its currents. The peculiarly clear, colorless light of a gray day, which, in its adequacy for all the purposes of mere vision, pointed the munificence and splendid lavishness of the sun's bestowals in the interests of beauty and growth and the gladdening of the heart of man, was upon her face, which responded with a sort of subdued glister like marble. Her eyes and the shadowy long black lashes were meditatively downcast. She was evidently reviewing the course of action which she had just sketched for him, for Adelicia, for Captain Lucy. He did not hold her undivided attention, and he realized that it was only a mechanical assent as she nodded, her face still reflective, absorbed.

"Not even Cap'n Lucy," he urged

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eagerly. "Not Jasper Lar'bee" — He paused suddenly.

The word seemed to arrest, to enchain, her elusive attention. The delicate roseate tints of her fair complexion deepened from throat to brow; her cheek was vividly red. She was remembering the Larrabee threshold, the greeting she had encountered there, the grotesque indignity of Henrietta Timson's affronts. But hers was a reticent habit, and she had a reserved nature. She only said, conclusively, slowly, "Ye may be sure I won't tell Jasper Lar'bee."

Somehow Espey felt a sense of loss; and he had so little to lose, poor fellow, that albeit her affection was unsought, uncared for, unsuspected till a moment before, the doubt of it afflicted him as if his heart were cruelly rifled. That flush at Larrabee's name! To him it was conclusive. He had no other indication by which to judge. He had mistaken her sympathy, her idle talk; she was wont to talk so seldom that it was not surprising that he hardly knew how to take her words; he knew so little of her and her mental processes. She cared for Larrabee, not for him. Nobody cared for him. And Adelicia was hoping for the best.

"This be a mighty pore shelter an' home an' hope," he said, grimly looking about him. "I hed prayed I mought crope inter a hole ter hide or die, like a hunted fox or bar or painter be 'lowed ter do sometimes. That did n't 'pear ter me much fur a man ter ax of the Lord."

He stood off from the rock for an instant, his big white wool hat in one hand, the other in his leather belt where that formidable array of weapons still gleamed. His head was thrown back from the loose collar of his blue-checked shirt; his straight hair was tossed from his brow; his gray eyes, scornfully bitter, surveyed the dripping walls, — so dark that in the recesses here and there clusters of bats hung head downwards, dimly descried, awaiting the night, — the rugged obtrusion of rock through the clay, the chill, chill flowing of the brown water in the channel below, as ceaseless, as cold, as heedless, as relentless, as in the days of yore when it broke its allotted bounds, rose into alien hewn-out caverns, and flooded the mine, wrecking the humble industry of man, wresting away with its grasping currents two struggling human lives, and carrying not even a gruesome memory or token of its deeds upon its sleek waves out into the sunshine, and the free air, and the genial warmth of the upper world.

"'T ain't much I hev axed, — this hole ter starve an' die in, — but mebbe it 's too much!" Then, turning, with an eye alight, and a furious flush that made him look all at once well and strong and alert and reckless again, "But tell whar I be hid out — tell — tell who ye want! Tell ennybody — everybody! Cap'n Lucy! the sher'ff! Taft! Jasper Lar'bee!"

And what miracle was this! The silent, impassive, reserved, reticent Julia fixed her eyes upon him for a moment, amazed, troubled, and then, as she suddenly comprehended, full of a keen but tender reproach. And until that moment he had not known how beautiful those much-vaunted eyes could be. The next they were full of tears, and Julia, leaning back against the wall behind her, had burst into sobs.

"Tell! Why, Jack Espey, how kin ye think I could be made to tell whar ye be hid out?" She turned her head to look at him again with hurt and indignant amazement. "I 'd die first! Powder an' lead" — she hesitated for hyperbole that might express this impossibility — "all the powder and lead the men shot away in the war times could n't git a word from me o' what I hev fund out this evenin'!"

"I know it!" he protested, coming up close to her, as she sat on the ledge. "I ought n't ter hev said that, but ye see, Julia, I feel so s'picious, sometimes; I be so hunted an' harried, an' nobody

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keers fur me or whar I be — 'ceptin' the sher'ff." He lifted his eyebrows, with a fleering laugh at his own forlorn estate.

"I keer," said Julia stoutly. "I won't tell nobody whar ye be hid out, — not even dad, nor Luther, nor nobody, 'ceptin' Ad'licia."

He gasped in haste for utterance. He caught at her hand as if he were drowning, — as if she might be gone before he could stay her for a word.

"Not Ad'licia! Oh my Lord, no! Jes' leave her a-hopin' fur the bes'!" He had hardly realized how deeply he had resented Adelicia's optimistic resignation to his fate. His sarcastic laugh was broken off halfway in his eager resumption of his argument. "Ad'licia mought feel obligated ter tell Cap'n Lucy, an' 'bide by his word. With her a-hopin' fur the bes', an' Cap'n Lucy's foolin' long o' his jewty ter his orphin niece, I 'll git the sher'ff's bracelets locked round my wrists; an' the jail ain't ez sightly a place ez this beautisome spot. I be a man fur myself, an' I can't ondertake ter cut out all my cloth with Cap'n Lucy's scissors. Ad'licia 's contented. Leff her be! She 'll hope fur the bes' with a twenty horse power."

He did not remember Mrs. Larrabee's astute remark in the advice she had given him to the effect that "perlitin' round the t'other gal would n't go so hard with him," if she were really a "gyardin lily" for beauty. He only felt vaguely that he had not heretofore appreciated the radiance of the face that Julia bent upon him; he did not understand that it was the moment, the unrealized thought, which so embellished it, as she said cogitatingly, "Naw, 't won't do ter tell Ad'licia. I won't tell her."

"See ter it that ye don't," he sternly urged her. And once more he was impressed with the idea that he really had not before known how singularly beautiful she was.

"Ye see, Julia," he said, lowering his voice confidentially, "I can't git away, 'kase I got no horse; an' ef I hed one, I hev got no money, an' I 'd jes' be tuk somewhar, now that the folks hev got sot onto the trail of me. So I 'lowed I 'd hide hyarabout till I git news from Tanglefoot ez that man hev got better. Ye see I be hopin' fur the bes', too," he said, with a pathetic smile. "It 's all I kin do."

"How do ye git suthin' ter eat?" she asked suddenly.

Espey looked embarrassed. "Oh, I makes out," he said evasively. "I gits out at night sometimes."

Julia assumed that he hunted or trapped at night for provisions. He noted that she did not argue nor contend, as Adelicia was wont to do. She accepted his arrangements as intrinsically the best.

"I could fetch ye suthin' wunst in a while," she suggested.

He looked aghast at the idea.

"Don't ye do that, Julia," he said warningly. "It mought git ye or Cap'n Lucy liable ter the law. Don't ye do it. I 'll make out somehows." Then seeing her reluctance, "Ef I need ennything, or want ter git communication with folks outside, I 'll let ye know. I 'll — I 'll put this hyar pipe in a nick in them rocks, jes' west, clost inter the freestone spring nigh yer dad's house."

She listened, breathless, and beamed with delight at the feasibility of this plan.

"An' whenever I pass hyar," she said, with wide, illumined eyes and a flickering flush of excitement, — "an' I 'll kem frequent, — I 'll drap a wild flower in the road. An' ye will see it, an' know I hev been by an' been a-studyin' 'bout you-uns. An' that will be plumb comp'ny fur ye."

"'T will that!" he cried. His eyes were soft and bright and dewy. Somehow it seemed to bind him — that chain of flowers — to the fair world without, which had been slipping away, away forever.

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He turned, and looked out toward the rocky egress of the cave as if he almost expected to see already a cardinal flower flaming in the sun on the gray rock.

There was no sun. The rain fell, dense still, — dense enough, doubtless, to preclude all observation from without; but from among the shadows within his practiced eyes descried through the shifting, shimmering veil, now white and gray in shoaling effects, all blown aslant by the wind, a white-canvas-covered wagon lumbering by, albeit for the rush of the stream and the fall of the torrents he could not hear the slow creak of its wheels. His heart was a-flutter, although he knew that the danger of observation was past, as the swaying white hood had disappeared.

"That 's 'Renzo Taft," he remarked. "He 's gittin' back late from the cross-roads. I reckon the storm cotch him an' kep' him."

He hesitated. Then, with a sort of falter of humiliation, "I reckon I 'd better go back ter my hidin' place, Julia. The rain 's slackenin', so somebody passin' mought view me. Ye jes' set hyar right quiet an' wait fur the rain ter hold up."

He turned away; then looked back over his shoulder.

"Good-by," he said.

The girl's luminous eyes dwelt smilingly upon him.

"Good-by," she answered softly.

He took his way along the ledges above the treacherous stream to that blacker recess where the way deflected and the light failed; he turned once more.

"I 'll be a-watchin' fur them flowers," he said.

Her smile itself was like a bloom; he, unaware, treasured the recollection. He seemed to reflect it in some sort. He was smiling himself, as he went down into those sunless depths.

He could not forbear partly retracing his way once, and looking at her as she sat, quite still, gazing out with her eyes of summer and sunshine upon the rain, and the dreary, sad, tear-stained aspect of the world without, whence sounded the sobbing of the troubled wind.

When he came again yet another time, the rain had ceased, and she was gone.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

WESTERN LANDSCAPES.

ARIZONA.

Dun plains speckled with sagebrush and blue-gray clumps of weeds, levels that run to huge cliffs of orange-colored stone, — cliffs that rise against the deep blue sky like ruined walls of some gigantic cathedrals or fortresses or castles.

Dim with centuries of sun and wind; older than Thebes or Baalbec; loftier than the pyramids, soaring a thousand feet above the level sand; worn by wind and sun and frost and rain, till the handmarks of the builders have been utterly lost, and the primeval rock alone remains.

The clouds soared above the red and green and violet walls in mild majesty. The distant cliffs grew to deep blue, the shadows darkly purple. The plain became lilac, soft as air could dim and subdue it. The peaks that loomed high in the far-off sky were violet. Sand, sand, — everywhere sand. Gray sand, dove-gray sand, lilac in distance, shimmering in the hot, dry air. Every slightest weed, or rock, or squat low cedar threw a vivid violet shadow; the whole plain was radiant with color, and hot with unsuaged sun-rays.

The river ran a blue ribbon, laid be-

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tween brick-red mud and flaming yellow gravel, — a vivid, curving, graceful steel-blue ribbon of mountain water that still bid defiance to the remorseless sun and the devouring earth.

How beautiful this ribbon of water might be, no one can tell but the hardy horseman faint with an all-day ride across these savage sands, under the parching, absorbing light of the unclouded sun.

SANTA BARBARA.

A curving line of beach, whereon a quiet, cool sea was breaking. In the midst of the sea stood dim blue peaks of mountain islands. To the left and near at hand, a semicircular line of peaks ran like a wall, so high the evening clouds hung on their tops like a roof. The green foothills rose like terraces.

There was something pictorial, strange, spectacular, in it all. The nearness of the mountains, their bleak, bare heights on which the sunlight struck beneath the roof of clouds, the sea glittering beneath, — all seemed unreal. It was so tropical by the beach, with its palms and bananas, so gigantic and barren of detail in the background, not without grandeur in its sweeping lines, hard and stern on the loftier unclothed heights.

The village itself lay squat upon the hillside, without character or fitness, as a toad might lie on the steps of a splendid cathedral.

OAKLAND FERRY.

As the boat pulsed slowly across the cool sea, the nearing dome of lights which marked the city grew more various in colors: green and red and yellow lights shifted and twinkled. The streets seemed to swing into position, and to order themselves for our inspection.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY (December).

A tossing spread of dull green water, lined here and there with white waves caught up by the powerful north wind. Out of this dull green level the brown and rounded hills lay, landlocking it. Behind this semicircular wall of hills, the mountains rose not quite to the region of snows.

Gulls wheeled and dipped plenteously, and the yellow-green waves sounded a brisk, not entirely angry note.

The mountains were a royal blue, but the hills and islands were stern and forbidding in color; barren and treeless except where the live-oaks and chaparral lay in patches, like cloud shadows.

It was all crisp, strong, invigorating; nothing soft, nothing rich. A flare of clear sunshine, and a pushing, sounding wind.

SUNSET AT SAN JOSÉ (Christmas).

The treeless hills rose above the level of the valley, a stately wall of rose-pink, accented here and there with plum-purple shadows. Above the mountains a cloud of dusty dull gold rose upon the otherwise cloudless concave of sky.

The glorious hills were based in the blue shadow-sea which fell away into the dusky green of near fields and farther trees.

As the sun sank, the deep purple shadows crept higher up the mountains, like an engulfing sea; but still the peaks blazed with color down to the edge of this inexorable shadow.

Windows caught and reflected the red light, like flaming jewels, — caught it and burned for a moment, and then died as the shadows rose. In the meadow near at hand lay winding tide-water creeks, in whose placid water these radiant mountains depended in replica still more ethereal in their brilliancy and delicacy of coloring. Their bosoms held great splashes of purple-green and opal.

The mountains became grayer as the light faded, became loftier and more savagely lonely. In the gulches dense shadows gathered. As night drew on,

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these peaks dulled down, and became a massive and mysterious wall, over which the stars began to glitter.

AN OREGON LANDSCAPE.

A group of rough, unpainted cabins set in a space half cleared of trees.

A mat of fallen half-burned gigantic tree trunks, wherein cattle feed perilously seeking the short green succulent grass.

A few gardens fenced about with rails or wattled fir-tops. A few shops fronting upon a muddy street. And all about the cold dark green and gray, moss-bedrabbled trees stand, lifting their spear-like points, in serried, unending ranks, into the gray sky.

The unpainted houses have an old look. They are mossed on their roofs, and bleached gray as granite with a sort of feathery texture where the beating rains have worn into the fibre of the wood. Moss, everywhere moss! The trees dripped moss. On every projecting limb or knot, on every roof, on every twig, moss lay, green, — all shades of green, from gray-green to flaming emerald.

Forests on every hand, — wild, unmeasured, impenetrable forests, fire-scarred, matted with ferns and fallen trunks.

Forests that seemed old and hoary enough to date back to the carboniferous age, filled with swamps, and carpeted with russet-brown mats of ferns and green and red tangles of berry bushes.

Silent forests! Soundless except for the moan of the wind, and the wild crescendo snarling howl of the circular saw as it grapples with savage teeth upon the logs which the grim-faced, stalwart woodsmen thrust at it. Its imperious note was like the great trees finding voice.

In this land trees are an enemy. The axemen and sawyers go forth to battle with the gloom and terror of the swamps and fir-trees. To them the song of the saw is a song of battle, — a song that nerves their hands to do the will of their hearts.

As the trees fall, the sunlight comes in, but the moss remains.

WASHINGTON STATE.

Washington continues and deepens the impression of a moist and mossy land of endless forests.

Nothing in the world surpasses these mighty and gloomy forests of evergreen, except the forests of Africa or Brazil.

They lie here, covering with a seamless robe, a thousand miles long, valley, foothill, and mountain; comparatively unbroken, except where some peak lifts its head above the line of vegetation, up into the altitude where rains become snows.

No sun can penetrate these forests. The very life that is there seems a hushed, awed life. The birds are silent birds, as if the gloom and sunlessness of these endless spaces had silenced them.

All life is silent and shadowy. The deer melt away before the eyes like phantoms. Their feet make no noise on the soft, moist ground.

The heron or crane flaps noiselessly along the rivers, like silence taking wing. The bittern at night sends forth its harsh cry as if oppressed by the loneliness. Only the frogs seem cheerful and colloquial.

All animal life shuns the mid-heart of these wastes. The deer seeks the opens, and the bear follows the stream to feed upon the bruised and broken bodies of the salmon that push their fanatic way up the mountain streams to spawn and die.

The hunter may travel for days lost in ferns above his head, toiling over fallen tree trunks like walls, and hear no voice or step but his own in all that time; hearing no sound except the wind in the high treetops, or the voice of waters white with speed.

In the presence of such savage lone-

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liness, one feels how like an acorn's fall and rotting man's death would be.

Everywhere are greens, — bronze-green of the firs, gray-green and emerald-green of the mosses, the yellow-green of the ferns, the blue-green of the pines, the pea-green of the little firs, and the tender timid grass blades. These are the colors; nothing brighter, nothing gay. All is sombre; all is oppressive.

It rains much, and then these forests become terrible.

They drip with gray globules. The firs shake, and the hunter is inundated with water. His feet splash in half-concealed pools, and slip in the spongy soil.

The wind moves the branches mysteriously in the mist which hides their tops, and which the wind cannot clear away.

A wild moaning snarl sounds down out of this mist, — a sound that reaches the soul, and shakes it, and sickens it.

The day comes tardily, and the night rushes upon the traveler like a vulture.

Each day is like the one which preceded it, differing only in the added gloom and despair which settle upon the heart.

Then comes a sudden change of wind at sunset. The air grows sweet and serene as May.

The sky clears swiftly. Toward the west a radiant wall of rose-pink and violet rises, incredibly beautiful, — the Olympic mountains!

A vast cone of rosy white, wearing a streaming hood of purple cloud, rises in the east. It is Mount Rainier.

The heart of the traveler leaps with an intoxication of pleasure; he lifts his arms to the blue sky and the falling sun. It seems as if he could not let the sun set, it is so beautiful!

But it sinks. The light goes out of the Olympic range. It grows dusky purple against the dull yellow sky. But Mount Rainier still catches the light of the fallen sun.

The frogs burst out in song; the farmyard fowls take on voice; children in the villages shout with glee.

The light leaves the kingly mountain, — the kingliest of all the coast, save Shasta, — and the damp, chill dusk comes to deepen the sombre forest into cold and desolate night.

A DAKOTA LANDSCAPE.

As the morning advanced, the sunshine grew to a white radiance that flooded everything in a blinding, shadowless light.

There was nothing to check it or temper it; no tree, no green grass, no hills. Only a russet plain set about with yellow or white little farmhouses. The town behind had no trees.

It was September, and Sabbath morning, and the silence was awesome. Only here and there a lone cricket creaked dryly, and far toward a distant swale the ear was aware of the lark's clear fluting.

Along the road a team of churchgoers moved slowly, a white steamlike cloud of dust rising behind them.

Men were sauntering about the farms with hands in their pockets, their meditative eyes studying the ploughing or the cornfields. On a steam thresher some boys were playing, with shrill shouts of laughter. Rough-looking hands, the nomads of harvest, were coming toward the railway station, on their restless journey.

The air was exhaustingly dry. The homes were like blocks of yellow pine, shadowless and without grace. But there was a fierce, devouring beauty in the plain. It allured with a strange, deep-seated power. It embraced, but it destroyed. It seemed to offer freedom in compensation for hills, and streams, and dappled pools, and lush meadows, and orange and purple autumn woods. It allured with the promise of freedom from man, and it gave it, in a way; but it enslaved its victim to wind and sky and the unspeakable domination of space.

Space, which made him a speck in a measureless prairie; which made his motions the crawling of an ant, his house

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a withered leaf, his arm an infinitesimal thread.

Sky, that covered him with its cloudless arch like a shield, yet dropped hail and lightning and wild snows upon him without care or forewarning. A cloudless sky for months; a beautiful, sinister sky; a mystical, impassive, radiant, soaring sky, whose colors outstretch woods, whose midday dreams fling shadowy mocking lakes and cities on the hot sod to tempt, and lure, and make mad with longing and despair.

And the wind, — the greatest of the tragic, marvelous triad. Pushing, persistent, restless, — the wind of the plains.

It has no fellow in other lands. It dwells here alone. It is hungry, relentless, desolating, yet intimate; sad, sorrowful, anomalous in its utterance, intimate and terrible in its demands.

It has no far-off voice. When it speaks, it embraces. Its whisper or wail is in your hair, in the porch of your ears. It coaxes and threatens like a lover while its fingers are in your hair, while its dry lips burn your cheek. You hear its feet on the short dry grass, its wings brushing the scattered weeds — then it is upon you!

It is the voice of the sky, the felt presence of space. It is the menstruum of all life, the devourer of all flesh and blood, the purveyor of earth and sky.

In that close, confiding clasp, it fills the listener with vague forewarnings of death, of reabsorption into the mighty menstruum from which he came.

Hamlin Garland.

IDEAL TRANSIT.

THE ideal mode of transit for men and their belongings would be one that was safe, swift, without fatigue, noiseless, dustless, out of the direct rays of the sun, with air and light enough, — in a word, comfortable in all respects, and cheap.

It is needless to point out that none of the existing modes of travel combine all these conditions. We have only to pass them in review to be sure of this. Walking is usually safe, but is not swift. Riding is swifter, but is not always safe nor cheap. Driving is often very agreeable, but it is rarely dustless except when the roads are muddy, never noiseless, seldom entirely smooth except when sleighs are used, not always sunless, not always safe, and often it is anything but cheap. Moreover, whether for walking, riding, or driving with pleasure, well-built and well-kept roads are requisite, and these, especially in the newer parts of the country, are acquired and maintained only at very great expense.

Boats are often sailed in with great enjoyment, and some of them far outstrip carriages on the road in speed. They are free from the annoyance of dust, and can be shaded from the sun; they glide, and, under favorable conditions, smoothly. They are, however, rarely free from some one or other drawback, such as calms, adverse winds, rough seas, seasickness, collisions, defective seamanship, smell of tar or cooking, jar or noise of machinery; and, except where voyages are taken for pleasure, as in yachts or excursion steamers, there is often *ennui*, lack of congenial company, or else unpleasant company, and impatience at the length of the voyage, whether it be short or long. Besides, natural waterways are not found everywhere, and artificial ones afford pleasure only to eccentric persons who find joy in life on a canal-boat.

Velocipedes, bicycles, and the like are often swift; they are generally noiseless,

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and raise but little dust; as made now, they are far safer than they were but a little while ago; once paid for, they can, with care, be kept in constant use at little cost. Perhaps they are the gout preventives of the future. But they cannot be used without fatigue, and they are not practicable for very heavy persons, the old, the infirm, the very young, and those whose personal belongings cannot be done up in a small roll and strapped to the handle.

Railroads are our swiftest form of transit, but they are seldom free from dust except when elevated, never noiseless. Traveling on them is said to be safer, on the average, than driving; but their lack of fresh, cool, dustless, cinderless air, and their jar and noise, create great drawbacks to comfort. The pleasure to be had from any of the previously mentioned ways of travel is generally felt to be absent from railway travel. The railway journey offers a convenient mode of changing one place and locality for another; few ever acknowledge that they travel longer or shorter distances by rail for the enjoyment of the thing. The excitement of a journey on the cow-catcher belongs to the ultra-sensational in life.

Elevated railways are less dusty than railways on the ground, and the cars rarely run over people who do not go quite out of their way to get run over by them; but still they are noisy, and it is a terrible strain on the legs for most people to mount to them.

Electric railways may be, nay, often are, swift; but if swift and not elevated, they cannot be made safe to those whose way lies necessarily, or even by choice or inadvertence, across their path. This drawback they share with all surface railways. The killing of three or four persons in a day is not an unheard-of record for the surface railways of one of our cities. Such is the complacence of some men that a noted electric railway has received high praise for its thoughtfulness and generosity in making permanent hospital provision for the persons it expects, as an incident to its career, to maim. Electric graveyards may yet form a graceful feature of our larger cities. Where electric railways are trolley roads, there is the further danger from the falling of the deadly wire when weighted with ice and snow in winter storms, or when loosened by any other cause. As to storage batteries, until they have been longer and more generally in use we cannot say that they are safe from the possibility of applying electricity to their passengers at some inopportune moment, under an untoward combination of circumstances. But the trolley roads are cheap, and are a distinct advance in human achievement in so far as they embody the principle of energy transmitted as needed, — though they suffer an inordinate waste, — instead of transmitted in bulk or given quantities, as, for instance, stored up in a steamship's load of coal, or a storage battery's charge of electricity. They are in the line of man's previous great achievements, — the steam engine, printing, gunpowder, letters, fire.

The flying-machine, to which some look for the ideal mode of transit of the future, would be dustless, indeed, and would be quiet, we suppose; but so far it has not proved so fully controllable as to be certainly safe, and for purposes of general use is ideal, indeed, but not an immediately realizable ideal.

Is there, then, no immediately realizable ideal mode of transit that shall be safe, both to its passengers and to those in the streets of cities and in the roads or fields of the open country; safe, producing little or no fatigue, silent, free from dust and direct sunshine, with air and light enough; in a word, comfortable, and yet cheap? We answer that a slightly elevated electric trolley road, so little elevated that there would be almost no fatigue in walking up an inclined plane or a few steps to reach its car-

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riages, and just enough so that folk can walk or drive vehicles under it, could be made to meet all these conditions.

If the nickel-in-the-slot machine gave access, by turnstiles, to the platforms, admitting one passenger at each turn, no ticket-sellers, gatemen, or conductors would be needed. If the stations were at even distances apart, or even at known distances apart, no brakemen nor enginemen nor motormen would be needed. Each train, or, better still, each carriage, could have its motor apparatus. Sufficient electricity could be sent along the rail to carry the train to its destined station or platform, stop the train and open the carriage doors, and then be taken off until the train, after stopping a fixed time, be ready slowly to close its carriage doors and start again. This could be managed mechanically by contrivances that telegraphed back any defect in their action to the central or electric plant station. Such details are no more unachievable than many automatic and electric contrivances now in use. Even such automata could determine when not to send on the train, and as well when to send it on or stop it, much as pin-machines throw out defective pins, or screw-machines turn the heads of screws to right or left as needed to fit them neatly in their boxes.

If the electricity be sent along a stiff rail, as was done, for instance, with the intramural railway at Jackson Park, the swinging wire, with its liability to break under a coat of ice and snow, would be gotten rid of. The safety of the passengers would be further secured by making the floors of the station platforms and the floors of the carriages on a level, and, like the floors of the "moving sidewalk," fitting so close together that one could scarcely drop a pin between them, much less get foot caught or fall bodily between them.

If our electricians should not soon find a way to dispense with such frequent power houses as now, yet if a trolley road with its frequent power houses is cheaper than a steam road, the same would seem true of every like distance or collection of distances. And besides, with engineers or motormen or trolleymen and their attending brakemen, and the conductors, or their superseders, the gatemen and ticket-sellers, and their housing, all dispensed with, the cheapness of the transit would be indeed ideal. With the danger of running over people eliminated by the elevation of the road, and the danger from fall of the trolley wire eliminated by the substitution of something less liable to fall, like a rail, and with the danger of collisions eliminated by having all vehicles on one track always go in the same direction, continuing on around the circuit to form the home journey, as in cable roads, safety would be ideal as compared with the condition of things under present methods.

With all danger from collisions and running over people brought to an end, and all passengers, and even freight, running at the same velocity between stations, there would be no limit to the rate of speed possible, whether this refer to the rate of speed between stations near together in a town, or to stations far apart in the open country. There might be separate sets of rails for roads with their stations near together, and for roads with their stations far apart. Whether the two might not be combined is a question; but even with different roads and locomotors for town use and long-travel use, whether or no under one corporation, we should not be worse off than at present as to such separation of roads, while much better off in many other ways.

Now as to the rails and the carriages. How stupid it is to think that we must always be improving in but one direction! Doubtless, advantages are gained by continually making passenger cars and freight cars bigger and stronger and heavier, and making locomotives bigger and stronger and heavier, in order to draw ever longer and heavier

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trains. But the English and continental European railways find an advantage in their smaller and lighter passenger coaches and goods-train vehicles. All big things have their uses, no doubt, but they have their drawbacks, also. Big steamers are an immense gain over small ones in many ways, but not in all ways, as the Great Eastern taught us. Big omnibuses, those in Paris that carry forty people, drawn by three horses, big street cars on grip-rope lines, and the like, have their advantages, their great advantages, certainly. But on the other hand, not only has the hansom, the gig, the buggy, the sulky, each its advantages, but what a lesson we get from the bicycle, double or single, of the value also of improvement in the opposite direction, — the making of things small and light, and though strong enough, yet not too strong for lightness and limited occupancy of space! The parcels that fly in light cradles, just big enough to contain them, along the ceilings of our great retail stores teach a lesson. What a lesson the tiny elevator, only large enough to carry two or three letters or a telegraphic message or two, that flies up and down in some great printing establishment, teaches, as well as the vast elevators in the Eiffel Tower or some huge twenty-story building!

What a lesson in the values of subdivision is also taught by our modern method, for example, of putting up provisions in small packages! How such subdivision has led to facilitating distribution, and so to vastly increased use! What a lesson as to the profits of the providers of these packages, as well as to the increased comfort and convenience to the users of them, we learn from the study of the system! It is in many respects a modern innovation. Once, for instance, each family did its own slaughtering. People had calf's-head soup or ox-tail soup say twice a year; and then too much of it, and with great trouble and possible waste. Now these things are put up in small packages, to the great convenience of consumers, and profit to the providers of them. Why should we have on railroads a few big trains, crowded with passengers, at hours inconvenient to many of them, instead of numerous small trains, with fewer passengers, but at more frequent intervals? Because of the conductors, the stokers, the personnel, the engines, required for each train. But if these are dispensed with, as suggested above, at any moment we could get a train or single carriage, and go whither we would.

And how light the carriages might be, especially if, instead of being supported on the rails, they were suspended from the rails! The difference in the amount of material needed to support a weight when hung and when supported in any other way, the difference in the amount of material needed to support a thing by tension as compared with other strains, is perceived when we think of the great weight of frame of timber and iron needed for the floor or platform to carry sixty passengers, a carful, on a railway, and then remember that each one of those sixty passengers could hang himself or herself up with his or her suspenders or garters. The merest baskets would carry people, if suspended; as we have seen proved by the persons carried formerly in Naples in nets hung under wagons. What a cheapening of travel there would be through the saving of force expended, electric or other, if the weight of the passenger carriages were reduced, as it might be if they were suspended!

Again, as to the fares. In Chicago, one can ride, it is said, on one line and its transfers, some fifteen miles for five cents. That is thirty miles for ten cents, or ninety miles for thirty cents. If this pays with the present methods, whether because the short riders at five cents make up the loss on the long ones, or because there is no loss, then surely, with the costs for conductors and brakemen

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done away with, we could, by applying the Austrian radii system, go anywhere within a radius of twenty miles for five cents, within a radius of forty miles for ten cents, or within a radius of one hundred miles for twenty-five cents.

The roads, being elevated, could, by a little management, be led to pass over and under one another where they cross. Being elevated, there would be no cuttings and no fillings-in, no roadbed; beneath them the grain might still be growing. The roads would rest on shorter or longer columns, rising as needed at each point of support along the line. These could be spliced like fishing-rods, and be lighter or stiffer in section as the length called for. There would be better engineering, because inequalities could more easily be corrected; there would not be, as now, roads more costly in parts than they need be, because of the expense of correcting surveys and plottings.

To save fatigue in mounting to the stations, those in the country could be at points of least elevation of the road. In towns, the few steps needed could be in half-flights that doubled on themselves in adjoining buildings, leaving the streets unobstructed. The platforms here and there, being only over the sidewalk, would be no more noticeable or shadow-casting than the awning of the adjacent store, and the posts supporting the rails no more obstructive than awning-posts.

In the country, there would be no further use for wide, dusty, rough, ill-kept roads, but only shaded lanes for cyclists, for walking, pleasure driving and riding. How beautiful the country would be with hardly any signs of travel beyond a few almost invisible threads winding through the landscape, supported by their slender, low, dark green columns!

Freights would soon adapt themselves to this system of carriage. Packages heavier than a man, which could not be slung into the baskets as lightly and quickly as a passenger could enter them, would become rarer. Grand pianos, heavy machinery, and the fat woman could still travel by the old lines of roads. Heavy freights would still go by them, much as slow freights still go by the canals.

The suspended carriages or passenger baskets could be hung from one rail as well as, or much better than, from two rails. The speed and lessening of friction got from the single tracking of bicycles are well known. Possibly one column could support a pair of branches at its top which would carry the two rails, one for going and the other for returning, as has been already suggested by engineers. And why should carriages be so wide? The narrower, the lighter. We might go in single file, with probable advantage in construction, weight, and speed. But as man is a social animal, and, since Eden, has had a liking for travel in pairs, the gig, the buggy with its seat for two, might be our ensample in this respect.

Then as to night travel. I am shooting from Chicago to New York without stopping. I have paid for a compartment or basket; whether by itself, or one of a train, matters not. All go the same way, all at the same rate of speed; all maintain the same nearness of distance from one another fixed at the start. My basket would hold four persons seated as in a landau, two on the back seat and two facing them. But I am alone. I have paid for the four seats. At five hundred miles for a dollar, it is not so very expensive an indulgence. Night comes on. I turn down a *strapontin*, such as is sometimes found in aisles of theatres. It has been turned up out of the way against the side of the carriage opposite the side entered. Of course the baskets can be entered only from the side, and from but one side, that which is opposite the rail-supporting columns of the road. The side of the carriage opposite the entrance to it is

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protected with wire netting, so that no one can lose his limb or his head by projecting it from the carriage on that side. The strapontin, when turned down, fills the space between the two seats next the wire netting. The end of the front cushion pulls around over it. I have now a mattress where I can lie at full length. I pull out a pillow, and perhaps a blanket, from under one of the seats. There may be a washing apparatus under the other. I lower the curtains, say of leather, like those of a traveling carriage, or house-cart, or gypsy van. I no more need a negro porter to perform these offices than I do to raise or lower the window, or otherwise make myself comfortable in my own coupé or brougham as I drive in the Park.

The air is delicious. I have as little or as much of it as I like, and no dust, no smoke, no noise. It costs but little. And whether I wake or sleep, it is an Ideal Transit.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

In the evolution of democracy in America, two large processes were to be worked out, — the utilization of the resources of nature, and the organization of civil affairs by means of a government adapted to such a country as ours. The industrial process has been coördinated with the civil, and democracy in America is the result. In Europe, since the heraldic summons of the Reformation, which came hard after the Columbian voyages, and in America, after the first quarter of the seventeenth century, the principles of government have shown a democratic application. It might be expected that Europe would anticipate America; that in the deep mine of Indo-European experience there should be worked out some of the principles of civil society as defined more clearly by modern tests. But in that process the toiler in the mine might miss the principles, though contributing by his labor to its definition in a later state of society, organized upon such an industrial and civil basis as has been built upon in America. The thought of More, of Milton and of Locke, of Montesquieu and of Penn, generalized upon the labor done in that mine, and grew into political systems, which, though differing from one another as their authors, agreed in placing a free man at the centre. It was too soon to find in any political system that modern correlative, free labor. The contradiction was sophistically avoided by denying manhood to the slave. The slave was a beast of burden. It is the function of the political philosopher, in the social economy, to anticipate results. Thought outruns performance. So Montesquieu anticipates the democracy of to-day, Hume anticipates the French Revolution, and Franklin the modern age of administration in government. Franklin finds the theory of the state made up, and he devotes himself to the next problem, — its administration. At times, from the close of the seventeenth to the close of the eighteenth century, the theory of the state was set forth. That definition remains in the dictionary of politics essentially unchanged, save as it has been modified by another century's experience. It was arrived at by successive processes in the evolution of democracy. Its elements are the individual, and that aggregate of individuals which we call the community: the one, and the many, and the many includes that one.

The history of that definition is a

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portion of the history of the evolution of democracy. Rome evolved the idea of a legal body called a corporation; itself a fiction, but a useful legal convention. This legal fiction was the chief contribution of twelve hundred years' experience in government. It was a legal device capable of civil application; it was a discovery in politics. But while it was reaching perfection in southern Europe, among the Græco-Latin peoples, the Teutonic peoples, in northern Europe, were yet uncivilized. Communal and individual interests were at war in all that region north of the Roman world. Communal interests were there subordinate to individual interests. Between the Roman and the Teuton was the Celt, who adjusted himself to the military form of the Roman state and laid the foundations of feudalism. He divided the land into counties, and rudely began that communal organization which has survived in our local and county government. It was the Celt who first applied the Roman military idea in local government. He was the first to apply the administrative principles in the modern state, and his experience, chiefly military, bred in him slight respect for the form of government in the state. A king is as dear to him by any other name; but he prefers the other name. His idea of the administration of government is military: the citizen is first a soldier. The rude and individualistic Teuton saw in the Roman corporation not merely a legal fiction; it was a civil opportunity. Why not view that burdensome but necessary relation between individual and individual, between one and many in the state, as a compact? Why not conceive of the state as a civil resultant of these two factors, — make the many a corporation, a state-man, and yet not diminish the rights of individuals, the states-men? Between these legal parties a contract could be made, or could be conceived as made. By the terms of this contract civil rights should be guaranteed; the soldier should first be a citizen. Rome gave the world order without liberty. The Celt administers government with occasional sacrifice of order to license. The Teuton conserves liberty and order.

Democracy in America is the resultant of Roman, Celtic, and Teutonic ideas. It is a civil composite. Its evolution is recorded in a series of political adjustments. Political adjustment is the administration of government. It is that of which Franklin frequently speaks. It is a practical affair. It is the other half of the apple of civil discord, as the theory of the state was for ages the first half.

Democracy in America is but slightly original. It was latent in European life long before the colonization of America. But the adjustment of local and general interests in the state has developed before our eyes in this country, and therefore it seems new and peculiarly our own. So the fruit on the tree is the farmer's; the flower on the bush, the gardener's. Each wrought in sincerity, but the seed was before flower or fruit.

In the search after the genesis of government in America, there is no doubt that justice has not been done to English and to Dutch influence. It is the present that is hard to see. No new theory of the state distinguishes the political philosophy of our century. Philosophically, it has been a century with a backward look. It has explored the past to as great a distance as it has anticipated the future. It has set in order the genesis of our civil institutions, and has resolved us all into heirs-at-law. We have applied the past while working in the present. The style of the tool changes; but frost and rain and earth are, and weeds grow in spite of botany. But the apple on the tree is larger, fairer, and pleasanter to the taste than the wild apple; the flower on the stalk is the history of generations of gardeners.

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Flower and fruit are come from fruit and flower, and the changes during that time register an evolution hastened by intelligent culture. The free man is a part of the system. At one time he was of opinion that he was at the centre of the universe, but a bit of glass and the fall of a Newtonian apple dislodged him. He has his place in nature, not in the worst rank. But he is a means of adjustment rather than a creator.

Democracy in America is another chapter in the history of that adjustment. There is no break in the continuity. Roman, Celt, Teuton, American, comes each in his time. No American colony broke wholly with the past. The necessity for unrestricted labor compelled a democracy. Had the vast area now comprised within the United States been occupied, at the time of its discovery by Europeans, by a wealth-accumulating people, however civilized, who permitted European conquest, the conquerors would not have set up a democracy. The story of Mexico and Peru would have been repeated of the Mississippi Valley. Had gold or silver abounded in New England, Pennsylvania, or Virginia, the evolution of democracy on the Atlantic seaboard would have been retarded for centuries. Had the mechanical devices familiar now in lumbering, in mining, in manufacturing, and in agriculture been familiar to the world at the opening of the seventeenth century, democracy in America would still be a matter of political speculation.

It was the necessity for labor that dethroned the king, and enthroned the people, in America. But the king is not dead. He never dies. We believe that we have crowned ourselves. We are Celtic yet. But our democracy is not wholly of our own having. It is our political weather. It does not give universal satisfaction. We have had it long enough to tire of some of its virtues, and, if not acquainted with some of its vices, to be suspicious of their existence. The foundation of democracy is the necessity for free labor. If that ceases or is circumscribed, democracy will cease or will be circumscribed. The fate of democracy hangs on free labor. As long as the free man can labor to the satisfaction of his wants in this country, democracy is a condition as well as a consequence of his labor. Remove the field or the rewards of his labor, and democracy will disappear. It will be named despotism, and it will go the way of other despotisms.

Its fall will be hastened by its complexity. Democracy is not so simple as monarchy. It was long ago pointed out by Montesquieu that in a democracy there is need of more virtue than in a monarchy; for a democracy depends upon the virtue of its citizens, while a monarchy depends upon the virtue of its ruling house. There is essentially the same requisite in both: those who rule must be virtuous. But virtue in a democracy lies close to industry. The state cannot get away from the soil, from the mine, from the factory.

The crises in the history of democracy turn on industrial adjustment. The American Revolution was a war for free labor; its political purposes and effects were secondary. The political rights of our grandfathers were scarcely changed by Saratoga and Yorktown; their industrial rights were in part secured by that war. The civil war was a process of industrial adjustment. A democracy must consist wholly of free men; the old idea of states-man and states-men must be realized. America was not a democracy until slavery was abolished. If it exists to-day in any form in this United States, then democracy does not obtain among us.

There is a record of the evolution of democracy in America which seems to escape common attention. It is a record written by hard experience. It is found in the declaration of rights of our four and forty state constitutions, and in the

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amendments to the "supreme law of the land." For instance, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the national Constitution were necessitated by the industrial effects of the civil war. They record the national adjustment towards the close of the nineteenth century. Though recorded in political form, they mean an industrial and anterior fact. They are beyond repeal, just as the steam engine and the printing press are beyond repeal. Politics writes after them that their sanction is in Congress, which has power to enforce them by appropriate legislation. This provision is of vast legal import, but the necessities of industrial life are the fundamental indication of them. The necessary blending of industry and politics in a democracy is more frequently illustrated in the fundamental laws of the local governments, — the constitutions of the States. These are the most reliable history extant of democracy in America. There have been more than two hundred of these constitutions in this country since June, 1776. In the only one of the eighteenth century which continues in force, that of Massachusetts of 1780, the state is declared to be a contract. Each of the states-men makes a compact with the states-man, and the states-men with one another, that the government "may be a government of laws, and not of men." William Penn conceived of the state as a compact, but the government was to be a government of men, and not of laws. The evolution of these two ideas is the history of American politics. Democracy in America records the contest between laws — a conventional system of politics — and men struggling for industrial freedom. This is shown in the history of the franchise: from a franchise limited to white males, possessing a prescribed amount of real estate, confessing to belief in a prescribed creed, to a manhood and womanhood suffrage untethered by such limitations.

In these state constitutions the experience in administration has passed over into formal statements in the bills of rights. These brief clauses of 1776 have grown into a treatise on civil principles in the present state constitutions. Industrial life wrought this change. The provisions in these bills are the generalizations on industrial data which record the evolution of democracy in America.

Whatever discord may at present rage in the state, it is but the continuation of the old discord between desire and performance, between conditions in the evolution of government and the selfishness of men. But as liberty may run into license in politics, so it may in the industrial world. That world has its order and its chaos, its desire and its performance, its theory and its administration. Perhaps it is unfortunate for the fate of democracy in America that we have always attempted to interpret it politically. Our books represent it as a political device. It has become almost axiomatic with us to seek the solution of the questions in the state by a political agreement rather than by a better industrial organization. Politics and labor are the democratic team, but politics leads. The state, if corrupt, is regarded as politically corrupt. Industry has been the shuttlecock of politics, and those who labor have been viewed as the beneficiaries of the state, and not truly as the statesmen. The industrial discontents which characterize the page of the world's present history cannot be charged against democracy. They exist independent of the form of government. It was long thought that political equality would secure industrial equality, but the effort to read industrial equality into life has not yet been an unqualified success. At present, the theory is winning popular support that the government, the public business of the state, should be made an industrial, as long ago it was made a political copartner. Democracy is now construed towards communism, towards a labor copartnership. The political co-

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partnership, on the basis of equality, having failed to make each of the states-men rich, those who have not suspect those who have as robbers, and look upon the state as the chief robber of all. In other words, democracy, in America, is showing its material side. Men are not content with the mere blessings of political liberty; they demand wealth wherewith to enjoy the blessings. In a democracy Nemesis is active. The privileges of democracy breed discontent. Whatever the form or the idea of the state, man cannot get rid of himself. His philosophy, his vagaries, his stomach, are always with him. Democracy is not an insurance against the consequences of being born into the world. It is no panacea. It has been quite a fashion, in this country, to maintain that our political institutions are a providential device for "redressing the wrongs of the Old World." There can be no such device. The state is no better than the men and women in it; it can do no more than they.

A sound statesmanship starts with a sound man. If no such man exists, then he must develop before the healthy state can come. And the people know this; whence their lack of reverence for the state. It is a thing which they made, and they know its imperfections. "Vanitas vanitatum!" They have made nothing. Did the farmer make the apple, or the gardener the flower? It is not only political, but industrial honesty that we need. The coin that is current in a sound state has two sides. If on the one side there is to be read, "Man has by nature a political life," on the other it reads, "and an industrial also."

Two centuries ago, democracy was necessitated by forests to be cleared, mines to be worked, fields to be ploughed, things to be made. This was at the threshold of a material age in the evolution of democracy. Some rude adjustments must be expected in politics, while yet the industrial apparatus of the people is rude. The intricacies of democracy do not disclose themselves at first view. It is the administration of government in a democracy that tests its strength. An untouched continent afforded the material opportunity of the modern world. That opportunity was America. Now that the plough has furrowed across the continent, that the primeval forest has been cut down, that the first output of the mines has made this operation more difficult and less remunerative, an industrial adjustment is necessary. The process of that adjustment is complicated, because it involves both the politics and the labor of the states-men. It demands political recognition. Labor calls upon the state for a guarantee. Labor seeks a political formula by which every man may gain wealth. There is no doubt that this condition implies changes in the state. Is the state hereafter to be defined as an industrial corporation, a copartnership of men for things? Is the state to be conceived in this material philosophy as a factory for the general welfare? Is it a device to assist those to acquire wealth who are incapable of themselves to acquire it? Is society to be divided into two groups: first, the state and the poor; second, the rich? Or is the state, like war, to be the "corrector of enormous times," and the enormity of the times to be wholly adjudged by those who wage the war, and who expect to profit by it? Is democracy in America, like monarchy and aristocracy in Europe, to develop class interests, — those of the house of Have, and those of the house of Want?

Our democracy is evidently in a rudimentary stage. In spite of our suspicions of its defects, we like the reformers and their reforms no better. We are certain of one error, — the opinion that our democratic institutions would correct the ills of mankind. Now we cry to the oppressed of mankind, "Stay at home and endure your oppressions; we have our troubles, also."

Wealth brings leisure, and leisure

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breeds criticism and discontent. A portion of our discontent arises from our limited notions of a democracy. It consists of more than meat and drink and a ballot. The whole man is involved in it. He is somewhat more than an economic integer. His world is also moral and metaphysical. Material results will never satisfy him. The range of his activities is beyond the merely industrial treadmill. Our boasted mechanical devices are in vain, if the gain by them is merely more material. Moses and Newton got on well without the steam engine or the telegraph. Comforts are forgotten when they only cry "more."

Democracy has for its ultimate that with which it begins, — man. It is doubtless productive of unexpected results. But in its evolution it must include the whole interest of man. Every actual state, says Emerson, is corrupt. The element of decay in our democracy is the cheapness at which it holds man. This evil has long been known. It was apprehended by the most democratic of American colonizers more than two centuries ago. William Penn had learned from Sidney; he instructed Locke and Montesquieu. "The great end of all government," William Penn declares, in his frame of government of 1682, for Pennsylvania, is "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power, that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honorable for their just administration; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery. To carry this evenness is partly owing to the constitution [that is, the theory of the state], and partly to the magistracy [that is, the administration of government]. Where either of these fails, government will be subject to convulsions; but where both are wanting, it must be totally subverted; then where both meet, the government is like to endure."

The convulsion of 1861 was an instance in which one of these failed. That convulsion proved that American democracy could not be longer administered with its growth retarded by "obedience without liberty." Experience alone can correct the evils in the state. With the leisure of the twentieth century there come its political convulsions. If, in some way, men and women of leisure could see the necessity for labor, that government of a democratic kind may endure, they would find fields for their best efforts all about them. Municipal evils are not all in the city hall. Public charity is self-defense in disguise. If they who have amassed wealth desire its safety, it is better to make the use of that wealth a matter of public concern by bringing to its defense those who might destroy it. Time is the best friend of democracy. The canal-boy of to-day is the president of to-morrow. The sons of august senators become street-car conductors. The daughter of old Scrooge founds a hospital, or endows a school. Labor will have its own. In the evolution of democracy in America, industry shall receive its own, and no more. The administration of government is the chief public concern. But in that administration man must be credited to his full estate. Man, the citizen, must reckon with himself, and face his own destiny. Though crafty devices may seem to shift the burden of citizenship, the burden will always be found in the ever-increasing wants of the citizen himself. In democracy, as in other forms of the state, it is government of man for man that is wanted. Though the state be convulsed, though it be subverted, man will remain. The evolution of man is the hope of the state. In a democracy, it is better to have a government of men rather than a government of laws. Then, whatever the forms of the state, the great end of all government will be secured.

Francis Newton Thorpe.

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"MERE LITERATURE."

A SINGULAR phrase this, "mere literature," — the irreverent invention of a scientific age. Literature we know, but "mere" literature? We are not to read it as if it meant *sheer* literature, literature in the essence, stripped of all accidental or ephemeral elements, and left with nothing but its immortal charm and power. "Mere literature" is a serious sneer, conceived in all honesty by the scientific mind, which despises things which do not fall within the categories of demonstrable knowledge. It means *nothing but literature*, as who should say, "mere talk," "mere fabrication," "mere pastime." The scientist, with his head comfortably and excusably full of knowable things, takes nothing seriously and with his hat off except human knowledge. The creations of the human spirit are, from his point of view, incalculable vagaries, irresponsible phenomena, to be regarded only as play, and, for the mind's good, only as recreation, — to be used to while away the tedium of a railway journey, or to amuse a period of rest or convalescence; mere byplay, mere make-believe.

And so very whimsical things sometimes happen, because of this scientific and positivist spirit of the age, when the study of the literature of any language is made part of the curriculum of our colleges. The more delicate and subtle purposes of the study are put quite out of countenance, and literature is commanded to assume the phrases and the methods of science. It would be very painful if it should turn out that schools and universities were agencies of Philistinism; but there are some things which should prepare us for such a discovery. Our present plans for teaching everybody involve certain unpleasant things quite inevitably. It is obvious that you cannot have universal education without restricting your teaching to such things as can be universally understood. It is plain that you cannot impart "university methods" to thousands, or create "investigators" by the score, unless you confine your university education to matters which dull men can investigate, your laboratory training to tasks which mere plodding diligence and submissive patience can compass. Yet, if you do so limit and constrain what you teach, you thrust taste and insight and delicacy of perception out of the schools, exalt the obvious and the merely useful above the things which are only imaginatively or spiritually conceived, make education an affair of tasting and handling and smelling, and so create Philistia, that country in which they speak of "mere literature." I suppose that in Nirvana one would speak in like wise of "mere life."

The fear, at any rate, that such things may happen cannot fail to set us anxiously pondering certain questions about the systematic teaching of literature in our schools and colleges. How are we to impart classical writings to the children of the general public? "Beshrew the general public!" cries Mr. Birrell. "What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public got to do with literature?" Unfortunately, it has a great deal to do with it; for are we not complacently forcing the general public into our universities, and are we not arranging that all its sons be instructed how they may themselves master and teach our literature? You have nowadays, it is believed, only to heed the suggestions of pedagogics in order to know how to impart Burke or Browning, Dryden or Swift. There are certain practical difficulties, indeed; but there are ways of overcoming them. You must have strength so that you can handle with real mastery the firm fibre of these men;

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you must have a heart, moreover, to feel their warmth, an eye to see what they see, an imagination to keep them company, a pulse to experience their delights. But if you have none of these things, you may make shift to do without them. You may count the words they use, note the changes of phrase they make in successive revisions, put their rhythm into a scale of feet, run their allusions — particularly their female allusions — to cover, detect them in their previous reading. Or if none of these things please you, or you find the big authors difficult or dull, you may drag to light all the minor writers of their time, who are easy to understand. By setting an example in such methods you render great services in certain directions. You make the higher degrees of our universities available for the large number of respectable men who can count, and measure, and search diligently; and that may prove no small matter. You divert attention from thought, which is not always easy to get at, and fix attention upon language, as upon a curious mechanism, which can be perceived with the bodily eye, and which is worthy to be studied for its own sake, quite apart from anything it may mean. You encourage the examination of forms, grammatical and metrical, which can be quite accurately determined and quite exhaustively catalogued. You bring all the visible phenomena of writing to light and into ordered system. You go further, and show how to make careful literal identification of stories somewhere told ill and without art with the same stories told over again by the masters, well and with the transfiguring effect of genius. You thus broaden the area of science; for you rescue the concrete phenomena of the expression of thought — the necessary syllabification which accompanies it, the inevitable juxtaposition of words, the constant use of particles, the habitual display of roots, the inveterate repetition of names, the recurrent employment of meanings heard or read — from their confusion with the otherwise unclassifiable manifestations of what had hitherto been accepted, without critical examination, under the lump term "literature," simply for the pleasure and spiritual edification to be got from it.

An instructive differentiation ensues. In contrast with the orderly phenomena of speech and writing, which are amenable to scientific processes of examination and classification, and which take rank with the orderly successions of change in nature, we have what, for want of a more exact term, we call "mere literature," — the literature which is not an expression of form, but an expression of spirit. This is a troublesome thing, and perhaps does not belong in well-conceived plans of universal instruction; for it offers many embarrassments to pedagogic method. It escapes all scientific categories. It is not pervious to research. It is too wayward to be brought under the discipline of exposition. It is an attribute of so many different substances at one and the same time that the consistent scientific man must needs put it forth from his company, as without responsible connections. By "mere literature" he means mere evanescent color, wanton trick of phrase, perverse departures from categorical statement, — something *all* personal equation, such stuff as dreams are made of.

We must not all, however, be impatient of this truant child of fancy. When the schools cast her out, she will stand in need of friendly succor, and we must train our spirits for the function. We must be free-hearted in order to make her happy, for she will accept entertainment from no sober, prudent fellow who shall counsel her to mend her ways. She has always made light of hardship, and she has never loved or obeyed any save those of her own mind, — those who were indulgent to her humors, responsive to her ways of thought,

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attentive to her whims, content with her "mere" charms. She already has her small following of devotees, like all charming, capricious mistresses. There are some still who think that to know her is better than a liberal education.

There is but one way in which you can take mere literature as an education, and that is directly, at first hand. Almost any media except her own language and touch and tone are non-conducting. A descriptive catalogue of a collection of paintings is no substitute for the little areas of color and form themselves. You do not want to hear about a beautiful woman, simply, — how she was dressed, how she bore herself, how the fine color flowed sweetly here and there upon her cheeks, how her eyes burned and melted, how her voice thrilled through the ears of those about her. If you have ever seen a woman, these things but tantalize and hurt you, if you cannot see her. You want to be in her presence. You know that only your own eyes can give you direct knowledge of her. When once you have seen her, you know her in her habit as she lived; nothing but her presence contains her life. 'T is the same with the authentic products of literature. You can never get their beauty at second hand, or feel their power except by direct contact with them.

It is a strange and occult thing how this quality of "mere literature" enters into one book, and is absent from another; but no man who has once felt it can mistake it. I was reading the other day a book about Canada. It is written in what the reviewers have pronounced to be an "admirable spirited style." By this I take them to mean that it is grammatical, orderly, and full of strong adjectives. But these reviewers would have known more about the style in which it is written if they had noted what happens on page 84. There a quotation from Burke occurs. "There is," says Burke, "but one healing, catholic principle of toleration which ought to find favor in this house. It is wanted not only in our colonies, but here. The thirsty earth of our own country is gasping and gaping and crying out for that healing shower from heaven. The noble lord has told you of the right of those people by treaty; but I consider the right of conquest so little, and the right of human nature so much, that the former has very little consideration with me. I look upon the people of Canada as coming by the dispensation of God under the British government. I would have us govern it in the same manner as the all-wise disposition of Providence would govern it. We know he suffers the sun to shine upon the righteous and the unrighteous; and we ought to suffer all classes to enjoy equally the right of worshiping God according to the light he has been pleased to give them." Now, the peculiarity of such a passage as that is, that it needs no context. Its beauty seems almost independent of its subject matter. It comes on that eighty-fourth page like a burst of music in the midst of small talk, — a tone of sweet harmony heard amidst a rattle of phrases. The mild noise was unobjectionable enough until the music came. There is a breath and stir of life in those sentences of Burke's which is to be perceived in nothing else in that volume. Your pulses catch a quicker movement from them, and are stronger on their account.

It is so with all essential literature. It has a quality to move you, and you can never mistake it, if you have any blood in you. And it has also a power to instruct you which is as effective as it is subtle, and which no research or systematic method can ever rival. 'T is a sore pity if that power cannot be made available in the classroom. It is not merely that it quickens your thought and fills your imagination with the images that have illuminated the choicer minds of the race. It does indeed exer-

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cise the faculties in this wise, bringing them into the best atmosphere, and into the presence of the men of greatest charm and force; but it does a great deal more than that. It acquaints the mind, by direct contact, with the forces which really govern and modify the world from generation to generation. There is more of a nation's politics to be gotten out of its poetry than out of all its systematic writers upon public affairs and constitutions. Epics are better mirrors of manners than chronicles; dramas oftentimes let you into the secrets of statutes; orations stirred by a deep energy of emotion or resolution, passionate pamphlets that survive their mission because of the direct action of their style along permanent lines of thought, contain more history than parliamentary journals. It is not knowledge that moves the world, but ideals, convictions, the opinions or fancies that have been held or followed; and whoever studies humanity ought to study it alive, practice the vivisection of reading literature, and acquaint himself with something more than anatomies which are no longer in use by spirits.

There are some words of Thibaut, the great jurist, which have long seemed to me singularly penetrative of one of the secrets of the intellectual life. "I told him," he says, — he is speaking of an interview with Niebuhr, — "I told him that I owed my gayety and vigor, in great part, to my love for the classics of all ages, even those outside the domain of jurisprudence." Not only the gayety and vigor of his hale old age, surely, but also his insight into the meaning and purpose of laws and institutions. The jurist who does not love the classics of all ages is like a post-mortem doctor presiding at a birth, a maker of manikins prescribing for a disease of the blood, a student of masks setting up for a connoisseur in smiles and kisses. In narrating history, you are speaking of what was done by men; in discoursing of laws, you are seeking to show what courses of action and what manner of dealing with one another men have adopted. You can neither tell the story nor conceive the law till you know how the men you speak of regarded themselves and one another; and I know of no way of learning this but by reading the stories they have told of themselves, the songs they have sung, the heroic adventures they have conceived. I must know what, if anything, they revered; I must hear their sneers and gibes; must learn in what accents they spoke love within the family circle, with what grace they obeyed their superiors in station; how they conceived it politic to live, and wise to die; how they esteemed property, and what they deemed privilege; when they kept holiday, and why; when they were prone to resist oppression, and wherefore, — I must see things with their eyes, before I can comprehend their law books. Their jural relationships are not independent of their way of living, and their way of thinking is the mirror of their way of living.

It is doubtless due to the scientific spirit of the age that these plain, these immemorial truths are in danger of becoming obscured. Science, under the influence of the conception of evolution, devotes itself to the study of forms, of specific differences, of the manner in which the same principle of life manifests itself variously under the compulsions of changes of environment. It is thus that it has become "scientific" to set forth the manner in which man's nature submits to man's circumstances; scientific to disclose morbid moods, and the conditions which produce them; scientific to regard man, not as the centre or source of power, but as subject to power, a register of external forces instead of an originative soul, and character as a product of man's circumstances rather than a sign of man's mastery over circumstance. It is thus that it has become "scientific" to analyze language

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as itself a commanding element in man's life. The history of word roots, their modification under the influences of changes wrought in the vocal organs by habit or by climate, the laws of phonetic change to which they are obedient, and their persistence under all disguises of dialect, as if they were full of a self-originated life, a self-directed energy of influence, is united with the study of grammatical forms in the construction of scientific conceptions of the evolution and uses of human speech. The impression is created that literature is only the chosen vessel of these forms, disclosing to us their modification in use and structure from age to age. Such vitality as the masterpieces of genius possess comes to seem only a dramatization of the fortunes of words. Great writers construct for the adventures of language their appropriate epics. Or, if it be not the words themselves that are scrutinized, but the style of their use, that style becomes, instead of a fine essence of personality, a matter of cadence merely, or of grammatical and structural relationships. Science is the study of the forces of the world of matter, the adjustments, the apparatus, of the universe; and the scientific study of literature has likewise become a study of apparatus, — of the forms in which men utter thought, and the forces by which those forms have been and still are being modified, rather than of thought itself.

The essences of literature of course remain the same under all forms, and the true study of literature is the study of these essences, — a study, not of forms or of differences, but of likenesses, likenesses of spirit and intent under whatever varieties of method, running through all forms of speech like the same music along the chords of various instruments. There is a sense in which literature is independent of form, just as there is a sense in which music is independent of its instrument. It is my cherished belief that Apollo's pipe contained as much eloquent music as any modern orchestra. Some books live; many die: wherein is the secret of immortality? Not in beauty of form, nor even in force of passion. We might say of literature what Wordsworth said of poetry, the most easily immortal part of literature: it is "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science; it is the breath of the finer spirit of all knowledge." Poetry has the easier immortality because it has the sweeter accent when it speaks, because its phrases linger in our ears to delight them, because its truths are also melodies. Prose has much to overcome, — its plainness of visage, its less musical accents, its homelier turns of phrase. But it also may contain the immortal essence of truth and seriousness and high thought. It too may clothe conviction with the beauty that must make it shine forever. Let a man but have beauty in his heart, and, believing something with his might, put it forth arrayed as he sees it, the lights and shadows falling upon it on his page as they fall upon it in his heart, and he may die assured that that beauty will not pass away out of the world.

Biographers have often been puzzled by the contrast between certain men as they lived and as they wrote. Schopenhauer's case is one of the most singular. A man of turbulent life, suffering himself to be cut to exasperation by the petty worries of his lot, he was nevertheless calm and wise when he wrote, as if the Muse had rebuked him. He wrote at a still elevation, where small and temporary things did not come to disturb. 'T is a pity that for some men this elevation is so far to seek. They lose permanency by not finding it. Could there be a deliberate regimen of life for the author, it is plain enough how he ought to live, not as seeking fame, but as deserving it.

> "Fame, like a wayward girl, will still be coy
> To those who woo her with too slavish knees;
> But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
> And dotes the more upon a heart at ease.

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"Ye love-sick bards, repay her scorn with scorn;
Ye love-sick artists, madmen that ye are,
Make your best bow to her and bid adieu:
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you."

It behooves all minor authors to realize the possibility of their being discovered some day, and exposed to the general scrutiny. They ought to live as if conscious of the risk. They ought to purge their hearts of everything that is not genuine and capable of lasting the world a century, at least, if need be. Mere literature is made of spirit. The difficulties of style are the artist's difficulties with his tools. The spirit that is in the eye, in the pose, in mien or gesture, the painter must find in his color box; as he must find also the spirit that nature displays upon the face of the fields or in the hidden places of the forest. The writer has less obvious means. Word and spirit do not easily consort. The language that the philologists set out before us with such curious erudition is of very little use as a vehicle for the essences of the human spirit. It is too sophisticated and self-conscious. What you need is, not a critical knowledge of language, but a quick feeling for it. You must recognize the affinities between your spirit and its idioms. You must immerse your phrase in your thought, your thought in your phrase, till each becomes saturated with the other. Then what you produce is as necessarily fit for permanency as if it were incarnated spirit.

And you must produce in color, with the touch of imagination which lifts what you write away from the dull levels of mere exposition. Black-and-white sketches may serve some purposes of the artist, but very little of actual nature is in mere black-and-white. The imagination never works thus with satisfaction. Nothing is ever conceived completely when conceived so grayly, without suffusion of real light. The mind creates, as great Nature does, in colors, with deep chiaroscuro and burning lights. This is true not only of poetry and characteristically imaginative writing, but also of the writing which seeks nothing more than to penetrate the meaning of actual affairs, — the writing of the greatest historians and philosophers, the utterances of orators and of the great masters of political exposition. Their narratives, their analyses, their appeals, their conceptions of principle, are all dipped deep in the colors of the life they expound. Their minds respond only to realities, their eyes see only actual circumstance. Their sentences quiver and are quick with visions of human affairs, — how minds are bent or governed, how action is shaped or thwarted. The great "constructive" minds, as we call them, are of this sort. They "construct" by seeing what others have not imagination enough to see. They do not always know more, but they always realize more. Let the singular reconstruction of Roman history and institutions by Theodor Mommsen serve as an illustration. Safe men distrust this great master. They cannot find what he finds in the documents. They will draw you truncated figures of the antique Roman state, and tell you the limbs cannot be found, the features of the face have nowhere been unearthed. They will cite you fragments such as remain, and show you how far these can be pieced together toward the making of a complete description of private life and public function in those first times when the Roman commonwealth was young; but what the missing sentences were they can only weakly conjecture. Their eyes cannot descry those distant days with no other aids than these. Only the greatest are dissatisfied, and go on to paint that ancient life with the materials that will render it lifelike, — the materials of the constructive imagination. They have other sources of information. They see living men in the old documents. Give them

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but the torso, and they will supply head and limbs, bright and animate as they must have been. If Mommsen does not quite do that, another man, with Mommsen's eye and a touch more of color on his brush, might have done it, — may yet do it.

It is in this way that we get some glimpse of the only relations that scholarship bears to literature. Literature can do without exact scholarship, or any scholarship at all, though it may impoverish itself thereby; but scholarship cannot do without literature. It needs literature to float it, to set it current, to authenticate it to the race, to get it out of closets, and into the brains of men who stir abroad. It will adorn literature, no doubt; literature will be the richer for its presence; but it will not, it cannot, of itself create literature. Rich stuffs from the East do not create a king, nor costly trappings a conqueror. There is, indeed, a natural antagonism, let it be frankly said, between the standards of scholarship and the standards of literature. Exact scholarship values things in direct proportion as they are verifiable; but literature knows nothing of such tests. The truths which it seeks are the truths of self-expression. It is a thing of convictions, of insights, of what is felt and seen and heard and hoped for. Its meanings lurk behind nature, not in the facts of its phenomena. It speaks of things as the man who utters it saw them, not necessarily as God made them. The personality of the speaker runs throughout all the sentences of real literature. That personality may not be the personality of a poet: it may be only the personality of the penetrative seer. It may not have the atmosphere in which visions are seen, but only that in which men and affairs look keenly cut in outline, boldly massed in bulk, consummately grouped in detail, to the reader as to the writer. Sentences of perfectly clarified wisdom may be literature no less than stanzas of inspired song, or the intense utterances of impassioned feeling. The personality of the sunlight is in the keen lines of light that run along the edges of a sword no less than in the burning splendor of the rose or the radiant kindlings of a woman's eye. You may feel the power of one master of thought playing upon your brain as you may feel that of another playing upon your heart.

Scholarship gets into literature by becoming part of the originating individuality of a master of thought. No man is a master of thought without being also a master of its vehicle and instrument, style, that subtle medium of all its evasive effects of light and shade. Scholarship is material; it is not life. It becomes immortal only when it is worked upon by conviction, by schooled and chastened imagination, by thought that runs alive out of the inner fountains of individual insight and purpose. Colorless, or without suffusion of light from some source of light, it is dead, and will not twice be looked at; but made part of the life of a great mind, subordinated, absorbed, put forth with authentic stamp of currency on it, minted at some definite mint and bearing some sovereign image, it will even outlast the time when it shall have ceased to deserve the acceptance of scholars, — when it shall, in fact, have become "mere literature."

Scholarship is the realm of nicely adjusted opinion. It is the business of scholars to assess evidence and test conclusions, to discriminate values and reckon probabilities. Literature is the realm of conviction and of vision. Its points of view are as various as they are oftentimes unverifiable. It speaks individual faiths. Its groundwork is not erudition, but reflection and fancy. Your thoroughgoing scholar dare not reflect. To reflect is to let himself in on his material; whereas what he wants is to keep himself apart, and view his materials in an air that does not color or refract. To reflect is to throw an atmosphere about what is in your mind, — an atmosphere

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which holds all the colors of your life. Reflection summons all associations, and they throng and move so that they dominate the mind's stage at once. The plot is in their hands. Scholars, therefore, do not reflect; they label, group kind with kind, set forth in schemes, expound with dispassionate method. Their minds are not stages, but museums; nothing is done there, but very curious and valuable collections are kept there. If literature use scholarship, it is only to fill it with fancies or shape it to new standards, of which of itself it can know nothing.

True, there are books reckoned primarily books of science and of scholarship which have nevertheless won standing as literature: books of science such as Newton wrote, books of scholarship such as Gibbon's. But science was only the vestibule by which such a man as Newton entered the temple of nature, and the art he practiced was not the art of exposition, but the art of divination. He was not only a scientist, but also a seer; and we shall not lose sight of Newton because we value what he was more than what he knew. If we continue Gibbon in his fame, it will be for love of his art, not for worship of his scholarship. We some of us, nowadays, know the period of which he wrote better even than he did; but which one of us shall build so admirable a monument to ourselves, as artists, out of what we know? The scholar finds his immortality in the form he gives to his work. It is a hard saying, but the truth of it is inexorable: be an artist, or prepare for oblivion. You may write a chronicle, but you will not serve yourself thereby. You will only serve some fellow who shall come after you, possessing, what you did not have, an ear for the words you could not hit upon, an eye for the colors you could not see, a hand for the strokes you missed.

Real literature you can always distinguish by its form, and yet it is not possible to indicate the form it should have. It is easy to say that it should have a form suitable to its matter; but how suitable? Suitable to set the matter off, adorn, embellish it, or suitable simply to bring it directly, quick and potent, to the apprehension of the reader? This is the question of style, about which many masters have had many opinions; upon which you can make up no safe generalization from the practice of those who have unquestionably given to the matter of their thought immortal form, an accent or a countenance never to be forgotten. Who shall say how much of Burke's splendid and impressive imagery is part and stuff of his thought, or tell why even that part of Newman's prose which is devoid of ornament, stripped to its shining skin, and running bare and lithe and athletic to carry its tidings to men, should promise to enjoy as certain an immortality? Why should Lamb go so quaintly and elaborately to work upon his critical essays, taking care to perfume every sentence, if possible, with the fine savor of an old phrase, if the same business could be as effectively done in the plain and even cadences of Mr. Matthew Arnold's prose? Why should Gibbon be so formal, so stately, so elaborate, when he had before his eyes the example of great Tacitus, whose direct, sententious style had outlived so many hundred years the very language in which he wrote? In poetry, who shall measure the varieties of style lavished upon similar themes? The matter of vital thought is not separable from the thinker; its forms must suit his handling as well as fit his conception. Any style is author's stuff which is suitable to his purpose and his fancy. He may use rich fabrics with which to costume his thoughts, or he may use simple stone from which to sculpture them, and leave them bare. His only limits are those of art. He may not indulge a taste for the merely curious or fantastic. The quaint writers have quaint thoughts; their material is suitable. They do not merely satisfy themselves as virtuosi, with col-

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lections of odd phrases and obsolete meanings. They needed twisted woods to fit the eccentric patterns of their thought. The great writer has always dignity, restraint, propriety, adequateness; what time he loses these qualities he ceases to be great. His style neither creaks nor breaks under his passion, but carries the strain with unshaken strength. It is not trivial or mean, but speaks what small meanings fall in its way with simplicity, as conscious of their smallness. Its playfulness is within bounds, its laugh never bursting too boisterously into a guffaw. A great style always knows what it would be at, and does the thing appropriately, with the larger sort of taste.

This is the condemnation of tricks of phrase, devices to catch the attention, exaggerations and loud talk to hold it. No writer can afford to strive after effect, if his striving is to be apparent. For just and permanent effect is missed altogether, unless it be so completely attained as to seem like some touch of sunlight, perfect, natural, inevitable, wrought without effort and without deliberate purpose to be effective. Mere audacity of attempt can, of course, never win the wished-for result; and if the attempt be successful, it is not audacious. What we call audacity in a great writer has no touch of temerity, sauciness, or arrogance in it. It is simply high spirit, a dashing and splendid display of strength. Boldness is ridiculous unless it be impressive, and it can be impressive only when backed by solid forces of character and attainment. Your plebeian hack cannot afford the showy paces; only the full-blooded Arabian has the sinew and proportion to lend them perfect grace and propriety. The art of letters eschews the bizarre as rigidly as does every other fine art. It mixes its colors with brains, and is obedient to great Nature's sane standards of right adjustment in all that it attempts.

You can make no catalogue of these features of great writing; there is no science of literature. Literature in its essence is mere spirit, and you must experience it rather than analyze it too formally. It is the door to nature and to ourselves. It opens our hearts to receive the experiences of great men and the conceptions of great races. It awakens us to the significance of action and to the singular power of mental habit. It airs our souls in the wide atmosphere of contemplation. "In these bad days, when it is thought more educationally useful to know the principle of the common pump than Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn," as Mr. Birrell says, we cannot afford to let one single precious sentence of "mere literature" go by us unread or unpraised. If this free people to which we belong is to keep its fine spirit, its perfect temper amidst affairs, its high courage in the face of difficulties, its wise temperateness and wide-eyed hope, it must continue to drink deep and often from the old wells of English undefiled, quaff the keen tonic of its best ideals, keep its blood warm with all the great utterances of exalted purpose and pure principle of which its matchless literature is full. The great spirits of the past must command us in the tasks of the future. Mere literature will keep us pure and keep us strong. Even though it puzzle or altogether escape scientific method, it may keep our horizon clear for us, and our eyes glad to look bravely forth upon the world.

Woodrow Wilson.

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CHAUCER'S PARDONER.

CHAUCER, the critics tell us, possessed a genius eminently dramatic, and a matchless talent for story-telling, but frequently allowed his mediæval love of moralizing to defeat, for the moment, his narrative powers, and now and then grossly violated dramatic propriety, whether carelessly or from the exigencies of satire. As instances of the first of these sins are usually cited the self-satisfied speech of Nature in The Doctor's Tale, and the long soliloquizing excursus on free will and predestination in the Troilus. The most flagrant offense under the second head is commonly supposed to be the harangue of the Pardoner.

In The Doctor's Tale, Nature is produced in person, exhibiting her artistic masterpiece Virginia, and boasting of her in a showmanlike address to the public. The device may be granted absurd, and it certainly interferes with the flow of the narrative. But there is a further consideration, the character of the doctor. The doctor is a very formal person, from whom a degree of prosiness is to be expected. It was Chaucer's artistic duty, in the Canterbury Tales, — as it has clearly been his purpose, — not only to select stories appropriate to the several pilgrims, but to make the method of delivery correspond to the character of the teller. The offending passage in the Troilus must be justified, if at all, on other grounds. A long soliloquy on the foreknowledge of God, absolute necessity, necessity conditional, and free will is not quite what one expects from a Trojan prince whose love is going to the Grecian camp. But though a great anachronism, and though rather unskillfully brought in, the soliloquy is by no means an impertinence. The idea of fate is subtly insistent throughout the poem, — it is perhaps even the key to Cressida's character; and surely, at this juncture, if ever, Troilus may have his thoughts about the mysterious inevitableness that is governing his life.

These and other considerations make it worth while to look with some scrutiny at what passes for Chaucer's great sin against dramatic propriety, the confessions of the Pardoner.

The Pardoner, it is said, exposes himself with unnaturally frank cynicism. He might properly indulge in a sly sneer at the pretenses of his vocation; but to proclaim that his relics are a sham; to declare that his

> "intent is only for to win,
> And nothing for correction of sin,"

and that when once the penitents' money is in his pouch he does not care if their "souls go a-blackberrying" after death; to avow in a coolly casual way that he is himself "a full vicious man," — all this is dramatically impossible. But this is not all: after the tale is finished, the Pardoner, according to the usual view, is so foolish as to try his impostures on the very audience which he has just enlightened as to his own vices and the tricks of his trade.

An attempt is sometimes made to account for these absurdities by a reference to the Roman de la Rose. The character of the Pardoner is in part a reproduction of the False-Semblant of that poem, and False-Semblant, as an allegorical personage, is not bound by dramatic law. It is a convention of satire, illustrated in a drastic way by Garnet's speech in Oldham, to make an odious character describe himself unsparingly, — a trick absurd in itself, but no more absurd than such conventions as the long "aside" in the drama. This defense, or explanation, has always been felt to be unsatisfactory. Chaucer is not a reformer. He is not even, if rightly taken, a satirist. His aim is not to reconstruct the Church or to ameliorate hu-

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manity, but to depict certain characters, and to let them tell stories. He has no right to resort to conventions which, permissible to one who depicts a character *ad hoc*, are unjustifiable in one who depicts a character for its own sake. It is an equally weak defense to allege that the Pardoner is drunk. One draught of ale, however "moist and corny," would never fuddle so seasoned a drinker. Besides, he manifests none of the signs of intoxication. Unless, then, it can be shown that the character of the Pardoner is consistent with itself and with nature, the poet has blundered; and the gravity of his blunder is increased by the excellence of the Pardoner's Tale, perhaps the best short narrative poem in the language. In general, Chaucer shows exquisite delicacy in fitting the various Canterbury tales to the characters of the tellers. In the present case, we have a beautiful story, wonderfully told, put into the mouth of a vulgar, prating rascal, not only destitute of moral and intellectual dignity, but so lacking in common sense that he cannot hold his tongue about his own impostures. Yet the prologue, the tale, and the epilogue all show Chaucer at the height of his powers. It is possible that an explanation of the problem may be found by considering all the available evidence as to the Pardoner's character. It may appear from such an examination that his character is consistent throughout, and of a kind to make the apparent impropriety of the introductory confession in conformity to nature.

In the first place, then, we may be sure that the Pardoner is a thorough-paced scoundrel. His bulls of popes and cardinals may be genuine, — it would in any case not do for him to confess to the felony of forging the pope's seal, — but his relics are counterfeit, and he has no illusions about the holiness of his mission. He preaches for money, and has no concern for the reformation of morals or for genuineness of repentance on the part of those who offer to his relics and receive his absolution. He is skillful at his business: it has brought him in a hundred marks (almost seven hundred pounds in our values) a year since he first took it up. Like all clever impostors, he is proud of his dexterity. Under ordinary circumstances, prudence would constrain him to suppress the exhibition of this pride; but the circumstances are not ordinary. He is not on his rounds. The pilgrims are a company associated by chance, and likely never to assemble again after their return supper at Harry Bailly's. If they repeat his words, it will not much matter. He cannot labor in his vocation while he is with them, and none of them are likely to cross his path in the future. They are not of the kind among whom he is used to ply his arts. His best field is the country village. To be sure, the parson and the ploughman are from the country; but the character of the parson makes the parish which he administers a forbidden region to such loose fish as the Pardoner. One of the ordinary restraints on freedom of self-revelation, then, is wanting: he need fear no disagreeable consequences.

Further, the unsoundness of the Pardoner's morals is known to the company before he begins his cynical confessions. He may pose as a holy man when he is swindling the peasantry of some remote hamlet; but hypocritical airs and graces would be absurdly futile among his present companions. That there has been no attempt at such posturing is made clear enough by the host, the gentles, and the Pardoner himself. The host calls on the Pardoner for a merry tale; the Pardoner assents with an alacrity which warrants vehement suspicion, and the gentles protest that they want no ribaldry, and insist on something elevated and instructive. This is significant enough of the impression the Pardoner has made on his traveling companions. The Pardoner easily adapts himself to

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the temper of his audience. It is his business to know moral tales. He has his sermons by heart, and most of these, as a matter of course, contain an *exemplum*, an anecdote which can be "improved" to the edification of a churchful of laymen. But before beginning he feels the need of refreshment.

> "'I graunte ywis,' quod he, 'but I moot thynke
> Upon som honest thyng whil that I drynke.'"

Not that he has "to think awhile before he can recollect some decent thing," as has been suggested. He is honestly thirsty, and glad of an excuse to quench his thirst, no doubt; but, being a man of ability and eloquence, he must have plenty of "honest things" at his tongue's end.

Perhaps we have now facts enough to explain the self-revelation of the Pardoner's prologue. He knows what his fellow-travelers think of him; he has just consented to tell an over-facetious story; he is now about to preach a highly edifying sermon. There is no opportunity to pull wool over the eyes of his hearers, even if there were any motive for it. Sure that they will perceive the enormous discrepancy between his character and his teaching, the Pardoner is impatient of occupying the position of a futile hypocrite. He is too clever a knave to wish others to take him for a fool. Hence these cynical confessions at the outset, the dramatic purpose of which is now clear. The Pardoner is, in effect, saying to the pilgrims: "I am about to tell you a moral tale. I am going to preach you one of my sermons. You will find the sentiments of this sermon unexceptionable. Do not think, however, that I expect you to believe me in earnest. You know what kind of fellow I am, and this is my trade."

With these feelings, then, the Pardoner begins his tale or sermon. Knowing it by heart, as he tells us himself, and being accustomed to preach with great unction, he is soon rapt into the same mood of conventional earnestness that he has found so effective in the pulpit. By the time he arrives at the ejaculations on the wickedness of sin and the horrors of homicide, gluttony, lechery, and gambling, which (though marked "auctor" by the officious stupidity of some scribe) form the "application" of the whole discourse, he is at a white heat of zeal. Forgetful of his surroundings, he does not stop with the "application," but goes on to the exhortation with which he regularly concludes his harangues: —

> "Now, good men, God foryeve yow your trespas,
> And ware yow fro the sinne of avarice!
> Myn holy pardoun may yow alle warice,
> So that ye offre nobles or sterlinges,
> Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes.
> Boweth your heed under this holy bulle!
> Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of your wolle!
> Your name I entre heer in my rolle anon,
> Into the blisse of heven shul ye gon;
> I yow assoile, by myn heigh power,
> Yow that wol offre, as clene and eek as cleer
> As ye were born. — *And lo, sirs, thus I preche;*
> *And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,*
> *So graunte yow his pardoun to receyve,*
> *For that is best, I wol yow nat deceyve!*"

The last four lines of this passage are particularly significant. The Pardoner's invitation to come up and offer to the relics and receive absolution is glaringly out of place in a speech to his fellow-travelers, to whom he has already made full confession of the emptiness of his pretensions. "Come up, ye wives, and offer of your wool!" has no appropriateness when addressed to the pilgrims. Perceiving the absurdity, the speaker pulls himself up with the explanatory "This is the kind of sermon I am in the habit of delivering." ("And lo, sirs, thus I preche.")

So far, all is plain sailing. We might suppose the preacher carried away by professional enthusiasm, and forgetting just where he ought to have stopped. We might suppose, on the other hand, that he wished to give his hearers a

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complete specimen of his discourses, final invitation and all. But what shall we think of his next words? —

> "And lo, sirs, thus I preche;
> And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
> So graunte yow his pardoun to receyve,
> For that is best, I wol yow nat deceyve!"

It may be that these words, apparently so out of consonance with anything we have yet heard from the Pardoner, furnish the key to his character. May we not believe that the beautiful and impressive story that he has just told — a story that no one can read without emotion — has moved even him, though he has told it a thousand times before in the way of his profession? The unusual circumstances under which he has preached his sermon may have assisted in producing this effect. For once, perhaps, the hideous incongruity between his preaching and the profligate invitation to come up and be pardoned through the efficacy of his trumpery relics has appeared to him. Possibly we may venture to think that the Pardoner, moved by his own tale, went on mechanically to this professional invitation, perceived its absurd inopportuneness with a start, and thus had its hypocritical villainy suddenly projected in his own mind against the beauty and impressiveness of his tale. This would still further increase his emotion, which, after an explanatory "And lo, sirs, thus I preche," finds vent in an ejaculation profoundly affecting in its reminiscence of the Pardoner's better nature, which he had himself thought dead long ago. "My pardon," he says, "is of no account, as you know. God grant that you receive Christ's pardon, which is better than mine. I will not deceive you, though deceit is my business."

Of course this better mood can last but a moment. There is no question of repentance or reformation, for the Pardoner is a lost soul. The reaction comes instantly, and is to the extreme of reckless jesting. Aware that the pilgrims know him thoroughly by this time, for he has even taken pains to reveal himself, he nevertheless impudently urges them to kiss the relics and make offering and receive pardon. The invitation has sometimes been taken as given in dead earnest; but this is inconceivable. It would imply superhuman folly on the speaker's part to try to deceive the pilgrims when he has just warned them against his own deceit. Besides, we have evidence that the Pardoner hurries into this strain of reckless jocularity to escape from the serious mood that has surprised him.

> "But, sirs, o word forgat I in my tale,"

are the words with which he begins the closing passage, and these very words indicate his confusion. For he has not forgotten his relics. On the contrary, he has just been talking about them, and praising their efficacy. The whole passage is jocose. At the end, he turns to the host, and pointedly suggests that *he* begin, as being the most sinful of the company. This remark alone would suffice to indicate how little serious purpose there is in the proposition of the Pardoner. The host is the last person to yield to seductive suggestions of this sort in any case, and it would be idle to expect him to do so after the full revelation of himself that the Pardoner has made.

The host, who of course has no knowledge of the conflict of feelings through which the Pardoner is passing, naturally replies in a strain of coarse raillery. Under ordinary circumstances, the effect of this jesting on the Pardoner would be to evoke a still more scurrilous response. He must often have bandied words in all good nature with persons of the host's freedom of speech, and there is no reason to suppose that he is constitutionally thin-skinned. Under ordinary circumstances, too, so fluent a man as the Pardoner, if he got angry, would have plenty of words in which to

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vent his wrath. On the present occasion rage makes him dumb.

> "This Pardoner answerede not a word:
> So wroth he was no word he wolde seye."

The inference seems to be plain. The contest of feelings in the Pardoner's mind, the momentary return to sincerity, which must have been accompanied by profound emotion, the revulsion of feeling indicated by his jesting proposition to his fellow-travelers, are too much for his equanimity. When the host replies with a scurrile jest, he is simply too angry to speak. That this is the correct interpretation of the course of events is further substantiated by the surprise which the host feels at this, to him, inexplicable anger on the part of the Pardoner. He has not noticed the Pardoner's moment of emotion; he has, therefore, supposed the jesting to be of the ordinary sort, and he feels injured that his reply is taken in ill part.

> "'Now,' quod our host, 'I wol no lenger pleye
> With thee, ne with no other angry man.'"

The knight makes up the quarrel, which of course neither party wishes to prolong, and the company rides on as before.

If these considerations are sound, we have in Chaucer's treatment of the Pardoner no violation of dramatic propriety, but, on the contrary, the subtlest piece of character delineation the poet has ever attempted. The Pardoner is an able and eloquent man, a friar, very likely, who had entered his order with the best purposes, or, at any rate, with no bad aims, and with possibilities of good in him, and had grown corrupt with its corruption. His debasement seems to be utter, for one must not forget the picture in the general prologue. Nothing but a ribald story appears possible from him. But, by showing us the man in a moment of moral convulsion, Chaucer has invested him with a sort of dignity which justifies the poet in putting into his mouth one of the most beautiful as well as one of the best told tales in the whole collection.

If the considerations referred to be not sound, there is no explaining away the difficulties: the cynical prologue remains a monstrous absurdity; the error in tact involved in giving a despicable fellow a magnificent tale to tell seems ultimate; the earnest remark of the Pardoner that Christ's pardon is better than his is a piece of impertinence; the Pardoner's anger at the host's jesting is improbable; the dumbness of his wrath is out of character; and the surprise of the host at his losing his temper is nugatory. The interpretation suggested seems not only to be in harmony with all the phenomena, but even to explain some phenomena otherwise inexplicable except as blunders. That a fortuitous collection of blunders should combine to make up a subtle piece of character delineation is not impossible, perhaps, but is hardly what one would expect. Is it not reasonable, then, to accept an interpretation of the prologue and the tale which brings them into harmony with what we know of Chaucer's exquisite delicacy of portraiture, and wonderful power of dramatically adapting his stories to their tellers, particularly as the Pardoner's Tale must have been written when all his powers were at their height?

George Lyman Kittredge.

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SOME NEW LIGHT ON NAPOLEON.

THE personality of Napoleon still overshadows Europe. We see plainly enough now that he was not the champion of the principles liberated by the French Revolution. If the course of democracy, of representative government, had been regular in France, there would have been no Consulate and Empire. The system which Napoleon erected was a personal system through which his Titanic egotism might operate. That he swept away many old abuses, that he decreed reforms which had a constitutional, or even a democratic tendency, was because he thought thereby to make his autocracy more sure. Sentiment in politics never governed him; nay, he never acknowledged any principle save self-interest. Of this he made no secret.

As early as 1797, in speaking of France to Melzi at Milan, he said scornfully, "A republic of thirty million souls, with our customs, our vices, — how is it possible? That is a chimera with which the French are infatuated, but which will pass, like so many others. They need glory and the gratification of vanity; but liberty, — they know not what it means." Three years later, shortly after he became First Consul, he frankly told the Council of State, "My policy is to govern men according as the greatest number wish. . . . By turning Catholic I put an end to the war in the Vendée, by turning Mussulman I established myself in Egypt, by turning Ultramontane I won over the priests in Italy. If I were to govern a Jewish population, I would reëstablish the Temple of Solomon. So, too, I shall talk liberty in the free part of San Domingo; I shall confirm slavery in the Ile de France, and even in the slave part of San Domingo, — reserving to myself the right to soften and limit slavery wherever I maintain it, to reëstablish order and to uphold discipline wherever I maintain liberty. That, I think, is the way to recognize the sovereignty of the people."

Self-interest being thus bluntly proclaimed the guiding motive of Napoleon's career, it is idle to search his acts for proofs of philanthropic or reforming intentions. What amelioration France and Europe enjoyed through his agency was incidental, and not due to any recognition on his part of abstract rights or duties. He adopted such methods as, he believed, would conduce to the realization of his dream of world-empire; that they pleased or aggravated the peoples of Europe was wholly immaterial to him. His dictatorship was a great interruption in the process of democratization, an interruption so stupendous that democracy has not yet recovered from it. Therefore the personality of Napoleon exceeds in significance that of any other modern ruler, perhaps of all other rulers except Cæsar; and though he has been dead threescore and twelve years, the world still catches up every detail, no matter how trivial, which may throw further light on his character. For from his egotism, from what, in current scientific dialect, would be called his psychology, sprang those purposes, desires, whims, which became embodied in a new system of government and in a new combination of kingdoms.

There has recently appeared in Paris the first volume of a series of memoirs[1] which promise to be among the most valuable ever published concerning the Napoleonic period. Readers familiar with Taine's mosaic portrait of Napoleon will remember that he quotes often from the

[1] *Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier.* Premièro partie: Révolution, Consulat, Empire. Tome I., 1789–1810. Paris: Plon. 1893.

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unedited manuscript memoirs of "M. X., a young magistrate under Louis XVI., high functionary under the Empire, a great political personage under the Restoration and under the July Monarchy," and "probably the best informed and most judicious witness for the first half of our century." This "M. X." turns out to be Étienne-Denis Pasquier, who was born of a noble family in 1767, rose to be Chancellor of France, and died a duke in 1862, the last conspicuous survivor of the generation which beheld the French Revolution and the rise and fall of Napoleon. His own life was of uncommon interest. In his twentieth year he was appointed a councilor to the Parliament of Paris; he witnessed the assembling of the States-General, the trial and execution of the king; proscribed as a Royalist, he concealed himself for some time, till, through betrayal, he fell into the hands of the Terrorists, and was locked up in the prison of St. Lazare on the 8th Thermidor, whence he and his wife would speedily have been sent to the guillotine but for the counter-revolution of the following day which overthrew Robespierre. Under the Directory and Consulate he lived aloof from public affairs, but not from intimacy with many prominent men of various shades. When the Empire was established, he deemed it more patriotic for the late Royalists to accept office under government, in order that they might, by their conservatism, counterpoise the Radicals, rather than to encourage, by the withdrawal of their influence, the latter in their constant revolutionist purposes. The Empire, though despotic, had at least put an end to anarchy and civil war; it offered a large measure of justice; and if it was despotic, it nevertheless opened the way to ambition, and shed upon France a flood of glory peculiarly fascinating to the French heart.

Pasquier had no difficulty in securing an appointment, for Napoleon welcomed every Royalist to his service. From master of requests, Pasquier rose to be *procureur-général*, and, in 1810, prefect of police for Paris. This last position unlocked to him many secret doors, through which he explored not only the immediate intrigues which it was his business to baffle, but also those which had been woven during the earlier years of Napoleon's domination. Besides examining at first hand many confidential documents relating to important affairs, he had, further, the verbal testimony of many men who had been engaged in those affairs, and whose association with him led them to speak freely. Add to this his own qualities, — clearness of vision, integrity, common sense, and candor, — and it will be seen that both fortune and temperament fitted him to be "a well-informed and a judicious witness."

We shall have space to give his version of only a few of the matters which directly illustrate Napoleon's methods of thought and action; but before doing this we cannot forbear quoting this description of the fall of the Bastille, on July 14, 1789. If Pasquier's memory is exact, what shall we say of those tragic, lurid descriptions which historians of the first order have given us of this event?

"I was present," he says, "at the taking of the Bastille. What has been called the *combat* was not serious; the resistance was absolutely *nil*. There were neither provisions nor munitions in the place; there was not even need to invest it. The regiment of French Guards which undertook the attack appeared from the side of Rue Saint-Antoine, before the principal door, closed by a drawbridge. A few gunshots were fired, to which there was no response, and four or five cannon-shots. It has been asserted that one of the cannon-shots cut the chains of the drawbridge. I did not perceive it, although I was placed very near the point of attack. What I saw perfectly was the action of the soldiers, *invalides* or others, ranged on the platform of the high tower, raising the butts

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of their guns in the air, and expressing, by all the means used in similar circumstances, their willingness to surrender.... The truth is that this grand combat did not for an instant frighten the numerous spectators who had gathered to see its result. Among them were many very elegant ladies, who had, in order to approach more easily, left their carriages at some distance. I was leaning on the end of the barrier which shut in, on the side of the Place de la Bastille, the garden skirting Beaumarchais's house, and on which was put, a few days later, the following inscription: *This little garden was planted the first year of liberty.* Beside me was Mademoiselle Contat, of the Comédie-Française. We waited till the conclusion, and I gave her my arm to her carriage, which was in Place Royale."

How must our conceptions of history be revised, if we are to think of the capture of the Bastille as a holiday spectacle, which many elegant ladies drove out to see, as they might drive out to a tennis match or a meet of the hounds!

Pasquier has little to say about Napoleon before he became First Consul. Incidentally, we learn that the Egyptian expedition was considered at the time a mad enterprise, and that, contrary to Bonapartist historians, Napoleon's return from Egypt was not eagerly awaited by any large portion of the public, for his genius was not yet widely understood. But he gives full credit to the skill with which the young general compassed the overthrow of the Directory on the 18th Brumaire, a stroke in which Napoleon first displayed on a large scale that art, in which he had no peer, "of making the most contrary opinions march side by side to his end." The following fragment of the harangue in which he overwhelmed the partisans of the Directory needs no comment. The young military adventurer who could thus address the established government he was about to strangle might well fire the enthusiasm of Parisians, and justify almost any prediction as to his own future. "What have you done," he demanded imperiously, — "what have you done with that France I left you so brilliant? I left you peace; I find war. I left you victories; I find defeat. I left you the millions of Italy; I find everywhere despoiling laws with misery. What have you done with the hundred thousand Frenchmen, all of whom I knew, my comrades in glory? They are all dead! This state of things cannot last; it would lead us to despotism. We desire liberty, seated on the bases of equality."

From the moment when his dictatorship, under the thin mask of a plebiscite, was confirmed, Napoleon, as Pasquier testifies, wished to forget the past, and to treat as enemies only those who persisted in opposing the new government. He adroitly erased all but the ringleaders of the emigration from the proscription lists; he enticed Royalists to him by honors and offices; he struck a bargain with the Church, — all with a view to securing the support of that part of the community which, whatever the form of government, is by instinct conservative. And France benefited by this respite from civil war.

The explosion of the infernal machine gave Napoleon the chance he had been looking for to intimidate both camps of his opponents. Suspicion fell at first on the Jacobins, a goodly number of whom he had arrested; but when the real culprits were discovered to be Royalists, he did not release the former. Odium settled upon both, with the consequent increase of Napoleon's popularity. In the trial of Georges Cadoudal, Pichegru, and Moreau, sufficient evidence of guilt was produced to warrant the execution of Cadoudal. Nevertheless, as Pasquier remarks, it would have been more politic to have pardoned Moreau, in view of his recent military successes; the victor of Hohenlinden was too deeply involved to have been dangerous afterwards to

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the victor of Marengo; but Napoleon, in pushing the proceedings, seemed to be actuated by the desire to get rid of a possible rival, and thereby he aroused sympathy for Moreau. Pasquier does not hesitate to affirm that Pichegru killed himself in prison. Had Napoleon wished to remove either of the conspirators by assassination, Moreau, and not Pichegru, was evidently the man. Pichegru was no longer to be feared. So far, then, as concerned this affair of the infernal machine, Napoleon, by Pasquier's showing, failed to be magnanimous where magnanimity would have been the shrewdest policy, but he was guilty of no crime.

This cannot be said of his action in the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, which Pasquier describes with great minuteness and with apparent frankness. No crime since the Reign of Terror had so shocked France and Europe as this; it was the first serious blot on Napoleon's reign; and though he disavowed it, his contemporaries and posterity have fixed the blame on him. The horror it excited was out of all proportion to any advantage that he could derive from it. How did it happen that he was so blind as not to foresee this? Pasquier, with free access to the police archives, and with information given to him by the participants in this affair at a time when they had no reason to lie, gives the following account.

During the trial of Georges Cadoudal and his accomplices, it was learned that an unknown stranger had come to Paris to confer with the plotters. That he was a personage of high mark could be inferred from the caution taken to conceal his name and movements, and from the deference paid to him. The police conjectured that he must be one of the royal family; by a process of elimination they concluded that it could only be the Duke d'Enghien; by means of a secret agent they learned that the duke had indeed made a mysterious journey at the time indicated. Persuaded by this evidence, Napoleon decided to seize him, despite the fact that he had taken refuge beyond the French frontiers, at Ettenheim, in Baden. The foreign territory was violated; the duke was arrested, and hurried to Paris as fast as the post could travel.

Before his arrival, Napoleon held a council to determine what should be done. Besides himself and the two other consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, were present Talleyrand, minister of foreign affairs, and Fouché, late minister of police. Lebrun and Cambacérès urged that the duke be held as a hostage; Talleyrand, on the contrary, recommended extreme rigor, and Napoleon agreed with him. When the meeting broke up, Cambacérès followed Napoleon into his cabinet, and again earnestly pointed out the immense imprudence of this step; but Napoleon repelled every plea. The duke's death, he said, would seem to the world a just reprisal for Bourbon conspiracies against himself; the Bourbons must be taught that he could overmatch them at their own weapons; he wished, finally, to open an unbridgeable chasm between his partisans and the Royalists. "It fits you well," he added, in a burst of sarcastic fury, "to be so scrupulous, so miserly of the blood of *your* kings, you who voted for the death of Louis XVI!"

On the morning of the day when D'Enghien was expected, General Savary — always the willing instrument of Napoleon's basest deeds — had a personal interview with the First Consul, and was ordered to take command of the garrison of Vincennes; further instructions he would receive from Murat. He reached Murat's just as Talleyrand was leaving; was informed that a military commission was convoked to try the duke that very night, and that he, Savary, should carry out without delay the verdict of the commission. When he came to the fortress of Vincennes, he found the commission, composed of officers who had been summoned without

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being told the object of their summons, already at work.

Meanwhile, the duke, weary after long travel, had reached the fortress. The commission went to the chamber where he was in bed, and startled him by announcing that he was under trial for his life. He formally demanded to be taken to the First Consul. Some one proposed that a note should be sent to Napoleon for permission, but Savary vehemently objected, and the commissioners, after long demur, submitted to him, with the thought that their intercession might avail later. Then the duke was brought before them and subjected to many questions. Two, at least, of the judges made him understand the necessity of disavowing the charges against him; but, with reckless candor, he confessed that he wished to serve in the English army against France. He denied, however, any participation in the plot to assassinate Napoleon, and again demanded an audience.

The judges declared the charges established. "What shall be the penalty?" asked the presiding officer. The commissioners were in favor of imprisonment, but, remembering the tenacity with which the young prince had expressed his wish to fight in a foreign army against France as long as the usurper governed France, they at last pronounced the sentence of death. Within half an hour he was shot in the fosse of the fortress, just as the gray March day was breaking. Whether the verdict was just or not, the haste of the execution was illegal; for the death sentence, after being read to the condemned, ought to have been countersigned by the general of division. So little did the commissioners expect that the immediate reading of the sentence would lead to its being at once carried out that General Hulin, the presiding officer, was writing a letter to Napoleon, which they all intended to sign, asking that the duke's request for an audience might be granted, and that clemency would be shown, when Savary brusquely interrupted them with, "Messieurs, your business is done; the rest concerns me." A few minutes later they heard the volley of musketry.

His work finished, Savary started for Malmaison to inform his master. At the city barrier he encountered Réal, a councilor of state, driving in the opposite direction. "Where are you going?" Savary called to him, as their carriages stopped. "To Vincennes, by the First Consul's orders, to interrogate the Duke d'Enghien," replied Réal. "What!" exclaimed Savary, "does n't the First Consul know that the Duke d'Enghien was to be tried at midnight? He has just been condemned and executed." "How is that possible?" exclaimed Réal. "I had so many questions to ask the prince; his examination could have discovered so many things. Here 's another affair missed, of which we shall know nothing. The First Consul will be furious!"

Savary went on to Malmaison; but, as Pasquier asks, would he have returned with such confidence had he been unaware that his mission would commend itself to Napoleon? It is impossible, as Pasquier concludes, that Napoleon did not wish and command the execution. During the preceding day he had shut himself in his cabinet, refusing to see any one; apparently wishing to guard himself against any arguments such as Cambacérès had urged. Josephine, however, saw him, and begged him to reconsider; but he retorted curtly, "Go away; you are a child; you do not understand the duties of politics." Awaking at five the next morning, he said to her, "At this hour the Duke d'Enghien has ceased to be."

And what of Réal's tardy visit? What of the letter of instruction, four pages long, dictated by Napoleon himself? We are led, with Pasquier, to surmise that they were to serve as a blind, behind which Napoleon might, in some

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fashion, escape the direct responsibility for the crime. The only other explanation is that he sent Réal on the chance that the order for immediate execution had not been obeyed. Against this militates the fact that he was not accustomed to brook lagging obedience, and that he knew his man when he chose Savary for such work. Certain it is that Savary suffered no eclipse; after Friedland he was made a duke, although the members of the military commission had to wait several years for their promotion. Moreover, Napoleon never expressed contrition. In his last testament he wrote, "I had the Duke d'Enghien arrested and tried, because it was necessary for the safety and interest of the French people, when the Count d'Artois [Charles X.] maintained with his consent sixty assassins at Paris; in a similar circumstance I should act likewise."

Nevertheless, the recollection of the crime, or of what, in Fouché's words, was worse than a crime, a blunder, rankled in spite of Napoleon's effort to forget it; and whenever any allusion was made to D'Enghien, his face darkened and his anger rose.

Pasquier's account of the Empire, its pomp and tyranny, its apparent strength, its hidden weaknesses, and its beneficent provisions, is surely one of the best that any contemporary has left us. Only a very just and intelligent man could describe as he has done the great events in which he participated. Of all the legacies of the Revolution, Napoleon, he says, defended only one with complete sincerity, — the guarantee given to the particular interests which the Revolution had created. But, although Napoleon diverted the other revolutionary bequests to his own use, the majority of Frenchmen accepted his sovereignty, and the system by which he supported it, as a preventive of something worse. The dread of a relapse into anarchy made his autocracy tolerable, and he gilded it by furnishing spectacular pomp and plenty of glory for that part of the French nation which craved both. Pasquier declares over and over again, however, that France as a whole desired peace, and that, if she exulted in the swift triumphs, her most earnest hope was that each campaign would be the last, till the time came when she realized that Napoleon's ambition made an enduring peace impossible.

We have not space to set forth Pasquier's narrative of Napoleon's relations with the Jewish Sanhedrim and with the Pope. He strangely underestimated the subtle power of the Roman hierarchy. Outwardly, of course, he could easily crush it; a single platoon of the Guards was more than a match, physically, for the entire Conclave. But though Pius VII. was under lock and key at Savona, and refractory cardinals were in exile or in custody, at the autocrat's will, his material blows did not reach the spiritual things of which those old men were the guardians. The Pope bent, but he did not yield; his compliance always had a reversible attachment. Yet we cannot but feel that, had Napoleon used more tact instead of coercion, he might have got the very real advantages he sought, without the loss of any of his own prerogatives. Once, at least, during the session of the Gallic Council, the end was in sight; but he dropped the reality to clutch the shadow.

The negotiations over the second marriage, as told by Pasquier, illustrate that mingling of finesse and self-will which stamped much of Napoleon's diplomacy. Having reluctantly decided to put away Josephine, — whose age now precluded the hope of her bearing him an heir, — Napoleon looked about him for another wife. An alliance with the royal family of Saxony would have been possible, but it would have brought little lustre; so he turned his eyes to Anne, second sister of Czar Alexander. Caulaincourt, French ambassador at St. Petersburg, was therefore authorized to make a for-

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mal demand for her hand. After delays over matters of detail, Caulaincourt, on January 21, 1810, sent a dispatch announcing a favorable answer. The dispatch reached Paris on February 5. In the mean while, Metternich, the Austrian premier, alarmed at the prospect of a union which would make allies of the French and Russian empires, instructed some of his diplomatic agents to hint that had Napoleon asked for an Austrian archduchess, he would not have been refused. The affair was conducted adroitly on both sides, so that, in case of failure, the vanity of neither would be compromised. On the day after the arrival of Caulaincourt's message, Napoleon had secretly determined to accept the Austrian, Marie Louise.

"Russia doubtless offered him," says Pasquier, "a stronger alliance, and one which put a greater weight in the political scales of Europe; but his chief end was to enter the family of kings, and, in this great family, the House of Russia was new in comparison with the House of Austria. In choosing an archduchess, he united himself to the oldest sovereign race, after that of France. He married a granddaughter of Maria Theresa, whose daughter Louis XVI. had married. In France, there was no doubt that this alliance, wholly unhoped for, would make a much deeper impression than the Russian alliance could."

Not to appear too precipitate, Napoleon summoned an extraordinary council to discuss his intention. Talleyrand argued for the Austrian marriage. Austria, he said, was the only European power whose cabinet survived from reign to reign, and could consequently plan and pursue a fixed policy. In Russia, on the other hand, all depended upon the will of one sovereign. Engagements contracted with this Czar might be annulled by his successor. The council, as was to be expected, confirmed Napoleon's decision. Champagny, minister of foreign affairs, had the unpleasant duty of informing the Czar that his sister would not be Empress of France. The reasons he gave were not calculated to soothe that autocrat. The delay in accepting Napoleon's offer was, he said, more insulting than a downright refusal. Russia should have immediately grasped the honor tendered to her. The stipulation that the grand duchess should maintain her Greek form of worship might be regarded as implying that the Roman service, which Napoleon patronized, was inferior. Finally, the grand duchess being but fifteen, it was improbable that she could bear the Emperor an heir for several years. All the reasons were flimsy enough, but to the last the Czar might pertinently have rejoined, "Why did you not think of that before?"

Archduchess Marie Louise was escorted to Paris, and married with a degree of state which even her Hapsburg traditions could not find fault with. It seemed as if at last Napoleon's ascendency in Europe could not be shaken. Nevertheless, events soon justified the anxiety of Cambacérès, who had said to Pasquier, on coming out from the council at which the marriage was decided upon, "I am morally sure that before two years we shall have war with that one of the two powers whose daughter Napoleon does not take. Now, a war with Austria causes me no disquietude, but I tremble at a war with Russia; its consequences are incalculable." In the following year, the birth of the King of Rome was attended by such serious complications that it seemed at one moment as if the life of either the mother or the child must be sacrificed. When the court surgeon, Dubois, announced this danger to Napoleon, he replied, "Act, sir, as you would in the case of a peasant's wife." When we measure the eagerness with which he awaited the birth of a son, we shall not be wrong in deeming this the most generous and humane of Napoleon's recorded utterances.

Pasquier gives several examples of

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Napoleon's violent temper, which used to explode the more easily when he knew that he was unjust, as in the dismissal of Portalis. On that occasion, the Council of State quailed; but though Pasquier had the courage to point out to the Emperor that Portalis had done nothing to merit his displeasure, he stormed on, and Portalis was cashiered. Two or three years later, however, Napoleon quietly took him back into his service. That was his method of seeming infallible.

To two men of much greater influence he behaved in similar fashion. Fouché, minister of police, was caught secretly corresponding with the English. In open council at Saint-Cloud Napoleon berated him, adding, as a sting to his rebukes, "You think yourself very shrewd, but, for all that, you are not. It is Talleyrand who is shrewd; and on this occasion he has fooled you like a child, he has made you his tool." The sarcasm was the more bitter because Talleyrand was already in disgrace, and Fouché prided himself on having learned the art of staying permanently in office.

Talleyrand's expulsion came about through his caustic criticism of the Spanish campaign, and through his intriguing to have Murat proclaimed Emperor, should the news come that Napoleon was overthrown. The wily and despicable diplomat always had his eye on his *next* possible master, and he succeeded, as we know, in holding office under a Bourbon as easily as under a Bonaparte. On this occasion, the news of his intrigues reached Napoleon's ears, and he lost no time, after his return to Paris, in letting loose his wrath. For half an hour Talleyrand listened, "without winking, without replying a word, to a torrent of invectives." Pasquier remarks, by the way, that Talleyrand was not ready at offhand repartee; his famous epigrams had usually to be sharpened in his closet, to be shot off at a favorable moment. No wonder that he had nothing prepared to parry the following fulmination, which he had not foreseen.

"You are a thief, a coward, a man without honor! You do not believe in God!" thundered Napoleon. "During your whole life you have failed in your duties; you have deceived, betrayed, everybody. For you there is nothing sacred; you would sell your own father. I have loaded you with wealth, and there is nothing you are not capable of doing against me. Thus, for the last ten months, you have the shamelessness — because you suppose, right or wrong, that my affairs in Spain are going ill — to say, to whoever will listen, that you have always blamed my enterprise in that kingdom; whereas it is you who gave me the first thought of it, and who have persistently pushed me on. And that man, that miserable one [the Duke d'Enghien], — who let me know where he lived? Who incited me to severity against him? What, then, are your projects? What do you wish? What do you hope for? Dare to say it! You deserve that I should smash you like a glass. I have the power, but I despise you too much to take the trouble."

Nothing revealed Napoleon's vast confidence in himself more than the recklessness with which he ousted tools like Talleyrand and Fouché, who had the key to many of his secrets, unless it were the assurance with which, when he saw fit, he reinstated them. He used men as an apothecary uses drugs; though he might rage because a given drug failed in a given instance, yet he had no hesitation in employing it again when he thought it would serve. There was no question of apology or explanation.

Of only one other of his traits, his obstinacy, have we space to borrow a fresh illustration from Pasquier. No man ever lived who believed more firmly than he that all was possible which he had determined to do. Therein lay his enormous strength; therein, too, lurked the sources of irretrievable blun-

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ders. To accomplish his tremendous scheme, England, Spain, must be subdued. They could be subdued if they were what he imagined them to be; but, in fact, they were quite different, and he never could be persuaded that his imaginary England, his fictitious Spain, did not correspond exactly to the real ones. Even the forces of nature must obey his law, or be disregarded. Thus, in the winter of 1811–12, there was great dearth throughout France. Early in May, just before leaving Paris to take command of the Russian campaign, he had an audience with Pasquier, who, as prefect of police, had oversight of the provisions of the capital. "As for the scarcity of food," said Napoleon, "it is ended; we are on the eve of the harvest, and in a fortnight you will have no more trouble." In vain Pasquier assured him that the harvest could not be garnered before the middle or last of July; that there were, therefore, three months in which want might drive the masses to riot. The Emperor, having in his imagination got rid of that difficulty, would not see that it still existed in fact. Pasquier expressed his anxiety over the dangers of a possible insurrection during Napoleon's absence. "When I had finished," he says, "he kept silence, walking from the window to the hearth, his arms crossed behind his back, as a man who ponders deeply. I was following him with my eyes, when, turning quickly towards me, he uttered these words: 'Yes, without doubt there is some truth in what you say; it is one more difficulty added to all those which I must encounter in the greatest, the hardest undertaking which I have yet attempted; but we must finish what is begun. Good-by, prefect.'"

Here we must leave this remarkable book, from which we have extracted some of the more important passages referring directly to Napoleon; but it will be found rich in other material, concerning the imperial régime, and in portraits of Napoleon's family and associates. Not the least interesting figure is that of Pasquier himself, a man who could serve under the autocrat without becoming servile, and who regarded his office, not as a license to private aggrandizement, but as a means of promoting the public weal.

THE SON OF A PROPHET.

THE history that crystallizes itself in great events or great personages is mostly made in secret. Only a small proportion of it, and that the least vital, ever comes to the surface in the chronicles. Hence it is that the periods of history have always been so potent to set the busy imagination of the romancer at work speculating on those hidden forces and vitalities which, if their visible results are so great, must themselves be of as much deeper significance as life is deeper than show or speech.

The author of The Son of a Prophet,[1] while frankly avowing a purpose of this kind, has made a variation from the ordinary theme of the historical novelist which is worthy of special note. Instead of tracing the story of some renowned hero or of some important social and political period, he has undertaken to search out and reconstruct the history, with its influences, individual and national, mental and spiritual, that must have preceded the creation of a great

[1] *The Son of a Prophet.* By GEORGE ANSON JACKSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

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work of literature. At the same time, the work which he has thus attempted to account for is a work that, in its wealth of world significance, is worthy of the romancer's best efforts, being that "noble book, all men's book," the book of Job.

"Books," says Milton, "are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a viall the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." True as this is of books in general, any one who has become deeply familiar with the record of the patriarch of Uz must see that this truth as applied to the book of Job is of well-nigh inexhaustible significance. By the law that involution must be equal to evolution, a book so vital as this has proved to be, so profoundly true to nature, human and divine, must have behind it and underneath it one of the greatest personalities of the ages, — whether of patriarch himself or of author it matters little. Certainly the book stands for great "searchings of heart" on the part of some transcendent soul; it could never have spun itself out of an idle brain and an empty heart, or flowed off in a drop of ink as the *tour de force* of a glib writer. "Behold the man who was in hell," people used to say of Dante. It was the piercing heart-life that vitalized his poem, not the mere genius, that extorted the remark. In such life as this the book of Job falls no whit below Dante; while in its sanity of spiritual insight, and in its truth to the heart of ancient and modern, of unlettered and scholastic alike, it stands far above the work of the Florentine. Nor is it in spiritual wealth alone that the book of Job repays investigation. Its author, whoever he was, must have had more than common endowments of mind and learning; he would have been recognized as a scholar in any age or country. The book is packed full of the fruits of wide travel, keen observation, sound and judicious thought. To account for these in some reasonable way is of necessity to become acquainted with a personage rich in the spiritual and intellectual heritage of a long life, and with an age and land full of vital forces and traditions.

Where so many threads of experience, contact with the world, suffering, and meditation unite in a great work of literature, the problem of tracing them back to their beginnings is confessedly no easy one; and yet the solution, when it comes, will be found to lie much nearer our common life than we are apt to think; so near, indeed, that the interpreter's chief success will be not to have stumbled over it and been broken in the reach after something more extraordinary. To seek it in psychology or dogma is to lead the reader into deeps that only the learned can explore; to interrogate merely the environment of art and thinking, custom and ceremonial, that surrounds the personages of a remote and alien age is to seek an interest that, for any but the antiquarian, can result at best only in galvanism rather than in life. After all, our hope is in the "russet-coated epic," which can deal not only with deep things, but with neighborhood and domestic affairs, with the small matters of village and market and hearth. The historical novel exists, indeed, in order to translate what is ancient and strange into the dialect of every day, the dialect in which men traffic and jest, and give expression to what Beethoven would call their unbuttoned moods. And it is no small thing to say of Mr. Jackson's book that it reads, as we say of good translations, not like a derived, but like an original work. The story in which he has embodied his study of David's and Solomon's time does much, alike in plot, incidents, and characters, to lend the interest of to-day to lives of long ago.

To take the word that comes most naturally to mind as we finish reading the book, and say that the author has done his work in an eminently workman-

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like manner, is to leave so little said as to be misleading. The book is workmanlike, careful, true to historical fact and spirit; but it is more. If the story-taster who would be scared away by such a description will stay a moment, he will find it by no means lacking in the qualities that he desiderates in a story. It is a real story, and it is alive. The movement, it is true, is not rapid, not flippant and electrical; its deep and solemn theme would make such quality out of place. But neither does it halt, nor wait for antiquarian research and sermonizing: and this is a great thing to be assured of when we consider the peculiar nature of the undertaking. A well-studied plot, of deep and searching interest, rich not merely in thought, but in thought-provoking incident, with characters so real and individualized that we follow their fortunes, tragic or tranquil, with an absorption that we hardly realize until the last page is reached; and then, thinking back, we find that we have been looking with realistic eyes at a bit of the actual life of long ago, of that best life such as attended the genesis of great thoughts. There is tragedy here; there must have been in the life of that great man, whoever he was, that wrote the book of Job; but it is relieved by many a pleasant domestic scene, and by intervals where time and nature come in to medicine sorely tried souls. And not heroes alone, nor heroes only in their heroic moments, but womanhood and childhood, as well as every-day moods and life, do their part in making up the fabric of the story. Nor is the story wholly lacking in touches of gentle humor; such playful amenities as make us realize that the men whom we associate with the strenuous life of great affairs could also be genial and pleasant, and yet not be trivial or make a burlesque of history.

On the whole, then, we lay the book down with a deep respect not only for the historic imagination which has so successfully lived itself into a long-past age, but also, and not less, for the narrator's art which has embodied the results of its study into a whole so satisfying and consistent. It is a helpful book to those who love what is great and solemn and serious in life.

As we study the great literary works of the past, we easily get fallacious ideas of what we really want to learn concerning them. We attach great importance to an authorship or a date, as if everything were settled by pinning these down to stern exactness. But names and figures, after all, are barren things. It really makes no difference whether the man who wrote the book of Job was named Eleazar or Heman or Jeremiah; whether he wrote in the year 700 or 813 or 622 before Christ. What we really desire to know is something very different. The book before us is wise and able, it seems to us, in adhering to what is of true and universal interest. It does not attempt to settle date or authorship; it has larger work than this in hand. A date must needs be assumed, of course, or rather a *milieu*, for the germination of the book; but whether we would put it so early as our author does or not, we at least can agree with and profit by the general portrayal of influences here presented. The question is not of facts, but of spiritual principles and potencies. So far all will agree: that Job is a product, and the ripest product, of the Wisdom literature, — that literature which, in its beginnings, we identify with the reign of Solomon; and if we can see the spirit of Hebrew Wisdom rising and coming to expression, if we can get our imagination into the current of that important era of thought, as this story helps us do, it makes little difference whether we put its greatest monument one or two reigns earlier or later. The story affords its help just the same, and this is its service, — a service which is thoroughly, learnedly, and attractively done.

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COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Edward the First, by Professor T. F. Tout. Twelve English Statesmen Series. (Macmillan.) Professor Tout brings to his work wide and accurate knowledge, and he has produced an interesting, lucid, well-considered, and on the whole, in view of the limitation in space, well-constructed narrative. It hardly needs saying that here, as in any intelligent study of the character and achievements of the king who might well be called Edward the Great, the author must perforce be largely indebted to the masterly and authoritative work of the historian who has made this epoch peculiarly his own. A noticeable and much-to-be-commended feature of this volume is the attention given to Edward's career as Duke of Aquitaine and to his continental policy and influence, — subjects usually most inadequately dealt with. Other and better known aspects of the king's life, as the victor at Evesham, crusader, conqueror of Wales, overlord of Scotland, wise lawgiver, and defender of civil and national rights against the never-ceasing encroachments of the Church, are successively treated. The author's tone throughout is temperate and judicial, and his book worthily fills its place in the admirable series to which it belongs. — The reader of the interesting article in The Atlantic for October, 1891, on The Ascetic Ideal, by Miss Preston and Miss Dodge, will find in the sixth volume of A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers (The Christian Literature Company, New York) ample material for satisfying the curiosity awakened by the article. This volume is devoted to the Letters and Select Works of St. Jerome, the great author of the Vulgate translation, and will surprise those who ignorantly suppose the Christian Fathers to be a sort of Desert of Sahara with occasional oases. Human nature in the fifth century was a very interesting study, and, for our part, we find St. Jerome vastly more interesting and instructive than that monitor of Christianity in the nineteenth, the religious newspaper. — History of the Jews, by Professor H. Graetz. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) The second volume of this work, which we have already noticed, covers the period from the reign of Hyrcanus, 135 B. C., to the completion of the Babylonian Talmud, in the year 500. We are reasonably grateful that Jewish chronology is not used, and that we are let off with C. E. for A. D. It will be seen that this volume covers the advent of the Christ, and it is the portion devoted to the life, teachings, and death of Jesus of Nazareth which will naturally attract the Christian reader. To a superficial student, the most marked characteristic is the studious manner in which this incident is subordinated to the main purpose of the book, together with the exultant recognition of the fact that through Christianity Judaism burst its bonds, and became a message to all the world. — The Settlement of the Jews in North America, by Charles P. Daly. Edited, with Notes and Appendices, by Max J. Kohler. (Philip Cowen, New York.) Twenty years ago Judge Daly delivered an historical address, which was expanded by him in a series of papers in a Jewish journal. The book which contained these is now reissued, with a further contribution by Judge Daly, in which he gives entertaining sketches of prominent Jews of New York, and judicious notes by the editor. The work as now presented is an interesting monograph, which is at once scholarly and readable. — Women of Versailles. The Court of Louis XIV. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) From the rich and abundant material illustrating the period covered by this volume, M. de Saint-Amand could not fail to produce an entertaining book. He writes, too, *con amore*, and is indeed somewhat dazzled by the rays of the Sun-King. By way of compensation, perhaps, he indulges in much moralizing, both raptures and homilies being so characteristically French that they lose much of whatever impressiveness they may possess by being done into English. Vivid, though of necessity brief sketches are given of the women who, either by right or by the favor of the king, held court at Versailles during the reign of the most magnificent of monarchs. In the midst of

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so much art and artifice, we feel that we have a most refreshing glimpse of nature when we meet, among more brilliant and seductive figures, the Princess Palatine, — that upright, generous, keen-witted, and plain-spoken granddaughter of Elizabeth Stuart, whom the author does not love, but whose personality has a unique interest. Despite certain inevitable limitations of her caste and time, she looks with such clear eyes on the world to which she never ceases to be alien that her strictures thereon might almost be called the verdict of posterity. — The Story of Mary Washington, by Marion Harland. (Houghton.) This narrative leaves the impression of Spartan strength rather than of womanly charm as the distinguishing quality of the grandmother of her country. It appears that the book was written at the request of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association; and hence it may be that, as a piece of writing, it is not free from marks of haste and something like perfunctoriness. The nature of many of its details gives them an interest of their own. — Benjamin Franklin and the University of Pennsylvania, edited by F. N. Thorpe. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) This is one of the Circulars of Information which the Bureau of Education sends out, but the reader must not be misled by the term "circular." An octavo of four hundred and fifty pages might almost be called a book. Professor Thorpe has called to his aid various gentlemen connected with the university, and the volume, which begins with a rehearsal, in a fresh manner, of well-known facts in Franklin's life, glides almost imperceptibly into a pretty full history and analysis of the university. There is much that is worth preserving, but the government blight falls upon this book, also, and there is a dreary amount of matter which is old and of little value as soon as the document gets published. — The Poet and the Man, Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell, by Francis H. Underwood. (Lee & Shepard.) It is too much to ask that *the* biography of any great man shall not be preceded by a troop of little biographical books. This estimate of Lowell and his work comes from a friend and editorial associate, and therefore raises expectations of things not known before. It is hard to repress all disappointment, and the reflection that brevity and adequacy are not incompatible. Yet, if Mr. Underwood's book is not all unfamiliar, it leaves the reader with a strengthened sense of the poet's personal charm, and some new cause to care quite as much for the man as for all he did. — Famous Composers and their Works, edited by John Knowles Paine, Theodore Thomas, and Karl Klauser. (J. B. Millet Company, Boston.) Four parts of this serial work have reached us, and they promise an interesting and well-ordered library for the lover of music. The strength of the work appears to be given to the biographical studies, which are full, and plainly worked up with care. So far, Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, and Haydn have been treated. Portraits and historical monuments form appropriate illustrations, and each composer is further set forth by means of characteristic selections from his music. A series of essays upon the development of music is promised, and it is clear from what has been shown that the work is not an omnium gatherum, but a choice and carefully studied artistic whole. — The second volume of Pepys's Diary, edited by H. B. Wheatley, carries the work from April 1, 1661, to the last day of 1662. The delicious old sinner gives one a tolerable notion of what "merry" England was in his days. We are not quite so outspoken now, and we do not treat our daily memorandum books with the same frankness; perhaps our tomfoolery is more refined, but certainly the way Pepys goes on with "Mrs. Rebecca" and other friends of his gives a notion of the candor of social life which helps to interpret the plays of the day and the novels that followed. This new edition is publishing in Bohn's Library. (Macmillan, New York.) — Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Latest English Historian. A Narrative of the Principal Events in the Life of Mary Stuart, with Some Remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England. By James F. Meline. (Robert Clarke & Co.) A reprint of a work issued twenty years ago, with an introduction and additions to the appendix by the author's niece. Like the historian whom he criticises, the writer is a partisan, but a partisan who can usually quote chapter and verse for the faith that is in him.

Literature and Literary History. The Lit-

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erary Works of James Smetham, edited by William Davies. (Macmillan.) The volume of Smetham's Letters was a contribution to the knowledge of a rare spirit. One would gladly see his paintings, because they must have been an equally high form of expression with his letters. The four essays on Reynolds, Blake, Alexander Smith, and Gerhard Dow, which make up the bulk of this volume, are interesting and readable, but only one of them, that on Blake, seems to test the writer's fine insight. The clear, sound judgment displayed in this paper furnishes an admirable interpretation of a man who needs to be looked upon with the eye which is at once poetic and sane. Some of the poems, for the most part grave, and often deeply religious, intimate the more recondite nature of the man. That called An Antidote to Care is rememberable. — The Highway of Letters and its Echoes of Famous Footsteps, by Thomas Archer. (Randolph.) In this handsome volume, Mr. Archer gives, in a sketchy and desultory way, what may perhaps be called a gossipy chronicle of Fleet Street, in its relation to English letters, from the time when, in imagination, he stands with Chaucer and Gower on Fleet Bridge, to the days of Punch and its journalistic neighbors. He touches upon the famous thoroughfare's historic associations as well, and glances at changing customs and manners. Fleet Street is sometimes to him but a point of departure, as he follows the fortunes of some of its *habitués* even past the limits of the City. The result is an entertaining medley, which yet is not without form and consecutiveness, and which in the matter of accuracy of detail will, on the whole, compare favorably with most works of the kind. So many of the landmarks of old London have disappeared during the last fifty years, and the existence of many that still remain is so constantly threatened, that a memorial of Dr. Johnson's "favorite street" is welcome. The volume is profusely illustrated, largely by reproductions from old books and prints. — The very pretty and readable edition of the Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York) has been further increased by The Professor, Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey, and the Poems of the three sisters together with Mr. Brontë's verses. The rage for completeness keeps even pace with the ascetic severity of selections, and one cannot find much fault with the zeal which has made this full edition, but we greatly doubt if the world will ever care for another. It would be hard for the world to get a prettier one, if it did have any such appetite. — Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., London, have done another service to good letters in their reissue of the works of Henry Fielding in twelve volumes, nine of which have reached us, — two given to Joseph Andrews, four to Tom Jones, and three to Amelia. The series is edited by Mr. Saintsbury, who contributes to the first volume of each novel a characteristic essay, irritating by reason of its cocksureness, and the sort of obtrusion of the editor which is tolerable only because the editor really knows something about his subject. The volumes are much like the Brontë volume, though with a prettier binding; they are delightful in the hand, and have etchings which partake of the old-time flavor. And then, what a treat awaits one who has a genuine love of literature, and reads these books not so much as novels as splendid pieces of English literature, couched in a style so masculine, and yet so pliant, as to be the despair of the careful writer of to-day! — In the Cameo Edition (Scribners), Mr. Andrew Lang's Letters to Dead Authors appear in a new, attractive form, and are the better for the addition of four epistles, — to Maister John Knox, to the Reverend Increase Mather, to Homer, and to Samuel Pepys, Esq. Indeed, the letter to Pepys is one of the best of the entire series, for it enters as thoroughly into the spirit of the frankest of chroniclers as the verses Mr. Lang once mixed with those of Thomas Haynes Bayly caught the flavor of their model; and this, it will be remembered, they did to the desired point of bewilderment. It is something more than "the mock-bird's note" which enables Mr. Lang to address these dead worthies, not merely in their own outward mannerisms, but in a vein of approbation or remonstrance to which each of them in turn must have given heed, if he could have heard. — Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have issued a new edition of Coaching Days and Coaching Ways, by W. Outram Tristram. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson and Herbert Railton. It is uniform with the attractive series of which

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Old Christmas was the first and best, and, like all its companions, is a charming volume to the eye. The author considers the seven great highways of England, the Bath, Exeter, Portsmouth, Brighton, Dover, York, and Holyhead roads, and his itineraries are a curious *mélange* of history, tradition, anecdote, legend, fact, and fiction. His lively description (following Ainsworth) of the ride of Dick Turpin we find has lingered longest in our memory, and it is a good specimen of his manner. But the writer is very much overshadowed by the artists, whose illustrations, over two hundred in number, are, as a rule, admirable, and give the book its principal value. — Windfalls of Observation, Gathered for the Edification of the Young and the Solace of Others, by Edward Sandford Martin. (Scribners.) One need not be a symbolist to catch from the title-page of this book a suggestion that it is of the Sandford and Merton variety. No first impression, however, could be more wrong, for the work consists of a number of very pleasant little essays, adapted to the last pages of magazines, on every-day topics of universal interest, such as marriage, death, horses, and climate. In his Little Brother of the Rich, Mr. Martin showed his power to amuse in rhyme. Here, with a very occasional tendency towards too deliberate funniness, he displays the same power in prose, and by its side exhibits a thoroughly assuring element of good sense. The book, in consequence, is a capital thing to be left lying where it may easily be picked up.

Poetry. Selections from the Verse of Augusta Webster. (Macmillan.) When a volume of Selections, very like a book in the Golden Treasury Series, can be made from the poems of one person, and stand clearly forth as a book of distinct merit, there can be no question of its writer's power. Mrs. Webster has published ten or a dozen volumes of verse, and yet, we venture to say, is less known in America than many a poetess of one or two books. Can the reason be that her Muse is not dressed according to all the fashions of the day? It is not necessary to join a cult in order to understand Mrs. Webster, but readers who do not yet know her, and care for poetical simplicity, sincerity and strength, will find them in this little book; and the rest of the world, which knows her already, will not grudge the wider spread of her name and work. — Wanderers, the Poems of William Winter. (Macmillan.) A single one of the new poems in this enlarged edition of Mr. Winter's Wanderers would have justified the appearance of the volume, and that is the poem on the death of George William Curtis. It is a beautifully simple and genuine lament, such as no common loss could have evoked, and no unsensitive pen could have written. The note of lament, indeed, sounds through the book, and few singers could have struck it so often with such constant sincerity as Mr. Winter has shown. — The Æneid of Vergil, Books I.–VI., translated by James Rhoades. (Longmans.) The translator disarms one sort of criticism by half acknowledging in his preface that his work is a labor of love, a thankless task, a "sum of more to that which hath too much." It would be pleasant to assure so modest a person that he is quite wrong. Unhappily, we find ourselves inclined to agree with him, and to lament this new instance of misdirected labor. Before people are old enough to print books, they translate Vergil with fidelity, and in maintaining this youthful standard Mr. Rhoades has permitted himself to write journeyman English verse. — Poems Dramatic and Lyrical, by John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley, with illustrations by C. S. Ricketts. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane, London; Macmillan, New York.) The liberal use of such words as "dædal" and "rathe," no less than the pale green and gold cover and the severely mediæval illustrations, set this book apart, beautifully made as it is, as belonging to the order of the precious, and crying out more than half in protest against what its author calls our "huckster age." Yet others than the *illuminati* can find something to enjoy in the vigor of portions of the dramatic poem Jael, and in such verses as A Song of Faith Forsworn and A Madrigal. In another way readers may find their appetites whetted by coming upon the poet's Arcadian landscape in which "crisp lambs are merry." Verily the cook is forestalled. — Columbian and Other Poems, by Francis Browning Owen. (Register Publishing Company, Ann Arbor, Mich.) The prose in this volume is quite as remarkable as the poetry. The author is at once in advance of his times and behind them. His innovation is a gen-

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erously appreciative autobiography; his return to the past, a revival of the eighteenth-century fashion of dedications. He has a separate patron for his collection, and for each of its longer pieces of verse. With a persistency which argues a guilty conscience, he trusts that these friends will not find the time given to the "perusal" of his works "entirely squandered." Of the works themselves it is needless to speak, except to say that a better poet than Mr. Francis Browning Owen might suffer something like a recoil from the guileless heading given to each page, to wit, Browning's Poems. — The Conquest of Mexico and Peru, prefaced by the Discovery of the Pacific. An Historical Narrative Poem. By Kinahan Cornwallis. (The Daily Investigator, New York.) What fun Mr. Cornwallis must have had writing this poem in the intervals of business! The ticker may have served as a metronome.

Fiction. Two Bites at a Cherry, with Other Tales, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Houghton.) Seven tales and fantasies, in which the reader will find not so much the story, which is supposed to be what he is after, and does not always get in modern fiction, but the whim, the expanded incident, the graceful embroidery of a character or scene. They are tales to be sipped, not gulped, and there are no dregs at the bottom. — The Petrie Estate, by Helen Dawes Brown. (Houghton.) The reader need expect no intricate legal problems in this carefully constructed story. The writer has chosen to interest herself rather in the development of the character of the heroine, who comes not only into the possession of the estate, but into that ownership of herself which is of vastly more consequence. There is no straining of situations or characters, and there is an undercurrent of serious meaning which gives strength to the book without intruding itself on the reader's notice. — In Blue Uniform, an Army Novel, by George I. Putnam. (Scribners.) Granting that one half of a novel should be dreary, is it better to have it the first or the second? This question is not propounded for debating societies, but suggests itself to the reader of this story. He has to endure much until the romance and tragedy, which end the book, begin, and then he feels himself brought very near to the genuinely human life of a frontier post. There is comfort in the opportunity of saying these words even of a portion of an "army novel," for the common impulse is to admit at once that the sword is mightier than the pen, and have done with it. — Can This Be Love? by Mrs. Parr. (Longmans.) The story of a will made in a passion, whereby a nephew is disinherited, and a little girl, the daughter of a poor clerk, becomes an heiress. That the child, brought up by a friend of the testator, a widow of good social position, should drift away from her kinsfolk, should fancy herself in love with her guardian's only son, and should finally marry the disinherited one, now a popular author, and become the benefactress of her family, is the natural sequence. The tale is entirely conventional, both in incident and character, barring certain unfortunate attempts at originality in the portrait of the æsthetic Vivian; but it is pleasantly written and readable, and so youthfully ingenuous in tone that it will probably prove attractive to the unexacting young reader. — A Literary Courtship, under the Auspices of Pike's Peak, by Anna Fuller. (Putnams.) This trifle, by the clever author of Pratt Portraits, almost tempts one to think that her earlier book was taken from life, and this one from newspaper cuts. — Day and Night Stories, Second Series, by T. R. Sullivan. (Scribners.) The Spanish Doña of A Toledo Blade and the Italian Marchesa of The Anatomist of the Heart are women, different as they are in type, that one does not easily forget. Magazine readers will be glad to find them in a book, and to renew acquaintance with Mr. Sullivan's men, among whom, though the bachelor *malgré lui* is rather persistently in evidence, the gentleman, happily, is always present. It need not be said that the stories as a whole show skill and power of no mean degree. — The New Eden, by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. (Longmans.) A wholly unnecessary tale of a new Adam and Eve, — or a new Miranda who has not even had a father, and an aboriginal Ferdinand who drifts on a raft from his island to hers. They make proof of various human experiences, including drunkenness and fighting, and in the end become sun-worshipers. A mysterious archduke, who appears in the Prologue and Epilogue, is, with the exception of their little Cain, the only link between these "Probably Arboreals"

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and the rest of the human race. — The Opinions of a Philosopher, by Robert Grant. (Scribners.) As a frivolous girl, Mr. Grant has confessed; as a bachelor, he has reflected; and now, as a philosopher, and of course a married one, he is entitled to opinions. The philosopher of his tale has formed them through the course of the pleasantest married life in the pleasantest Boston; and when they are set forth in the manner of which Mr. Grant has command, it is no surprise that the result is agreeable. The quiet humor of normal, "satisfactory" life pervades the book, which ends with a page of such genuineness in its showing of what man and wife may be to each other that it may well produce in frivolous girls and bachelors alike a tendency towards turning philosophers. — The Story of a Story, and Other Stories, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) The line between realism and reality is drawn very taut in some of these stories, and the reader cannot help feeling that the writer half shirks the honest work of his imagination when he veils real people and places so thinly as in the instances of the Metropolis magazine office, of Mr. Laurence Laughton at "the club," with Mr. Booth in the cut illustrating the story, and of the nameless Spanish dancer, with a picture definitely establishing her identity. According to Mr. Matthews's own words, however, in the dedication of his book, it is "the trade of story-telling" which he practices. It is enough, then, that his stories should be well knit, workmanlike, and effective; and all this, with here and there a touch of something better, many of them are. But "betarded dinners," — are they Americanisms or Briticisms? — Late volumes in the new edition of William Black's works (Harpers) are: White Heather, the love story of Ronald Strang, gamekeeper and poet, whose verses are scattered through the tale, and who numbers among his friends a rich Chicagoan and his pretty daughter, who, in Mr. Black's hands, bear more resemblance to such characters in the flesh than they would be apt to do in those of most of his co-workers; and Sabina Zembra, the history of a contemporary Cinderella, given to good works in contrast to her family's frivolities and worldly ambitions, who, after an unhappy matrimonial experience, is enabled, in the fifty-first chapter, to accept as her second husband the true prince. — Messrs. Lippincott have republished in holiday guise, and with illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett, four of the short stories of Louisa de la Ramé, — The Dog of Flanders, and Other Stories. Those who know Ouida only from her more popular novels have little conception of the beauty and pathos of some of her shorter tales, notably the title story of this volume, and one of its companions, A Leaf in the Storm.

Travel and Nature. The Wilderness Hunter, an Account of the Big Game of the United States, and its Chase with Horse, Hound, and Rifle, by Theodore Roosevelt. (Putnams.) Mr. Roosevelt has the advantage over many mighty hunters that he sallies forth from his own ranch, so that his hunting excursions are not so much special tourneys as the regular accompaniments of daily life. The spirited descriptions of his adventure, the graphic pictures of wild life, and the running commentary on men and classes of men combine to give this handsome volume the air of solid, substantial record of a manner of life which will one day be historic. The wholesome, virile force of the book is of a sort to stir the sluggard, and set him to a fresh valuation of his own powers of living. — A House-Hunter in Europe, by William Henry Bishop. (Harpers.) Readers of The Atlantic will recall with pleasure the narrative of Mr. Bishop's experience as he rambled up and down Europe, and even touched Africa, in his search for ideal conditions of modest housekeeping. He has brought his papers together, made valuable additions to them, and offers thus a most desirable handbook, in anything but the dry handbook manner, for the increasing number of sensible Americans who wish, when living in Europe, to worship their own household gods. — Blackfoot Lodge Tales, the Story of a Prairie People, by George Bird Grinnell. (Scribners.) Legend and history are judiciously mingled in this record of a man's intimacy with the Blackfoot Indians. The traditional tales of the tribe have their full share of interest as folk-lore, and startle the reader now and again with their close resemblance to the primitive stories of other lands. Mr. Grinnell puts them in effective form, and adds to them so straightforward and sympathetic an account of Indian life before and after its contact with "civilization"

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that the saying, "The best Indian is the dead Indian," gains a new meaning, — it is best for the Indian. — The Shrubs of Northeastern America, by Charles S. Newhall. (Putnams.) Mr. Newhall has done here for shrubs what he has already done for trees, — made a sort of finding list, by means of which the student may identify through leaf and flower the shrubs he meets in his walks. The simplicity of the book, and the rudeness but intelligibility of the cuts, which are plain in both senses, render it a serviceable companion.

Politics. Practical Essays on American Government, by Albert Bushnell Hart. (Longmans.) The point of view of the writer of this book is an interesting one, and it determines largely the worth of the treatment. He is a student of history, especially of American history; he is a teacher of it in Harvard; he belongs to the group of students and teachers who seek to employ scientific methods. When, therefore, he applies himself to such themes as the election of a President, civil service reform, the functions of the Speaker, the course run by a bill in Congress, the exercise of the suffrage, he takes up matters of great import in legislation and administration, and studies them from a basis of historic investigation and philosophic analysis, but he uses actual, living conditions. Dr. Hart demonstrates by this book, as we think no one else has so well demonstrated, the possible close connection between academic study and practical politics. — History of Elections in the American Colonies, by Cortlandt F. Bishop. (Columbia College, New York.) A volume in the series of Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, and a studious examination of general and of local elections as regards the qualifications required of electors and the management of elections, with an appendix of forms and unpublished statutes. The book is a welcome addition to the literature of the subject, which indeed we think never has been brought into so orderly and comprehensive a form.

Illustrated Publications. The Book of the Fair: an Historical and Descriptive Presentation of the World's Science, Art, and Industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. Designed to set forth the Display, made by the Congress of Nations, of Human Achievement in Material Form, so as the more effectually to illustrate the Progress of Mankind in all the Departments of Civilized Life. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. (The Bancroft Company, Chicago and San Francisco.) So reads the title-page of a work which has been projected to cover a thousand imperial folio pages, twelve by sixteen inches, and to contain over two thousand illustrations. It is issuing in twenty-five parts, of which two have reached us; and if the other parts correspond in interest and beauty to these, the completed book will be a very substantial, and in many ways satisfactory record of the great fair. It is almost too much to ask that so splendid an achievement should be set forth modestly, but there are not many examples in these parts of that pernicious attempt to describe the big fair in words and sentences of exaggerated rhetorical splendor which has had so many illustrations in the correspondence of the day. If there is a single lesson to be drawn from the fair applicable to all arts, including the art of writing, it is the supreme value of proportion. The gigantic buildings do not impress the looker-on as gigantic, because the proportions are so fair and harmonious that size becomes subordinated to beauty, and we trust that this commendable record of the fair will preserve a like simplicity of line and dignity of proportion. — Picturesque Chicago and Guide to the World's Fair, issued by the Religious Herald, and presented to its subscribers as a souvenir of fifty years' publication of the paper. (D. S. Moseley, Hartford, Conn.) A collection of process cuts with such text as the pictures demand. Some of the narrative is flowing, but most of the explanations are of the dictionary order. Yet even the dictionary can be fervid, as witness this passage: "Among the many magnificent structures of Chicago, the Auditorium is the greatest. *It is the most famous building on the American continent.* [Italics ours.] At once a grand opera house, a superb hotel, and a mammoth office building, *there is not to be found on the face of the earth a pile that will compare with it.* [Italics again ours.] *It represents the modern idea, as the Coliseum at Rome represented the ancient. It is in construction representative of Chicago as a city, where art, beauty, and utility are so strongly defined, though* NEARLY ALWAYS BLENDED ON EVERY SIDE." All the rest of the italics

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ours, faintly indicative of an admiration of the rhetoric. Small capitals mean great applause from us. — In turning over the numbers of L'Art, the fortnightly journal which, published in Paris, is supplied here by the Macmillans, one always finds interesting and well-studied papers and illustrations, and is quite sure now and then to come upon a thoroughly satisfactory etching, photogravure, or other reproduction of a work of art, historical or contemporary. In the half dozen numbers before us, closing with that for September 15, there are, for example, a Salon picture of 1893, Grande Marée dans la Manche, painted by Hagborg, in which the toilers by the sea are capitally rendered; an etching from Babieu's Bergerie, with an admirably reproduced interior of a sheepcote; and a spirited Relais de Chiens, by Hermann-Leon.

Ethics and Religion. Tasks by Twilight, by Abbot Kinney. (Putnams.) The special appeal of this book is to parents, that they will instruct their young sons and daughters explicitly in all that is involved in the true meaning and dignity of marriage. The writer speaks with sufficient directness, but whether dealing with his favorite theme, or making more general remarks upon education and life, he reminds one of Dr. Hale's Double; for on these topics, certainly, much has been said, and on the whole very well said. — Verbum Dei, the Yale Lectures on Preaching, 1893, by Robert F. Horton, M. A. (Macmillan.) The best type of English non-conformist thought upon the Christian ministry is represented in this book; and it is a very spiritual calling for which Mr. Horton pleads. Of necessity, the book's appeal is distinctly to the clerical class; yet no layman need be denied the satisfaction of knowing what sometimes he is inclined to doubt, — that standards as high as any the laity can set up for its spiritual leaders are earnestly urged by the leaders themselves. — Our Animal Friends is an illustrated monthly magazine issued by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York, and its yearly volumes bound make evident the various and often ingenious modes by which the prophets of this calling encourage humanity in the treatment of animals, and especially awaken in the minds of the young a somewhat dormant sense of pity and kindness.

Books for the Young. A Child's History of France, by John Bonner. (Harpers.) As is usual in books of this class, the author lays stress upon dramatic and picturesque incidents, connecting them by a thread of narrative, thus giving a continuous history of France from the time of Clovis to the downfall of the Second Empire. The more salient points in this history have been judiciously selected, the work is well proportioned and readable, but the writer has not escaped some of the pitfalls lying in wait for the makers of such compendiums. The style is at times needlessly colloquial, some measure of grace and dignity not being out of place even in a child's history; and the tendency to offer simple and offhand explanations of complex matters occasionally leads to questionable results, as in the remarkable reasons given for England's long life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. We are surprised to read in the preface that the book is not intended exclusively for children, but also for "boys and girls who are ready to enter college." We had imagined that young persons who had attained that degree of culture had left such elementary works far behind them, and were able to read histories that are also literature. The volume is attractive in its make-up, and is fully and well illustrated. — Heroic Happenings. told in Verse and Story, by Elbridge S. Brooks. With Illustrations by Garrett, Birch, Ogden Meynelle, Singren, and others. (Putnams.) The happenings date from Egypt B. C. 1310 to the present day. Mr. Brooks has caught up various incidents of history and common experience, and set them forth with that dashing style which seems, if not required, yet readily stimulated by heroism. — Topsys and Turvys, by P. S. Newell. (Century Company.) Most of us have learned in childhood to imagine in a vague way a world in which everything is upside down, but few have worked out for themselves a scheme of things in which objects inverted shall become no less objects of respect and proper formation. This is what Mr. Newell has done for us all in his colored pictures and the rhymes under and over them, which look and read as well one way as the other, if not better, — to adopt a topsy-turvy method of speech. The book is designed for the young, but possibly it may be found to resemble the circus in permitting many older persons to superintend the children's amusement.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Old Village Academy.

MAY I not say a word for the village academy, an institution that, like the little red schoolhouse, is growing more and more a thing of the past? I do not refer here to the large schools and seminaries in important towns, that draw their pupils from a wide range of country, and sometimes from half the States in the Union, but to the small academies, or "select schools," which used to be found in almost every moderately large township. These have been crowded out by the high school, with its corps of teachers, its costly apparatus, and all the paraphernalia of a modern institution of learning.

Far be it from me to say the change is not for the better. Very likely it is. Yet one thing is certain. The boys and girls of the old village academy were, in a certain sense, a picked set. They were fired with the love of learning. But the high school is a part of the system, the highest point in the grade. If the boy stays long enough, he gets hoisted up there at last, — sometimes by his own efforts, sometimes by those of his teachers.

I want to tell a little story of fifty years ago, when the red schoolhouse and the village academy divided the honors between them. Fifty years, did I say? Fifty-four, if you please, for it was the winter of 1838–39. It so happened that, in a certain New England neighborhood, where the daily stagecoach to Troy and another "over the mountain" were the only avenues of communication with the outside world, there was a group of four young persons, — three girls and one boy, — who concocted among themselves (with the aid and coöperation of their parents, of course) a plan for attending the academy in a village two miles off. They must ride; for winter pedestrianism was not to be thought of, through snow drifts and "mighty, rushing winds," with the thermometer far below zero. A real coöperative establishment was the result. Mr. A furnished the steady-going old gray mare. Mr. B provided a two-seated wagon, or sleigh, according to circumstances; for, unfortunately, our snow was fickle-minded. It could not be depended upon to come in November and remain till March. Mr. C paid for the "keeping" of old Dolly, and Mr. D did something, — I forget what. The one boy of the party was the charioteer; and, duly as the sun, he appeared at our respective gates every morning to gather up his merry comrades. Let me say here, by way of concession to the Goddess of Good Form, if there be such an one, that while I, who was the youngest of the quartette, was not quite fourteen, the eldest was a staid, womanly girl of twenty, who might have been forty as far as dignity of demeanor went. So our guardians, who were by no means forgetful of the proprieties in that far day, considered us sufficiently chaperoned.

Well muffled in hoods, cloaks, and shawls, and each with a lunch-basket and a satchel of books, off we went, up hill and down dale, in the clear, sparkling sunshine, or under lowering winter skies, — it did not matter which. What did we care for cold or dampness, in those days when rheumatism was not, and neuralgia had never been heard of?

The academy was in the second story of the old town hall, just within the shadow of the tall church steeple. The stairs were rough, and, if the truth must be told, not always over-clean. The one large room, with its whitewashed walls and its many shadeless windows, was as plain as a flagstaff. Two or three blackboards, dingy with long use, faced the five rows of dull-red desks that ran backward to the further wall. The teacher's platform was at the right of the door. In the middle of the room was a great box stove, and there may have been a chair or two for visitors. That was all. There was not a globe, nor a map, nor a picture. It seems to me there was a big Webster's Dictionary for the common weal, but I am not so sure of that.

As for the scholars, they were in appearance a motley group, — democratic to the last degree. As we crowded round the stove on a keen, frosty morning, when all the windows were like ground glass, and every nail in the heavy door was white, "cloth of frieze" touched "cloth of gold," and neither was disturbed by the contact.

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But as I look backward to those busy, shining hours, my first thought is, "How we all studied! How eager we were! How joyfully we worked! What keen delight we took in construing an intricate sentence, or in solving a hard problem!" There were about fifty scholars, — possibly there were seventy-five, — and among them was a group of eight or ten bright young fellows who were fitting for college; preparing to enter as sophomores the ensuing autumn. What an ambitious lot we were, to be sure! I was the only girl in the "advanced Latin," and had the honor of occupying a seat on one end of the long, narrow recitation bench, a little withdrawn, as was proper, from those stars of the first magnitude. The problem of coeducation had not come up then. If a girl wanted to study with her brothers, cousins, or friends, she did it, and that was all there was of it. How we sought for the derivation of words! How we reveled in the classical dictionary, brought by one of us, and thrown into the common stock, passing from hand to hand, from desk to desk! The first word of greeting in the morning was a question about the coming lesson; the latest word at night was a reminder of the last one.

How many teachers did we have? Just one. At this distant day, I doubt very much if he was a marvel of learning, though I thought he was then. He was a young man, barely out of college himself; and he certainly could not have had very wide experience of books or men. But he had the rare gift of stimulating and inspiring his scholars, and of kindling every latent spark of enthusiasm in their natures. "Enthusiasm" is a better word than "ambition" in this connection. Study was a joyful labor, done for the pure love of it. It was its own end; not simply a means to some other end.

The village academy taught concentration and command of one's self, if it taught nothing else. Study and recitation went on in the same room and at the same time. We had but few ironclad rules of conduct. Whispering inordinately was, of course, not allowable. But if there seemed real occasion for speaking, we spoke, and no one was the worse for it. No one in that schoolroom had ever heard the expression "good form." It was not in vogue then. But if it had been, we should have announced with one voice that it was not good form to disturb others.

A good deal of latitude was allowed, also, as to morning tardiness, and the hours of coming and going. This had to be. Probably there were not a dozen of the boys who had not "chores" to do for somebody. And chores were very indefinite; they had a way of spinning out, now and then, of a short, dark winter morning, that was very exasperating.

In one important respect the village academy of half a century ago differed widely from the schools of to-day. Greek and Latin, algebra and geometry, the prescribed studies of the day, whatever they might be, were well taught, and possibly after a sturdier fashion than they are now. But in most cases — naturally there were exceptions to all general rules then as now — the wide, enchanting fields of English literature and history were left untilled. The average rural student could tell you the story of the Iliad, but not that of Hamlet and Macbeth. He knew all about Helen of Troy and Dido of Carthage; but the chances were that he had seldom so much as heard of Portia and Juliet, Rowena or Jeanie Deans. He had a parsing (not passing) acquaintance with Paradise Lost, and also with Pollock's Course of Time and Young's Night Thoughts. The loftiest passages in Milton were associated in his mind solely with the grammarian's dissecting table. As for the names of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley, they were to him sounds, and nothing more.

Of art he knew absolutely nothing, — nothing of its birth, its growth, its history, its aspirations; hardly even of its great names. Very likely his whole idea of art centred in the fact that his sister "took" drawing lessons, or dabbled in pale water-colors, or perhaps, if she were very fortunate, had learned to paint velvet bags and cushions in stencil.

He knew the history of Greece and Rome fairly well, and could give you the dates of the Punic wars; but ten to one he did not know the date of the Norman Conquest, nor when nor where John signed Magna Charta.

All this, and much more that is taught the children of this day and generation almost before they are out of swaddling clothes, we older folk who were in school fifty years ago have had to pick up as we best could, — pick up in crumbs by the wayside, as it were.

And yet — and yet — I have sometimes

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wondered if half the joy of life had not been in that very picking up! Our appetites were not satiated at the start. They were only whetted.

I suppose we had some sort of an examination, or exhibition, at the close of that winter term, but I have no recollection of it. I only know that it all came to an end at last: that old Dolly carried us over the winding road for the last time, and was turned out to graze in the spring pastures; that the coöperative quartette disbanded; that most of us have never met one another from that day to this; and that by far the greater part of the boys and girls who studied together that winter can never be seen again anywhere by mortal eye. Let us sing Auld Lang Syne by way of doxology, and pronounce the benediction over the old village academy.

A Bit of Pot Luck. — Besides the proverbs and catch-words which become the property of the state and part of the language, there are always innumerable family bywords, enriching their own little patch of soil, and allusions whereof the significance is keen to the few, and known to them alone. The members of our little party who made a European trip together not many years ago do not say, with the English, "to rough it on a beefsteak and a bottle of porter." Their equivalent for roughing it is "to eat a Bozen stew," the homeliness of that dish having impressed all their imaginations, though only one of the party could report of its flavor.

The experience was mine. We had stopped at Bozen for a Sunday rest, to break the journey over the Brenner Pass. It was in the last days of December. Two of us started for a walk in the direction of the Rafenstein, a gray ruin perched on the edge of the mountain, — just far enough off to promise an easy climb, with a view at the end of it. A steep road, roughly paved, led up the hill in the direction of the castle. The snow lay deep on the mountains, but near the town the frozen ground was scantily covered; and as the forenoon wore on, the ice began to melt, and flow in little rills between the cobblestones.

On our way we came up with a woman, and walked beside her for some distance. She had a long journey before her, to her home in a village among the mountains, seven good hours from Bozen. She was going to stop at an inn at Rafenstein for her dinner. The noonday meal at the hotel was already beginning to loom up in our minds as a bore. The air was so exhilarating, the sun already so warm; the freedom from city bonds in midwinter gave a sense as of a pleasure out of season. In fact, the view of those gray battlements and snow fields of the Dolomites took away all our desire for Italy. Why should we not get a day's delight, at least? Why not lunch by the wayside, and take a longer way back to Bozen? We asked the woman about the inn. She said it was a small one, frequented only by the people of the country. She was not sure that it would suit the ladies. We could not miss it, as it was close to the castle.

On arriving at the castle, we found a jumble of ruin and farmyard, and a shabby-looking farmhouse, which was without bush or signboard, but was nevertheless an inn. We devoted ourselves first to the castle, and "did" it thoroughly. We rambled through its cellars, climbed upon its walls, looked out at the Dolomites through its many apertures, and crossed gulfs that had been its rooms.

The tenants of the open, sunny, downstairs rooms of Castle Rafenstein were a set of ragged-looking hens, scratching ineffectually at the frozen ground between the patches of snow. Their presence no doubt suggested to my companion a whole menu. "If I eat anything in this place, it will have to be boiled eggs," she said, as she stood in the narrow passage of the inn, and looked, with a hesitation in which there was a considerable amount of firmness, into the room where our friend the peasant woman was already established. It was a large, bare room, not over-bright, with wooden tables and benches. In one corner a man was lying on the top of a porcelain stove, which afforded a surface about the size of a truncated double bed. The windows were small, and had probably not been opened since the summer; the atmosphere was as substantial as the rest of the furniture.

My companion, as I have indicated, was for staying outside; but hunger and the curiosity of a traveler impelled me to enter and sit down at one of the tables, and she gradually summoned courage to follow. The man descended, pipe in mouth, to survey us; a number of children came in to assist in the

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operation; also a woman, to take our order. We asked about fresh eggs. There were just two to be had. What else was there in the house? They had nothing cooked, the woman said, except what they had had for their own dinner; perhaps it would not do for the gracious ladies. The peasant woman was eating soup, with a dish before her reserved for a second course. I ordered, for the double satisfaction of my appetite and my curiosity, a dinner like hers, my companion secured the eggs, and we asked for bread and the white wine of the country.

This repast, after a reasonable interval, was set before us. The eggs fairly warranted the trust reposed in them; the bread was black bread, hard and not sweet, but eatable; the wine, a pure juice of the sourest kind of grape. My order consisted of a bowl of thick black bean soup and a dish of something equally dark and mysterious, but solid, massed in a large heap, on the top of which two little sausages, brick-red under their brown skins, reposed like lizards on a pile of stones. My hostess pointed them out with pride. "I thought you would like them," she said. I ate the soup, and then proceeded to investigate the other problem. It proved to be composed of portions of a fowl, though exactly what portions I was not anatomist enough to tell. The comb and claws were recognizable when picked out; the rest I classed, in my ignorance, as "liver and lights." The dark brown liquid in which they had been cooked could scarcely have accounted for the dark hue of the whole dish, except on the theory of a very prolonged solution.

It was the Sunday dinner of the family, and it was mine. I will not say that the first step was the only one that cost, but we had a very cheerful, sociable little meal, and carried away a pleasant recollection of Rafenstein and its people. The host, whose siesta we had interrupted, came and sat near to talk to us while we ate, and his wife stood and joined in. He asked from what country we came; and when he heard it was America, he began to make inquiries about a great flood which had overwhelmed our land. We were puzzled at first, supposing the disaster to be recent and as wide as the continent, but soon found he was talking of the Johnstown flood of a couple of years before, of which he had read in the newspapers. He was well up in all its details. What he could not understand was the situation of the reservoir, and the reason of its construction having been allowed in a position where it endangered the lives of the community. We had to confess that we did not ourselves understand it; that it was an abstruse question, connected in some way with the sovereignty of the almighty dollar.

While we were talking, the children of the family, all sizes, ranging from a tall youth and a maiden with braided hair down to a tow-headed urchin, stood about the room, looking earnestly at us, and showing in their bright faces an interest in all that went on. There was nothing rude in their stare; they were silent till they were spoken to, and then answered shyly, but with a pleasing manner. The elder ones went to school, and all could read. Their mother told us about them with apparent pride. She was a pleasant, evidently hard-working woman, and very anxious that we should be well served. Perhaps it was this anxiety of a hostess, perhaps a curiosity to know how they lived in barbarous lands, that prompted her to inquire, as I partook of the stew, whether I ate food like that in my own country. What can one do but give a pleasant answer? I told her, nothing half as good. But any tendency to indisposition on my part, of any sort whatever, for months afterwards, was set down by all the rest of the party to the account of that Bozen stew.

Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. — The readers of Daudet's Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres will remember the touching description he gives of Edmond de Goncourt reading to his friends the manuscript of the first book written by himself alone, after the death of his brother Jules; how his glance wandered over to the empty place at the table, where for twenty years his "twin mind" had toiled and written with him, — two intelligences so bound together by love, by mutual sympathies and tastes, that, as they said of themselves, they could never tell which one of them had first thought or expressed the written word.

It was in the same room described by Daudet, in Goncourt's house at Auteuil, that I saw him. The sunlight, shining through the yellow leaves of the great trees in the garden, filled the room with golden light, touching the beautiful Japanese bronzes

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and lacquers on the large writing-table before the window, and showing the rich and rare bindings of the books that lined the room. A tall, aristocratic-looking man, over whose whole expression and appearance was the shadow of an unalterable grief, came forward and greeted me with courtesy and simplicity. There is no doubt that at seventy years of age the life and thought of a man have left an indelible impression on his physiognomy. The ignorant and vulgar critics who call the author of La Fille Eliza and Germinie Lacerteux gross and brutal, those who pretend he is vain and egotistic, would not find a trace of any qualities such as these words imply in the melancholy and beautiful face of the most distinguished and interesting personality in modern French literature.

One feels in his manner the dignified ambition, the noble pride, of a man of letters, who for more than forty years has been a constant searcher after perfection of form and style, and has never sacrificed his high ideals of truth and beauty to those two modern literary divinities, money and notoriety. His large, brilliant dark eyes, with their keen regard, have an expression of kindly irony; the long white mustache and imperial do not conceal entirely the delicate, sensitive lines of the mouth; his hand, that part of us which expresses so much, is very beautiful, and the grasp, at once firm and delicate, reveals the artist and collector, — a hand made for the etcher's burin, or for handling rare and delicate objects. Together with his face of a poet and artist, the high, full forehead, the square, solid-looking head, give the idea of a man of science, a collector and classifier of facts. It is exactly this union of keen observation and scientific investigation with the imagination of the poet applied to his art that gives to the work of Goncourt so great a value.

Although it is more than twenty years since the death of the younger brother, one feels their common thought, and Edmond de Goncourt, in the journal begun in 1851 by the two, and continued by him since the death, in 1870, of his dearly loved companion, keeps the title Journal des Goncourt; so that, when they are spoken of, it is always as if the two were still writing together, — it is always the brothers des Goncourt.

Fifty years from now, the Journal des Goncourt will be the most fascinating and vivid history in existence of the literary and artistic life of Paris during the last half of this century. Their intimate friendships with all the great writers of the time give to the volumes an enormous value for one who wishes to follow the history of modern French literature. But its supreme interest will always consist in its being that full and free history of the tender and intimate union of the two brothers who, from the time of their mother's death until the death of the younger, a period of more than twenty years, were never separated but once for twenty-four hours. Their work, their sufferings, their pleasures, were shared together; no outside love or friendship ever came between them. It was the cruel fate of the elder to see the younger brother, so passionately and tenderly loved, with his brilliant, finely organized intellect, break down under the long-sustained effort for perfection in his art ("Il est mort du travail de la forme à la peine du style. — E. de G.") ; dying without having received the recognition or honors that were his due, and suffering all the torture and agony that a fine nature, a rare intelligence, can suffer in feeling his reason, his understanding, disappear, slowly but surely, from day to day, until death came. There is no antique tragedy, no modern drama, more heart-rending, more pathetic, than the story of the last months of Jules de Goncourt, as recorded by his brother, who gives his reasons for printing the account of those terrible days in the following passage: —

"Oh, there will be those who will say that I have not loved my brother, that one cannot describe a real affection. That affirmation does not affect me in the least, for I have the consciousness of having loved him more than those who will say that have ever loved a human creature. They will also say that, in illness, one should hide the weakness, the moral feebleness, of the patient. Yes, for a moment I felt I could not give to the public this part of the journal. There were words, phrases, that tore my heart in rewriting them; but, repressing all sensibility, I have thought it would be useful in the history of letters to give this brutally frank study of the agony of a dying man, killed by devotion to his profession, and also, I can honestly say, by unjust criticism, by the insults, the hatreds, the jealousies, by which he has been pursued."

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Aristocrats by birth, instincts, and tastes, no modern French writers have so entered into the lives and sufferings of the wretched, the miserable, with the sympathy and comprehension of real lovers of humanity. Solitary and austere in their lives, consecrated to their work and their artistic studies, no writers have suffered more at the hands of ignorant and malicious critics; it has only been by the really great writers of the time that they have been understood and appreciated; and it is good to note in Edmond de Goncourt's journal the full and free friendships, ended only by death, that he has enjoyed with Flaubert, Hugo, Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, and others. Long ago, in the preface to Germinie Lacerteux, written in 1864, the brothers wrote as follows: "To-day, when the novel is enlarged and more ample; when it begins to be the serious, passionate, living form of literary study and scientific investigation in social questions; when it is becoming, by its critical analysis, its psychological research, the contemporary history of morals and human life; when the novel demands thorough and scientific studies, it has a right to claim a high place in the world of letters. If it seeks a form artistic and truthful; if it show the misery that, the happy should not forget, exists; if it picture to the world of fashion what the sisters of charity have the courage to see, what in olden times the queens essayed to cure with the royal glance, — the human misery which is always present, — if the novel have that religion which the past century calls by the grand and vast name Humanity, that consciousness is sufficient; its right to exist is there."

It is this large and noble view of the duty of the novelist that the creator of the modern romance has always held, — the writer to whose works the future historian of this time will come for a knowledge of the art, the literature, the human life, of the last part of our century.

Fingers of the Holy Apostles.

— "Their old name was 'halters for priests,'" explains Donna Brigida, standing in the midst of her tiny but spotless kitchen, deftly rolling a creamy compound of *ricotta*, milk, sugar, and flavoring into thin wafers of fried egg. "But a dish of them was sent to monsignor, who asked, on tasting them, the name of this most toothsome sweet. The idiot who carried them replied, 'Eccellenza, these are *halters for priests*.' 'Diamini! why should they not be halters for *nuns?*' answered monsignor; and after that, the name was changed to *fingers of the holy apostles*, as of a more pious sound. Eh, poor Don Filippo used to say that if these were the fingers of the apostles, he would eat even their thumbs. But, Agrippina mine, while thou standest there with thy mouth open, listening to me, time flies, and at this pace the lamb will not get roasted. What would Easter be without lamb? Give the signorina the cinnamon, and run thou to the garden. Get the herbs for the roast, a good handful, and the salad; be sure the oranges are blooded, and mind each one is as beautiful as our Signorina Maria herself. Now, child, when they are all rolled up, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and set the plate on a pan of boiling water until the sugar melts. Then they are done, and ready to set away to cool."

At this moment Don Francesco puts his head in at the door for the third time.

"Learning to make apostles' fingers, eh? Brava! brava, signorina! Well, Brigida, are they not almost done? It is as long as saying the rosary, and I want to show her the view from the terrace, and get her that certain thing I have been saving."

"Away with you, Francesco! You men, you know when things are good to eat, but you think they can be made in the wink of an eye. This kitchen is not big enough for a conclave. Go; we shall have finished pretty soon."

The skullcap and gray beard meekly disappear, leaving me to shape, with bungling apprentice hands, the famous sweet which is only one of a long repertory for which Donna Brigida's fame is proverbial.

It is Easter Day, and we dine on the traditional dishes of the season; but each thing is of a succulence and flavor to be found only in Donna Brigida's domain.

First comes broth, clear and strong, but delicately seasoned, with *pasta* sliced in narrow ribbons of mathematical precision, and of a golden hue and appetizing lightness which show that fresh eggs have not been spared in the concocting. Savory sausages follow, with hard-boiled eggs and the creamy butter and cheeses which suggest endless green pastures and fatted kine. Next come artichokes, boiled, around beef; lamb stewed to rare lusciousness, with arti-

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chokes and chopped eggs; roast lamb, and crisp lettuce dressed, by Don Francesco, with translucent olive oil and piquant aromatic vinegar. Agrippina enters, laden with big, homelike loaves and cobwebbed black bottles of old red Vesuvian wine. For sweets, we have the fingers of the holy apostles, *pastiera;* the rich yellow pie peculiar to a Neapolitan Easter; exquisite almond confections, whose secret is known only to the nuns; and large, juicy oranges from the tallest tree in the garden. As a halo to the dessert, sunshiny Moscato wine is served; and later, small cups of rich black coffee are handed around.

This is the material side of the meal; the other is an atmosphere of hospitable loving-kindness. I am decorated with the "certain thing" Don Francesco has been proudly saving so many days on a sheltered little bush, — a stiff red camellia, which clashes violently with my gown, but has a beauty for me beyond form or color. Gentle gayety pervades our small party. Buxom Agrippina, with that mixture of affectionate familiarity and respectful deference peculiar to Italian servants, stands in the doorway, wreathed in smiles, absorbing the conversation, but ready to dash off eagerly to fetch another "certain thing" saved by Don Francesco for the Signorina Maria, — a phenomenal green branch which, by grafting, has produced a mammoth lemon and several twin oranges.

While Don Francesco gives the hundred and one turns to the salad which are *de rigueur* for its orthodox preparation, Donna Brigida entertains us with old world stories. We are told of that ancient count — "not one of the little counts of to-day, but a great one of once upon a time" — who needed fresh covering for his banquet-hall chairs, and, seeing six fat priests go by the castle, cried, "Ah! those skins will be the very thing!" Thereupon, pumm! pumm! pumm! the priests were shot, skinned, and the chairs were snugly covered. The stories have an ecclesiastical flavor, and the next is a pet tale of the Pope who complained of his new cook's Lenten macaroni, saying it was not the properly made *magro* dish he was accustomed to, and even went so far as to threaten prison for life if it did not improve. The poor fellow tried in vain to content his master; but the magro was not to the Pope's mind, and capital punishment was threatened if one more attempt did not produce the proper fast diet his Holiness required. In desperation, the cook resorted to his predecessor to know how *tagliatelle al magro* could be made except by boiling them in water with the proper amount of salt. He was told to cook six large, fat capons for several hours, flavoring well, and with the broth resulting to make his *tagliatelle.* The enlightened cook departed, with the cynical ejaculation, "Ah! if those be tagliatelle al magro!" The Pope was contented that day.

I am spending a little holiday here in a quiet village, two hours' ride from Naples, with old Don Francesco and Donna Brigida, who, for the nonce, are pretending they have a daughter of their own to pet and scold, while I, with youth's hungry heart for romance, spell out their life story.

In ancient Bari, down on the Adriatic, where tradition says St. Nicholas came floating over the sea from the East, there lived and loved, when the century was young, two little dark-eyed children. Their balconies were opposite each other, and the two lives intertwined from the first. Brigida, an only daughter, was the friend of Francesco's sisters, and spent whole days and nights with them, during which the brother gained the faithful heart which has known no other owner. But the longing to rove seems to be drawn in with the smell of salt water, and, as the boy grew, a wild, intense craving to travel sprang up in him. His mother, a widow, with reasonable caution, refused this; but Francesco could not settle down, and, finding her obdurate, he at last took a friendly priest into his confidence. "Be a friar," quoth this adviser, "and then you can go where you like." At first the counsel was not welcomed; but as time went by, and no other loophole offered itself, he thought, "Oh, well, I will say I am going to be a monk; then I will see about it afterwards." He left home, and before he fully realized what he was doing he had pledged himself. Years went by, and he rose to a certain eminence in the order he had chosen. Superior of a large convent in Perugia, and then in Rome, his administrative talents led to his being appointed to regulate more than one disorderly monastery. Time rolled on, and he had left his youth behind him. In one of his journeys he stopped at a rich convent near his native

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Bari, to see a relative who had become a nun. While there he was treated to most appetizing dainties, and, when he complimented them, was told by the abbess that they were made by a sister who was doing her best for him. Inquiring the name of the gentle ministrant, he heard, with a sudden thrill, that of the child-love of long ago, — little Brigida. The sober superior gave no sign. Before he left, the abbess said she was sorry to trouble him, but she wished to ask him a favor. As he was going on to Bari, would he mind taking under his charge one of the nuns, who was in rather poor health, and was to be sent home for a change? In fact, it was the very nun whose sweets he had been good enough to praise. Father Francesco gravely consented to mother abbess's request.

He took Brigida back to her father's house, but neither of them ever returned to the old convent life. Their agreement was, "You throw yourself on one side, I will cast myself on another; afterwards we will see."

It was just at the time of the dissolving of many monasteries and convents by the new Italian government, and all nuns and priests were free, if they wished, to cancel their vows. Francesco and Brigida were married. For a long time they were cut off from their respective families by this crime. His sisters, who had so loved Brigida in childish and girlish days, turned against her. As usual, the woman in the case was the more bitterly blamed; but Francesco was supposed to have damned his soul, and the two were shunned and condemned by those who had loved them best. Time, however, is a rare healer of sharp cuts. Gradually the breach narrowed, filled in, and now that the years have snowed the heads of both, but found the pair as loving and true as ever, old Donna Brigida and Don Francesco have all the love and confidence they can wish for. They have come to the Indian summer of life, here on the fertile slopes of Mount Vesuvius, where the air is so rarely pure that the place is prescribed as an infallible cure for throat and chest troubles. Donna Brigida spends the long, luminous days in her garden, rejoicing over the herbs and hyacinths, or in her particular sanctum, contriving good things for Don Francesco, who is still the sum of existence to her. He reads good books, and, in his daily life and words, sheds abroad that tender spirit of Christian charity which is the lovely flowering Heaven yields only to ripe old age. They are like "two young lovers lately wed;" but there is a shadow on the dial. Don Francesco has a terrible disease, and in the silent watches of the night my heart is strangely moved by the low words wrung out in his agony: "Lord, Lord, give me patience! My God, I cannot bear it! Oh, Brigida mia!"

It is the eve of my departure; I must return to Rome to-morrow. Downstairs, Donna Brigida is packing a box of her sweets for me to take with me, and choosing the finest oranges for my journey. Don Francesco and I pace the flat roof for the last time together at sunset.

"Ah," he says, "you cannot know how good my Brigida is, — what she does for the poor in this place! When we came here, the boys cried in the streets that she was an evil woman, an unfrocked nun. Every one avoided her. It hurt Brigida. She would close the shutters to keep out the pebbles they threw, and then sit in the darkness and weep. But now it is all changed. They revere my Brigida; they know she is a holy woman; they would cherish her as a flower. She is a 'keeper at home,' but all would gladly welcome her if she chose to go about."

The sky over the smoky mountain is all tender with violet, sapphire, and rose; far off to the left the blue waters of the bay shine like waves seen in some rare vision, and tiny sails, like half-uttered wishes, float along the horizon. The air is steeped with the perfume of orange blossoms, laurel, and the white flower they call "angel hands." It is the very heart of Mignon's song. Don Francesco lifts his black skullcap, and the breeze from the sea softly blows his sparse gray hair about. Again the shadow falls.

"Dear signorina," he continues, with a tense earnestness which is the more appealing because it is so restrained in voice and manner, "it cannot last long. My sufferings grow more terrible every day. God must take me soon, and I shall have to leave my Brigida. Will you think for her? I know she will not live many days when I am gone, but you will be good to her in that little while. . . . I trust you."

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